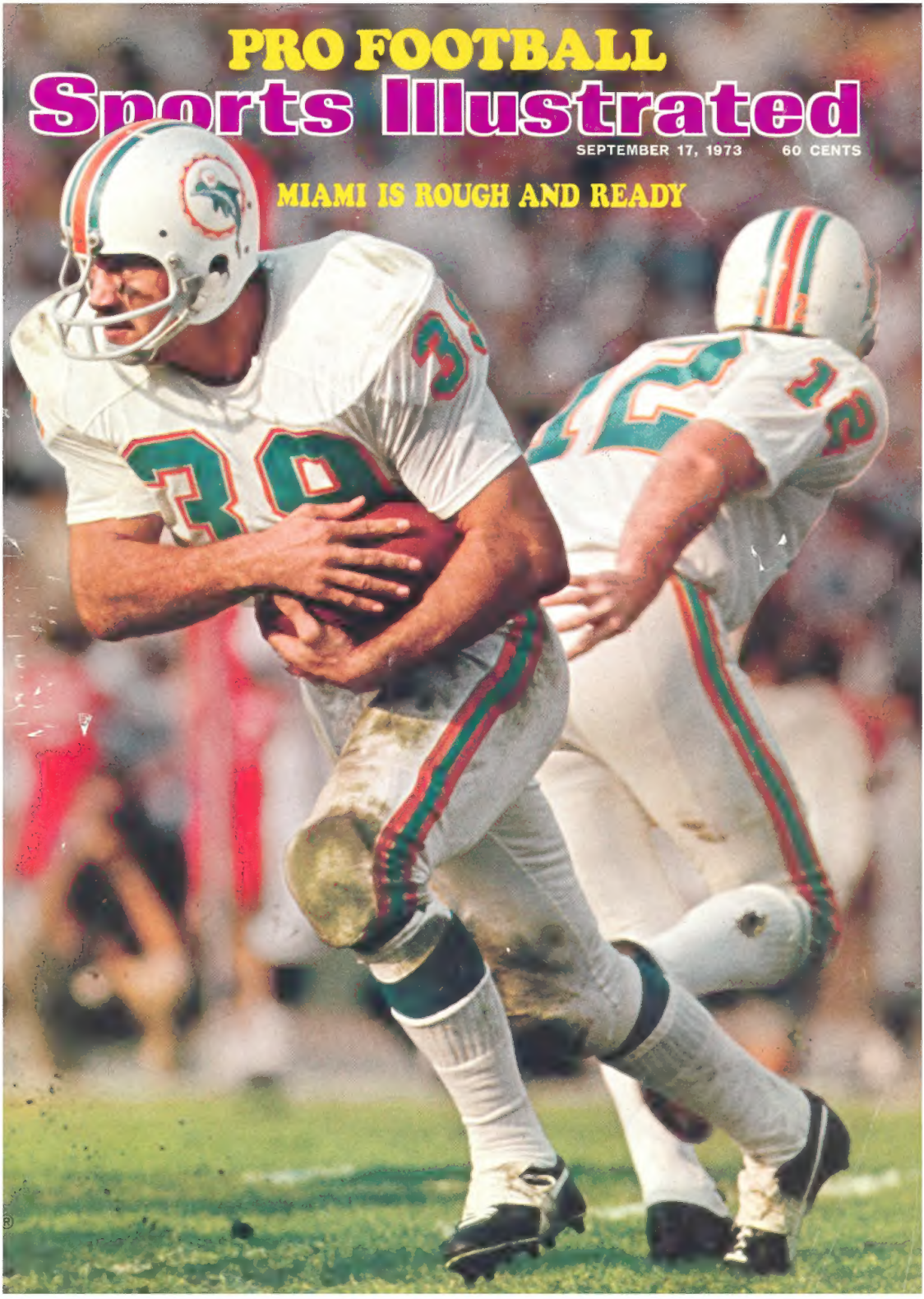

PRO FOOTBALL
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 17, 1973 60 CENTS
MIAMI IS ROUGH AND READY

PARKER 75



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OUR 6300 CRUM&FORSTER AGENTS MAY SELL YOU OUR COMPETITORS' INSURANCE.

There are two kinds of insurance agents. Those who work for only one company and independent agents who represent many companies.

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There are over 300,000 independent agents in the country. But, as we said, only 6,300 of them have been appointed to handle Crum & Forster. We make sure all of our agents are insurance professionals who have established their personal and professional reputations in their communities.

The Crum & Forster agents in your area are listed on the next three pages. We are continually qualifying new agents. So if you can't find an agent near you, call 800-447-4700 toll-free. (In Illinois, call 800-322-4400.)

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Queen Insurance Agency

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Tuthill Insurance Agency

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H. R. Johnson & Son

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Kisners Insurance Agency

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Nord Insurance Agency

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Schiemer Insurance Agency

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Bry-Lon, Ltd.

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Tri-State Bancorporation, Inc.

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E. Peoria Ins. Agency, A Division of Benefits, Inc.

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Schmidt-Phillipe & Associates

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Hoover-Burnidge, Realtors-c/o Richard G. Stone Agcy.
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Louis J. Kunos

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Roanoke International Insurance Agency, Inc.

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Euclid Insurance Agencies, Inc.

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Veatch Agency

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Bangs, Hildreth, Le Baron, Inc.
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The Marvin Agency
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Heron Insurance Service, Inc.

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Lohman Brothers Agency

German Valley
Trei's Insurance Agency

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Ashby Agency

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Charles Serfass Insurance

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Eskridge Agency, Inc.

Hampshire
Petersen Insurance Agency

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Joe Dell'Era & Associates, Inc.

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Tom Merritt & Company

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Doyle-Shanle Agency, Inc.

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Fifer & Stephen Insurance Agency
Illinois Securities Company
Mae Maloney Agency
Clarence H. Olin Agency

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Hugh P. Pierce Insurance Agcy.

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Lyle R. Jager Agency
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Howd Insurance Agency

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Potter Insurance Agency

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Cochran Insurance Agency

Leaf River
Bill Motter Agency

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Bradley Insurance Agency

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Burke-Harrison Agency

Macomb
Purdum-Bucher Agency
Simpson Agency

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Ray Schwartz Ins. Agency

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Jackson & Gray Ins. Agency

Marshall
Cline's Ins. Agency & Real Estate

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Sweet Insurance Agency

Mattoon
The Checkley Agency
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Johnson & Quinley Insurance Agency

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Kent Corporaton

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Brannon Bros. Insurance Agency

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Morrison Insurance Agency

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Johnson-Flick Agency
Oakleaf-Butts Agency, Inc.
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Johnson Insurance Agency

Monticello
Burgess & Cline Agency

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Heiser Ins. Agency, Inc.

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Mundy Ins. Agency

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Ward Insurance Agency

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Joseph M. Nolan & Son, Inc.
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Haas & Deuth, Inc.

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Jim Hastings Insurance Consultants
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Mc Lennan Insurance Agcy., Inc.

Pecatonica
Ferguson Agency, Inc.

Pekin
Griffin-Sutton Ins. Agency, Inc.

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The Charles A. Bryant Agency
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V. L. Hefner Ins. Agency, Inc.
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R. Long & Associates, Inc.
Auren Giles Muir
Harold J. Plack Agency
Powers Insurance Agency, Inc.
Bernard E. Rafool
Seghetti Insurance Agency

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C. Stanley Gerdes Agency

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Schryver Insurance Agency

Pontiac
Potter Insurance Agency

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Bettasso & Associates, Inc.

Prophetstown
The Schuneman Agency

Quincy
Miller, Castle & Freiburg

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Duitsman Ins. Agency, Inc.

Red Bud
Ackermann Agency, Inc.

Robinson
Weber Ins. & Realty Brokers

Rochelle
John A. Carlson Ins. Agency
Kahler, Gillis Agency

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Arenz Insurance Agency
Broadmoor Agency, Inc.
Al Brown Agency, Inc.
John H. Camlin Co.
Carlson Insurance Agency
Sam H. Castelles Agency
Hugh Deery Agency
Fiorenza Agency, Inc.
Marshall Grans Agency
Great Lakes Mortgage Corp.
Keystone Insurance Agency
Peter F. Leggero Agency, Inc.
L. F. A. C. Agency, Inc.
Northern Illinois Mortgage Co.
Ogilby Insurance Agency, Inc.
Sparks, Crawford & Sparks
Swenson Agency

The Weller Agency, Inc.
J. B. & Loren L. Whitehead
Williams-Manny, Inc.

Rock Island
Mc Farland-Budelier Insurance

Rosemont
Marselos & Gianes Insurance Agency

Rushville
Long-Koth Insurance Agency

Savanna
Thomas Buck-Morse Insurance Agency

Schiller Park
United American Insurance Center, Inc.

Sesser
Crocker Insurance Agency

Shelbyville
Weakly Insurance Agency

Sheldon
The Snow Agency

Skokie
A. C. Thompson & Associates

South Beloit
Kehoe Insurance Agency

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Forsyth Ins. Agency, Inc.
Alvin S. Keys & Company
Orr Insurance Agency, Inc.

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H. A. Detweiler
Cliff John-Peterson & Flock Agency
Clayton R. Schuneman
Wentsel, Wilkins, Lowe & Wheeler

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Robert H. Bauer
Masters-Harrison Agency

Streator
Reynolds-West & Associates

Sullivan
Horn Insurance Agency

Sumner
Orris M. Wright

Tinley Park
The Hinz Company

Toledo
The Everhart Ins. Agency

Trenton
Pennington Insurance Agency

Tuscola
Waters Insurance Agency

Urbana
Cogdal & Hobbs

Vandalia
Don Bernhardt Ins. Agency
Louis Squibb Ins. Service

Warren
Wagner Insurance Agency, Inc.

Washburn
Ireland & Logan

Watseka
Associated Iroquois Ins. Agencies, Inc.

Waukegan
Wm. Schwartz & Company

Weldon
Kingston Insurance Agency

Western Springs
Affiliated Insurance Consultants, Inc.

West Frankfort
Standard Insurance Agency

Winchester
Sam Peak Insurance Agency

Wood River
Biggerstaff-Brigman Insurance Agency
Foutch-Webb Insurance Agency

Woodstock
Rardin-Long, Inc.

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The Hayes Agency

Bedford
Keach & Grove Agency, Inc.

Bloomington
Woodward Insurance, Inc.

Brazil
Bolin Agency, Inc.

Camden
The Pettiner Agency, Inc.

Crawfordsville
Clements-Roscher Corp.

Crown Point
Fleming-Corbin & Bates Insurance, Inc.

Culver
State Exchange Finance Co.

Dyer
Robert Frey Ins. Agency

East Chicago
Voyt Insurance Agency

Elkhart
Long Insurance Agency
Old Reliable Ins. Agency, Inc.
Shultz Ins. Agency, Inc.

Evansville
Crown Ins. Agency, Inc.
Monarch Ins. Agency, Inc.
Southwestern Agency, Inc.
Jesse F. Stock Insurance, Inc.

Fort Wayne
Associated Ins. Managers, Inc. of Fort Wayne
Fishering & Marker, Inc.
Lupke-Rice Associates
O'Rourke, Andrews & Maroney
Paul F. Schwartz
Wood Insurance Agency

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Frank A. Witt Insurance Agcy.

Franklin
Union Bank & Trust Co.

Gary
Charles Agency
Julie Rykovich Insurance Agcy.
William A. Schmidt

Goshen
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Greenfield
William R. Blue, Inc.

Hammond
Ervin Associates
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Riley Company, Inc.

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Barton, Curle & Mc Laren, Inc.
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John J. Carey Ins. Agency
Conner Insurance Agency
Rod Davis Ins. Agency
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Gregory & Appel, Inc.
Hawthorne Agency, Inc.
Insurance Agencies, Inc.
Fisk Landers Insurance, Inc.
Maxwell-Huff, Inc.
Pruyn & Herke, Inc.
Joseph Roth Ins. Agency, Inc.
Savill-Schnieders-Kuehr Insurance Agency
United Ins. Agencies
The Herman C. Wolff Co., Inc.

Jeffersonville
Jeffersonville Ins. Agency, Inc.

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Wagner Insurance Agency, Inc.

Kentland
Prairie Realty Company, Inc.

Kokomo
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Kumming Insurance Agency

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G. N. Summers

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Scottsburg
Jones Ins. Agency, Inc.

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Stanley Jones Agency, Inc.

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Warren-Hornbeck Agency, Inc.

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Forrest Sherer, Inc.

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Bell Insurance Agency

Wabash
Baker Ins. Agency

Warsaw
Warsaw Insurance Agency, Inc.

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Security State Agency of Aitkin, Inc.

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Stearns County Ins. Agency

Albert Lea
The Big Insurance Agency
Freeborn National Ins. Agcy.

Alexandria
Douglas County Ins. Agency

Austin
Austin National Company
Strifert-Reynen-Capretz, Inc.

Babbitt
First State Insurance Agency

Barnesville
First Agency

Bemidji
Baumgartner, Inc. & IPS, Inc.

Benson
First State Insurance Agency

Blooming Prairie
Cram Agency, Inc.

Bloomington
James M. King, Inc.

Blue Earth
First National Insurance Agcy.

Brainerd
Opsahl Insurance Agency
Ruttger & Ruttger Ins. Agcy.

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Farmers & Merchants Breckenridge Agency, Inc.

Brooklyn Center
Hannay Agency, Inc.

Burnsville
Kraus-Anderson Agency, Inc.

Cambridge
Peoples State Agency

Chaska
Carver County Agency, Inc.

Chisago City
Dick Fisher Insurance Agency

Cloquet
Cloquet Northern Ins. Agency
Independent Agency, Inc.

Coleraine
First National Agency

Coon Rapids
Insurance Service Center

Cosmos
Spreiter Agency, Inc.

Cottonwood
Insurance Service Agency

Deer River
Fadden Insurance Service

Detroit Lakes
Schiller Agency, Inc.

Duluth
Hunter Agency, Inc.
Liscomb-Hood-Mason Co.
Overman-King Insurance Agcy.
Prindle-Jones Company
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East Grand Forks Ins. Agency

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Kovach-Shusta Agency, Inc.

Excelsior
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Fairmont
Roloff Insurance Agency
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Faribault
Ostrom Agency, Inc.

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Kronemann Insurance Agency
Reitan-Larson Company

Glencoe
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Grand Rapids
Billeadeau Agency, Inc.

Hastings
Northwestern Insurance Agcy.

Hibbing
The Hibbing Insurance Agency
Matetich Insurance Agency

Hopkins
Feudner Agency
Hopkins Insurance Agency

Hugo
First State Insurance Agency

Hutchinson
Madsen Agency

International Falls
Bruggeman Insurance Agency

Lake City
Lake City Agency, Inc.

Lakefield
First State Bank Agency

Lewiston
Lewiston Insurance Agency

Lindstrom
The Victor Agency

Litchfield
First State Insurance Agency

Little Falls
Little Falls Insurance Agency

Luverne
First National Insurance Agcy.
Northwestern Insurance Agcy.

Mankato
Mankato Insurance Agency
Willard Agency, Inc.

Marshall
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Wilson-O'Brien Agency

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Paul Burke & Associates, Inc.
Central Insurance Agency
Chandler-Lang Agency, Inc.
Gene Christensen Agency, Inc.
Consumers, Inc.
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Price-Pickler Agency, Inc.
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The Towle Company
Traff & Associates, Inc.
Turnbull Agency
Twin City Insurance Agency
Underwood-Kelliher Agency
Minneota
First State Insurance Agency
Monticello
Foster's Insurance Agency
Moorhead
Moorhead Agency, Inc.
Mound
Philbrook Insurance
New Brighton
Midwest Area, Inc.
Northfield
Northfield Insurance Agency
The Northwestern Ins. Agency
North St. Paul
American Home Agency
Osseo
Northwestern State Ins. Agency
Paynesville
First State Insurance Agency
Pine City
First Insurance Agency
Pipestone
Pipestone Insurance Agency
Plainview
Miller-Harrington Agency, Inc.
Peoples Agency, Inc.
Princeton
John W. Barton Agency
Procter
First National Company
Richfield
Summit Agency of Richfield
Robbinsdale
Kudrna-Hakarinen Agency
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Rochester
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Norbert F. Fitzpatrick Agency
Walter C. Heins Agency, Inc.
Roseville
Anderson Agency, Inc.
St. Cloud
Mahowald Insurance Agency
St. Louis Park
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Bachman-Anderson, Inc.
C & S Agency, Inc.
Cathcart & Maxfield, Inc.
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W. A. Lang Company
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Wight Agency, Inc.
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Slayton
Murray County Insurance Agcy.
South St. Paul
Apollo Agency
Sherman Insurance Agency
Spring Lake Park
Spring Lake Park Agency, Inc.
Spring Valley
First National Insurance Agcy.
Stephen
Farmers State Insurance Agcy.
Thief River Falls
Union State Insurance Agency
Virginia
Paul S. Engman Agency
Pepelnjak Insurance Agency
Wabasha
First State Insurance Agency
Waconia
First National Agency of Waconia, Inc.
Wadena
M. J. Ebner Insurance Agency
Waite Park
Pat J. Mc Mahon Agency
Walker
Kenneth P. Schmidt Ins. Agcy.
Wanamingo
Village Insurance Service
Waseca
First National Insurance Agcy.
Waseca Insurance Agency
Wayzata
Wayzata Agency, Inc.
Wheaton
First State Insurance Agency
White Bear Lake
Beulke Agency, Inc.
Willmar
Willmar Insurance Agency
Windom
First National Insurance Agcy.
Winona
Winona Agency, Inc.
Winsted
J. J. Sterner Agency, Inc.
Worthington
Security Insurance Agency
Zumbro Falls
Zumbro Falls Insurance Agency

WISCONSIN

Appleton
Coffey Agencies, Inc.
Insurance Services, Inc.
Zuelzke Ins. Agency
Ashland
Harold Arnold Ins. Agency, Inc.
Jim & Jerry Nemec Ins. Agency
Augusta
Dickinsen Insurance Service
Bancroft
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Baraboo
Central Agency, Inc.
Beaver Dam
Fredrick-Hawley Agency
Beloit
Bort's A Corporation
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Kretzmann Agency, Inc.
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The Cameron Agency
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De Soto
J. C. Gillespie Ins. Agency
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Genoa City
Bannister Ins. Agency
Green Bay
Feldhausen-Piehl Ins. Agency
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Mayhugh Ins. Agency, Inc.
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Weber Agency, Inc.
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Holley & Company, Inc.
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Lake Geneva
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Laona
Laona Ins. Agency, Inc.
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Durand Ins. Agency, Inc.
Fish & Schulkamp, Inc.
Liddicoat-Boylan Ins. Agency
Midwest Ins. Agency, Inc.
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Lindstedt-Hoffman Co.
Marinette
The Juttner Ins. Agency
Menomonee Falls
Local Ins. Agency, Inc.
Suburban Agency, Inc.
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Leitch Agency
Middleton
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Julius Bacher Agency, Inc.
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Boemer-Pfleger Agency, Inc.
Carney-Rutter, Inc.
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W. R. Gustin & Associates, Inc.
Insurance Management, Inc.
Kendall Insurance Service
Leedom, O'Connor & Noyes Co.
Luchini-Possi & Associates, Inc.
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Harry G. Packee Agency, Inc.
Rebholz Insurance, Inc.
The Roberts Company
Dick Scharf Ins. Agency
Rud J. Talsky, Inc.
Vel Insurance Agency
Minocqua
Hazlewood Insurance
E. Farrell Krause Agency
Monroe
Schwartz Ins. Agency
Mukwonago
W. D. Bissett Agency
Neenah
M. E. Manier Ins. Agency
New Richmond
Dowd-Reliance, Inc.
Oconomowoc
John P. Snyder, Jr. Ins. Agency
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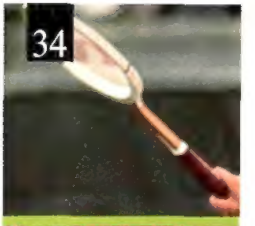
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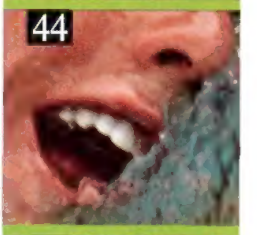
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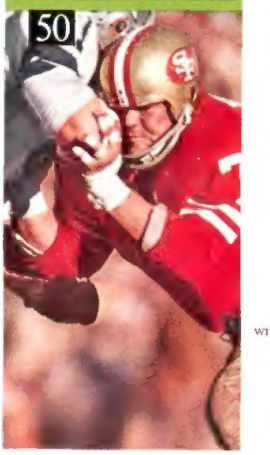












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Next week

THE ZANIEST RACE in baseball spans the entire fratricidal National League East. William Leggett enters the complex maze to examine the Cardinals, Pirates, Expos, Mets and Cubs.

DOWN AND OUT in Kiev was Britain's Princess Anne, her collarbone broken after flying off her horse during the European equestrian championships. Martha Duffy reports.

SPORT IN CHINA, where arenas are scarce, athletes legion and hand-grenade throwing an event, is described by William Johnson. With photographs of Mao's land by Jerry Cooke.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Possibly no city in the United States is as maniacal about one team as is Miami about the Super Bowl champion Dolphins. Forget that the Dolphins have sold 78,000 season tickets, the most ever by a pro football team. Note instead that it is impossible to move around Miami without encountering Dolphinmania in one form or other.

Middle-aged fans happily wear T shirts in the Dolphin team colors—aqua, orange and white—with their own names over the numbers of the great and mighty: 39 (Larry Csonka), 21 (Jim Kiick), 42 (Paul Warfield). The Miami city transit system this year has changed the colors of its buses to those of the Dolphins. Newspaper ads and TV commercials show replicas of Dolphins, and establishments such as Dolphin Plumbing are now on the business landscape. Several players have their own radio shows, and Coach Don Shula has his TV program. A duck hunting guide in the Everglades refuses to book customers for Mondays; they are reserved to take Dolphin players shooting in the swamps. At the last annual meeting of one insurance company (Manufacturers Life), the president called upon salesmen to emulate the Dolphins and go to the top fast and, having said that, he passed out Dolphin T shirts to members of the board of directors.

"The main reason for Dolphinmania is that Miami has never had anything before to draw it together as a city and to give it a winner," says Senior Writer John Underwood, author of the story on Don Shula in this issue. "People up North used to confuse Miami with Miami Beach, and when they thought of sports it was Jackie Gleason riding around in a golf cart. And some still do."

A Miami resident himself, Underwood may dwell amid Dolphinmania (son John Jr., age six, has four No. 39 T shirts) but, as befits a writer who travels the world on assignments, he tries to keep a sense of perspective about his hometown and the team. When the Dolphins first began in 1966 as an expansion team in the old American Football League, Underwood—a scholar of football—bought season tickets despite his skepticism about the team's success. "Miami was always a football town—but mainly for college football, especially the University of Miami Hurricanes," he says. "That first season attendance was only 18,000 or 20,000 a game in the Orange Bowl, but the Dolphins, somewhat like the New York Mets, always gave the fans something, a little bit at a time. In the very first game of the very first season a halfback named Joe Auer, who later hurt himself overturning a dune buggy, returned the opening kickoff for a touchdown against Oakland. That kind of thing kept the fans coming back for more, and the Dolphins kept giving them a little more."

The Dolphins took a nose dive in 1969, the year before Shula took over. When the Dolphins announced that Shula was coming down from Baltimore, Underwood was not overwhelmed. He had recently written a story in which he referred to Shula as "a faceless pro coach." Taking over the team during the player strike, Shula immediately impressed everyone by running four practices a day to make up for lost time. "A ragtag group of players began to look like a good team," Underwood recalls. Following the rise of the Dolphins, Underwood wrote a long piece on Kiick and Csonka (SI, Aug. 7, 1972). Through it all Underwood kept thinking back on his "faceless coach" remark. He had obviously misjudged his man, who seemed to have become someone special. Underwood began working on his reappraisal in June. As he puts it now, "I used to think Shula was a salad without dressing until I began to dig into him." Readers may dig into the Shula salad beginning on page 120.

Jack Mayer

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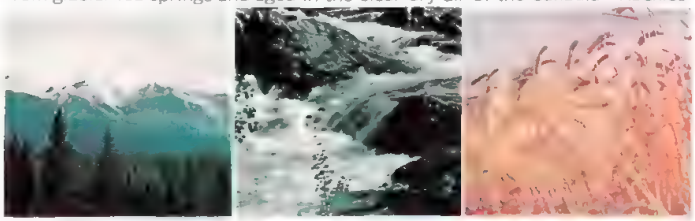
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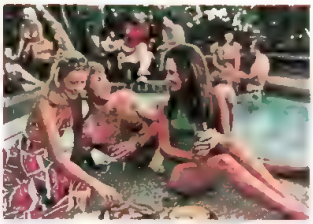


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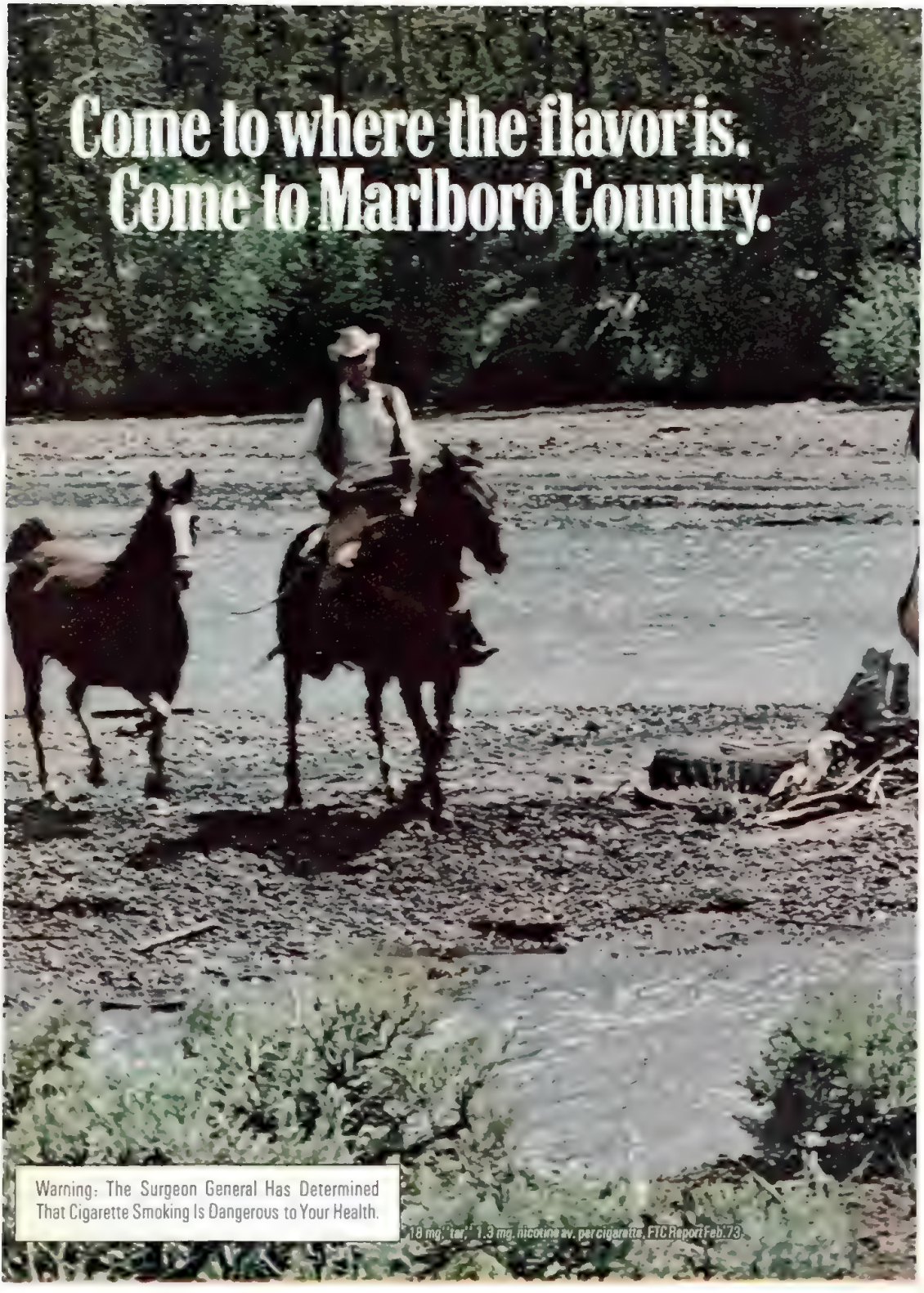


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BOOKTALK

Secrets of a sumo wrestler, or how to get the other fellow by the 'mawashi'

Sumo is a medieval backwater of sport, and throughout the 2,000 years since its founding it has resisted penetration by foreigners. Enter Jesse Kuhaulua (his ring name is Takamiyama), a 360-pound Hawaiian, the first non-Japanese ever to win a major sumo tournament. Jesse is a bay window into the cloistered life of Japan's most venerated athletes. He is co-author with John Wheeler of *Takamiyama—The World of Sumo* (Kodansha International, Tokyo, New York and San Francisco, $10).

"There were many days I was genuinely afraid to go into the practice area," Jesse says of his initiation. Older wrestlers "often hit me on the back or legs with bamboo sticks. . . . They would even spit at us sometimes or throw salt into our mouths. Since they were our seniors there was nothing we could do." This was the *kawaigatte* (which comes from a Japanese verb meaning to treat with affection), calculated to infuriate the young trainee, "to fan the flames of his fighting spirit." The beginners were then made to politely bathe, feed and massage their tormentors, *running errands for them, combing their* hair. The only way to freedom from these indignities was to fight up the rankings until they themselves were privileged to use the next batch of beginners as body servants.

Jesse reached *sekitori* (top division) in 1967. He is all in favor of the system: "*Kawaigatte* . . . the stress on manners, etiquette, is meant to build the unique spirit that alone can produce good wrestlers and good men. Since I became a *sekitori* I don't have a reputation for always being a nice guy." A glance at his picture on the book jacket confirms his point. A very tough baby.

The publishers call it an "autobiography" but the book is also an introduction to sumo, though close attention is sometimes needed to keep up with the terminology. Japanese words, after one definition, are used extensively in sentences like this: "His opponent, who has failed with his initial thrusting attack but feels himself suddenly free of his attacker's hold, will grab his mawashi in a last-ditch utchari attempt." This turns out to *mean that he couldn't push him out so he* pulls on his belt to flip him over as they both fly into the box seats. Co-author Wheeler leaves Kuhaulua for pages at a time to explore sumo's misty origins, detailing its techniques, its judging and its involved finances. Jesse becomes a device for humanizing an encyclopedia, and Turner Givens' photos are as tantalizing as the text. Is there anything in the liquid eyes of the young Jesse that foreshadows the bull on the jacket? This should become a standard work, but it is a pity Wheeler's scholarship is not matched by skill at characterization.

—KENNY MOORE

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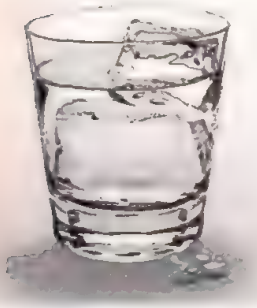


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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SO SHALL YE REAP

Politicians, whose popular image can use refurbishing, are seeing an easy way to please sports fans by abolishing local TV blackouts of home games, even though professional football insists that the game's continued financial health requires such blackouts. It is disagreeable to watch sports commissioners being told by Congressmen how to administer their affairs, and club owners how best to run their business, according to the mood of the moment in Washington. But it is also true that Pete Rozelle and others in sport have sadly weakened their case by past readiness to accept congressional favors, such as exemptions from antitrust laws. They can't have it both ways.

SLITHY TOVES

New York horse racing is in a bad way. Legalized off-track betting upset the fine balance that used to exist between undercover and pari-mutuel betting at both thoroughbred and harness racing tracks, and sent attendance and wagering at the tracks skidding. Horsemen complained that OTB was stifling their sport, and Governor Rockefeller belatedly appointed a super authority (the State Racing and Wagering Board) to straighten out the mess. Now there are a dozen jobs (with salaries ranging from $33,000 to $65,000) at the top of the bureaucracy that oversees racing, and the man Rockefeller appointed to head the ménage is Emil (Bus) Mosbacher, the America's Cup sailor whose racing experience has been at the helm of a yacht.

One of the groups involved, the New York Racing Association, fell all over itself to help create the $250,000 Marlboro Cup race for Secretariat, and in so doing undercut traditional events. Now Jack Krumpe, the NYRA's president, proposes that next year the Marlboro be made an international race to be run as the climax of the fall season. This would effectively destroy the Washington (D.C.) International at Laurel Race Course in Maryland ("There can't be two internationals within a few weeks of each other," explains Laurel's John Schapiro), which for more than 20 years has fostered international competition.

Schapiro hopes New York will do the right thing, but he should not be sanguine about his chances. New York racing is not noted for logical or altruistic behavior. It is worried about the challenge posed by Sonny Werblin, who wants to build a major racetrack at the new sports complex in northern New Jersey, close to New York City. One of the investment firms helping Werblin to arrange financing for the venture, which would drain both horses and revenue from New York, is Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill, Noyes. A senior vice-president of Hornblower & Weeks is Joseph Gimma, who is also chairman of the New York State Racing Commission. The question of conflict of interest was raised but Gimma was cleared of such implication—by the State Racing and Wagering Board and Chairman Bus Mosbacher.

Round and round it goes, like Alice in Wonderland.

WHOSE MORALE?

Critics of college football say that all too often football players are privileged characters on campus. The current situation at Southern Methodist supports the argument. Thirty-six students were moved out of one of the most desirable dormitories on campus so that members of the football team could have exclusive use of the building.

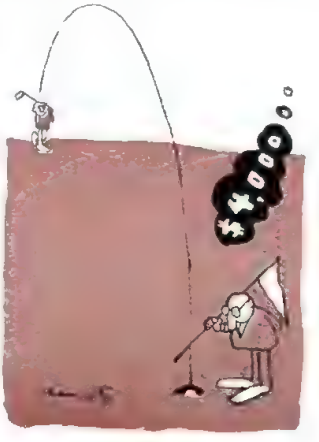
"We feel like we really got shafted," said one student. Another complained about the principle involved and objected to the school "moving freshmen football players in all of a sudden, after we were already in there."

Athletes were also given one of the two lines in a campus cafeteria, with the result that 600 students must use one line while 125 athletes use the other.

Before this year football players at SMU were treated much the same as other students, but Dave Smith, new head coach, says separate dormitory and eating facilities are necessary "for control, morale and a prideful atmosphere." Dr. James D. Wroten Jr., vice-president for student affairs, said that Smith asked for the separate facilities last January, shortly after he was hired. Wroten said he resisted Smith's request as long as he could but that they were "on a collision course," and he had to give way. The odds are that Smith's wishes will continue to prevail for the time being. SMU has been trying for some years to regain its old place as a top football power, and it will give Smith every chance to accomplish what his predecessor Hayden Fry was unable to.

JUST A LITTLE BIT

Government regulations allow only one more hole-in-one story in this section this year, and this is it. David Dickenson, a member of the Kirtland Country Club outside Cleveland, is a nationally ranked

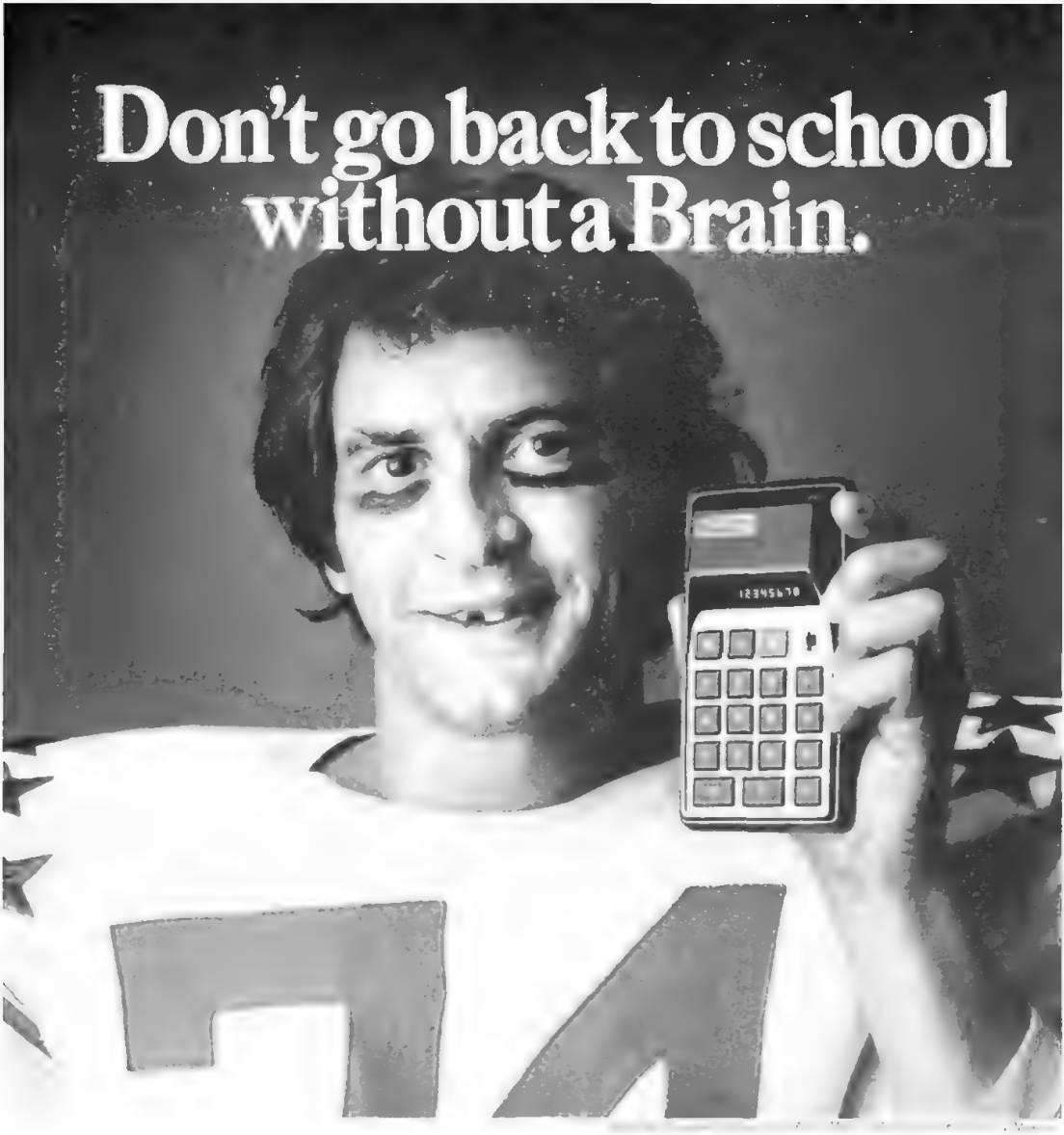


paddle tennis player, a tennis ace, an 11 handicap golfer and, reflecting this competitive drive, an aggressive insurance salesman. This year he convinced his club it should give a $4,000 Pontiac to anyone who shot a hole in one on the 155-yard 6th hole during Kirtland's annual member-guest tournament, and then arranged for the club to buy an insurance policy as protection against a hole in one.

Primarily a life insurance man himself, he talked to an underwriter to establish a rate for the policy. The underwriter said $550, which meant the odds the compa-

continued

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ny was laying against an ace were $4,000 to $550, or about 8 to 1. "You don't know much about golf, do you?" Dickenson asked, and worked the price down to $234 for four days of coverage at tournament time. It seemed safe enough. The hole is over water, the green has a lot of tilt and it is the hardest par-3 on the course.

Dickenson should have suspected what was going to happen when, during a practice round, he put his tee shot three feet from the pin. In the afternoon he shot a hole in one.

When something like this happened in *Double Indemnity*, Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray got in a lot of trouble. Not Dickenson. He was cheerfully presented with a check for $4,000 by Richard Haverland, a vice-president of the insurance company, who did not act at all like Edward G. Robinson, the suspicious claims agent in *Double Indemnity*. Haverland is a golfer himself, and he knew how Dickenson felt. Besides, it was soon apparent that luck was draped all over Dave Dickenson. A few days later he flew to the Virgin Islands with a couple of clients for a little fishing. Well, not fishing, really, for all Dickenson planned to do was take photographs of his friends catching fish. They were on the boat four days and the only time he sat in the chair was when one of the others took time out for a beer or a rest. And what happened? Dickenson in his brief moments in the sun caught five blue marlin, ranging from 350 to 500 pounds. He never got to take a picture, worse luck.

THE FUTURE AND STOREN

The selection of Mike Storen to replace Bob Carlson as commissioner of the American Basketball Association is a hopeful sign for a league nearing the close of a hopeless off-season. Three ABA teams were without coaches at the time of his appointment, with the opening of training camps only a week away, and Memphis was also without a front office. It had yet to sell a ticket for the regular season, which opens Oct. 10.

For a league so lacking in organization there could be no better choice than Storen. At Indiana and Kentucky he proved himself one of the best front-office men in basketball. He built the Pacers and Colonels into quality teams that would surely be economically successful in a merged pro league. His forcefulness in ABA councils in the early years is credited with keeping the young league alive.

But, as with any other commissioner, Storen's effectiveness will depend on how much freedom the owners let him have. Given a free hand, he could be as dynamic a leader as Al Davis was for the old American Football League. And the chances seem good that he'll have that free hand: even though he is not the most popular man in the ABA and had twice previously turned down the job, he was elected by a 9-1 vote.

The NBA should observe Storen carefully. Its own commissioner, Walter Kennedy, retires in 1975. If the anticipated merger of the leagues precedes Kennedy's retirement, the NBA might find it wise to swallow its pride and accept the man from the ABA as first commissioner of all pro basketball.

LAMAR'S IDEAS

Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, got some things off his chest about pro football. For one, he said he was afraid the National Football League was getting stodgy and complacent, particularly on the field (*page 50*). He would like to see the league adopt the two-point conversion (by running or passing) that the old American Football League used before the merger with the NFL. He also suggested that the kickoff be from the 35 instead of the 40, since "most of our kickers put the ball out of the end zone and thus kill one of the most exciting plays in football."

He said, "I don't think we can assume a mossback approach and not change anything. Pro football has taken the play away from other sports, and we don't want to lose our advantage. We need to be careful we don't get stagnant. But some owners, particularly some of the older ones, want to keep things just as they always have been."

Hunt predicted that the NFL would expand to 30 teams within three years and suggested it look to Canada (Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver) and Mexico City for possible franchise sites, as well as to oft-mentioned Seattle, Tampa, Phoenix, Memphis and Honolulu.

NICE RETURN

The University of Tampa said a couple of weeks ago that it liked pro football (SCORECARD, Sept. 3) and would do all it could to help get a pro team for the city of Tampa. What has happened since may be merely coincidence, but it sounds like

the old Biblical thing of casting your bread upon the waters. The star of Tampa's football team last fall was tackle John Matuszak, picked No. 1 in the National Football League draft by the Houston Oilers. Now the Oilers have sort of returned the favor by sending a player to the university.

What happened was, the Oilers held a one-day tryout in Tampa last May and were impressed by a 29-year-old soccer-style placekicker named Kenny Jordan. Jordan had not done any kicking since junior high school but after watching the soccer-style kickers in the NFL on television he started working out for two hours every day on the field at Plant High School in Tampa. He got to where he kicked one or two field goals from 65 yards out and could hit regularly from inside the 50.

General Manager Sid Gillman and Coach Bill Peterson of the Oilers were impressed by Jordan, offered him a contract and asked him to report to their training camp. Then a University of Tampa coach, Billy Turner, who had watched the Oiler tryout, discovered that Jordan still had four years of college eligibility. He suggested the kicker pass up the pros temporarily and take a four-year scholarship to college instead. Jordan, not wanting to renege on an agreement, even if unsigned, was worried what the Oilers would think. But after Gillman heard about the scholarship offer he agreed to "waive" the unsigned player to the university, and the NCAA gave its approval.

"Call it a down payment on our due bill with Tampa for giving us Matuszak," said Bill Peterson.

CANADIAN CAPERS

The furor in Canadian hockey over the World Hockey Association's signing of underage players (and the National Hockey League's threat to sign them) at first centered around the harm being done to amateur hockey. But now criticism is directed at the amateur leagues themselves. Officials of Midget (under 16) and Juvenile (under 18) hockey claim the Juniors (under 20) are raiding their leagues. Tom Graham of Toronto says, "If the Juniors want the pro teams to lay off hiring underage boys, they'd better lay off, too."

And a government report issued by the province of Alberta declared that at certain levels the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association was "little different from a slave market in which the promoters and dealers have taken all the power." It warned that "constraints upon individual rights of players . . . are so serious as to cry out for immediate and drastic action." Hearings are planned.

Brian Shaw, coach of the WHA's Edmonton Oilers, claimed the attitude expressed in the report might be justified in the case of a 12-year-old boy playing amateur hockey for his own amusement. "But let's face it," said Shaw, "by the time a player is a Junior he has only one thing on his mind and that is to make it into the professional ranks as quickly as possible."

Graham's reaction to all this was, "At the rate they're going they'll soon be playing 16-year-olds in the NHL."

THE GAME OF THE NAME

It's name time again for football roster nuts, those who enjoy culling college squad lists and coming up with super teams based only on the names of the players. Best so far comes from the Eastern College Athletic Conference, which can field an offensive team composed of Block, Rush, Butts, Buck, Driver, Cannon, Bolt, Dart, Lively, Lightfoot and March. The defensive team is Hard, Wall, Rock, Stone, Grip, Grab, Axe, Savage, Gang, Stopper and Crump. On the bench, but great at victory parties, are Glass, Beers, Case and Booze.

The captain of the name team, suggests *Boston Herald American* Columnist Dick Dew, should be Bill Pappafotoboloas of Boston State.

THEY SAID IT

- Gertrude Ederle, who swam 21 miles through New York Bay in preparation for her 1926 conquest of the English Channel, asked at the age of 66 if she could make the same swim today: "Sure, I'd float across on the garbage."
- Jerry Tagge, Green Bay quarterback: "It took me a whole year to learn how to call a play convincingly. Even if you don't know what you're going to do, you have to act like you do."
- Chuck Noll, Pittsburgh Steeler coach, after ex-manager Bill Virdon of the Pirates challenged one of his players to a fight for calling him an obscene name, when asked what *he* would do if one of his 280-pound linemen called him something nasty: "I'd say sticks and stones may break my bones. . . ." **END**

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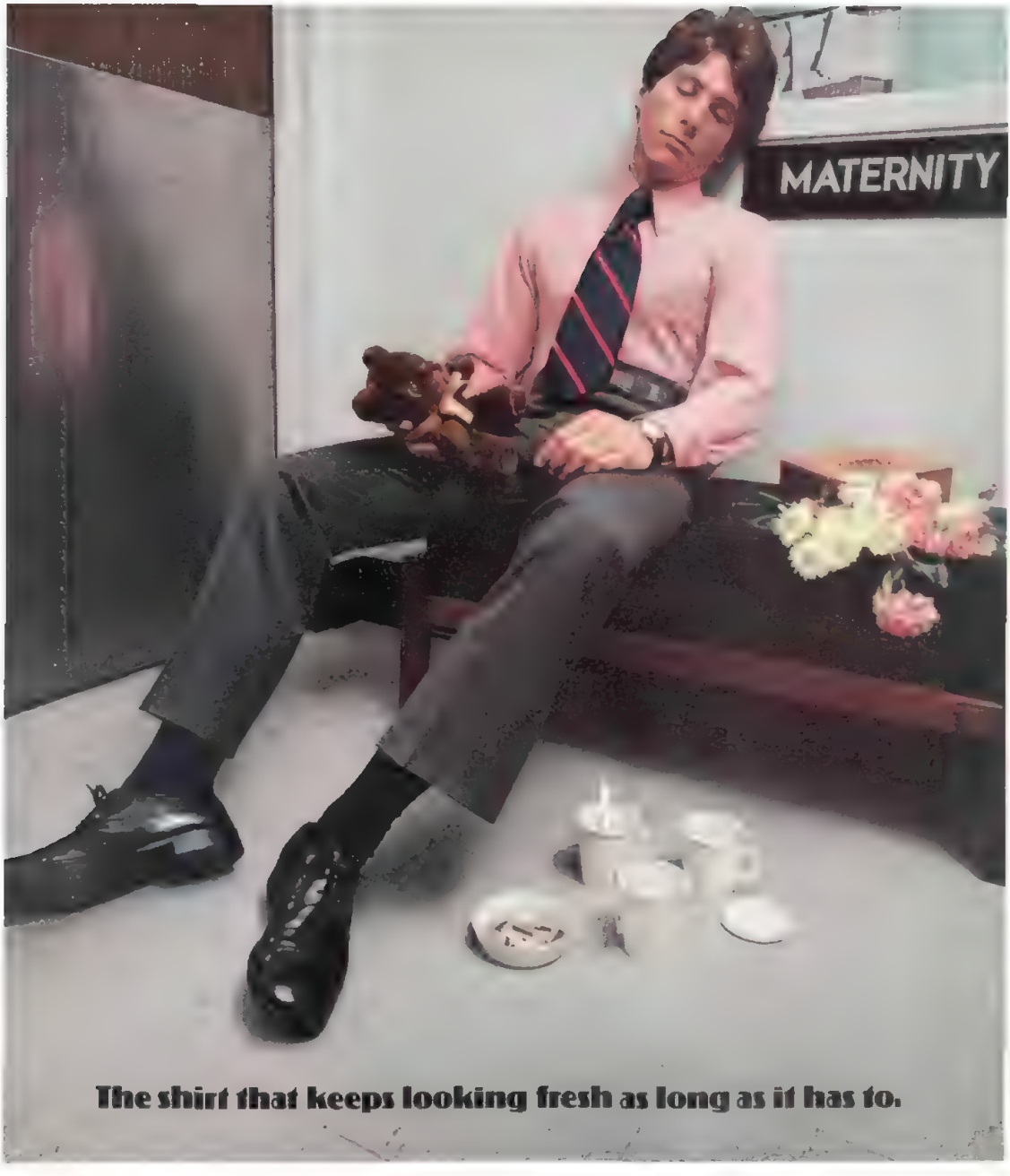
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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 17, 1973



NEWK SERVES NOTICE HE'S BACK

John Newcombe, tycoon, returned to the business of playing tennis last week and joined Margaret Court in the winner's circle at Forest Hills

by JOE JARES

You remember John Newcombe, surely. That handsome chap from Sydney whose serve and forehand volley could pierce armor plate? He played the Davis Cup Challenge Round for Australia at age 19 and went on to win a Forest Hills and three Wimbledons, but he has been semiretired from tennis lately, busy turning himself into a conglomerate: helping run a tennis ranch down in Texas that is about to branch out all over the Southwest, organizing an autumn tour of the Far East, even planning to act in a tennis mystery movie, *Game, Set, Murder*, in which he will die in mid-serve in the first scene. He has played in only nine tournaments this year, winning the Australian Open, which does not mean much anymore, and losing his first matches at the French and Italian Opens. During the U.S. Open at Forest Hills last week one newspaper even called him a "relic."

Some relic. John Newcombe is only 29, nine years younger than Ken Rosewall and only three years older than Stan Smith. When he sets his mind to it, and has enough preliminary tournaments under his belt, he can still look like the best tennis player in the world. He proved that last Sunday at Forest Hills, beating the amazingly quick Wimbledon champion, Jan Kodes, in a tough, very good five-set final and winning the $25,000 first prize and a new car.

Newk's triumph was only one of many for Australia over the weekend. In an all-Aussie women's final, Margaret Court won her fifth Forest Hills championship by beating Evonne Goolagong. Newk and countryman Owen Davidson won the men's doubles. Court and Great Britain's Virginia Wade took the women's doubles, and Davidson took the mixed doubles with Billie Jean King. About the only things Americans could be happy about were the facts that this was probably the last Forest Hills to be played on grass (it was as lumpy and pitted as ever and will be replaced by a synthetic surface next year) and that the event was smoothly run and a resounding financial success: the 12-day attendance was a record 137,488 and the tournament grossed more than $1 million.

For the first seven days Forest Hills was a giant steam bath, plagued by 90°-plus heat and a sweaty, tropical humidity that even wilted the red plastic geraniums lining either side of center court. The only comfortable people on the grounds seemed to be two Indians, the strikingly dark Amritraj brothers, Vijay and Anand, who come from Madras on the Bay of Bengal, in the same latitude as the Sudan, Nicaragua and Hades. Everyone else at the West Side Tennis Club was moaning and melting:

• Ilie Nastase won in straight sets the first round and walked off the court gasping. "I could not breathe out there," he complained. He was upset in the second round and left, forsaking his doubles partner.

• Evonne Goolagong, part Australian aborigine, said after one match, "I feel like I've just gone through a sauna."

• Mlle.—or whatever the French equivalent of Ms. is—Françoise Durr was leading Sally Greer when she had to default in the second set because of heat prostration. Durr was reared in Algeria, which is not exactly snow country.

• Patrick Proisy had to retire in the second set against Stan Smith, though Smith was about to retire him anyway.

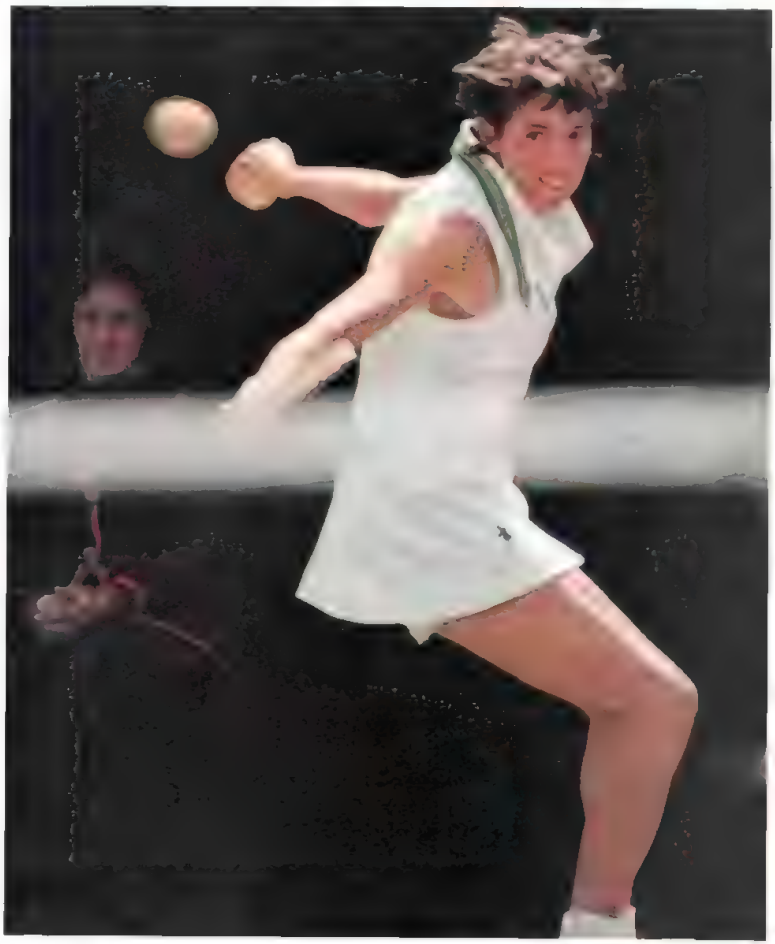
Finally, the heat and humidity claimed one more victim, an important one, Billie Jean King.

The Wimbledon heroine and defending Forest Hills champion had strengthened her injured knee (hurt in a recent New Jersey tournament) by lifting weights, and she seemed as fit as ever, ready to justify her top seeding and charge into the final against second-seeded Court, another confrontation between the two best women players in the world. They had met in the final at Forest Hills once and at Wimbledon twice, Court winning each time. King intended to change that situation.

For a while all was well. She raced past

continued

With the victory, her fifth at Forest Hills, Margaret regained much of her pre-Riggs prestige.



Peggy Michel and Karen Krantzcke in straight sets and then met Julie Heldman, to whom she had lost only twice in innumerable encounters. Curiously, the match was scheduled for Court 22 out in the boondocks. Well, actually, in front of the clubhouse terrace, where the members can sit, relax, sip their drinks and watch such matches as Isabel Fernandez versus Kathy May. King seemed miffed throughout the match, perhaps because the court was no smoother than a rock garden or perhaps because she felt she should be about 300 yards away, in the Stadium. Nonetheless, she beat Heldman 6–3 in the first set and was leading 4–1 in the second when she became ill, suffering from chills, feeling faint and moving no better than a statue. Heldman won five games in a row to take the second set 6–4 and was leading 4–1 in the third when King quit.

Knowing Billie Jean was in bad shape, Heldman asked the umpire if the one-minute rest period was up. She was not going to permit her opponent any more time than the rules allowed.

"O.K.," said King. "If you want it that badly, you can have it."

Always smiling, Amritraj, 19, upset Laver.



The tournament doctor examined King and reported that she had been battling a cold and taking penicillin. In addition, she had not taken enough salt tablets. Defaulting was the best thing she could have done, he said.

"I started getting goose bumps," King said later. "I couldn't see the ball. I couldn't react. I did the best I could. I was just hoping I could do better."

Everybody had figured that King, Court, Goolagong and Chris Evert would reach the semis, but King's departure left a vacancy and it was surprisingly filled by Helga Masthoff of West Germany, a tall, delicate woman who serves off one leg like a flamingo and whose strokes would not dent a cream puff. One could picture her on the cover of *Vogue* but never *World Tennis*. Goolagong was lucky enough to have Masthoff in her half of the draw and battered her 6–1 in the first set. But Masthoff grew on the spectators with her accurate pit-a-pats, gained confidence and actually forced Goolagong to go three sets before Evonne won 6–4 in the third.

Court, who had beaten Great Britain's Virginia Wade in two tie-breaker sets in the quarterfinals, drew Evert in the semis, just as she had at Wimbledon, where Evert beat her in three sets. Although no longer the crowd's cute little Chrissie of two years ago, Evert is still a bit of an ingenue at 18, still gets a Stadium court assignment for almost every match and still, as she admits, has a lot to learn, namely how to volley effectively and hit overheads. Court won 7–5, 2–6, 6–2, Evert's third-straight loss in the Forest Hills semis.

"When Margaret comes to net, she's so tough to get past," said Evert.

In the final on Saturday, Goolagong gave Margaret a good battle for two sets despite her weak second serve, losing the first in a tie breaker 7–6, winning the second 7–5. But Court broke her first serve in the third set and won rather handily 6–2.

Last year Billie Jean King received only $10,000 for winning the women's title, as opposed to Nastase's $25,000, but this year the people who make Ban deodorant donated $55,000 to make the female prize pool equal, even though the women play three sets instead of five and have only half as large a draw to get through. So for her victory Court earned a whopping $25,000 and a new car, the same as Newcombe. She now has won





$157,400 in prize money in 1973 and seems eminently capable of passing the $200,000 mark before Christmas. If she does not earn another penny, she already has enjoyed the most lucrative year in the history of women's sports, a thought that must soothe her when she thinks of Bobby Riggs.

Court insists she is not a true Women's Libber, but, as King points out, she certainly is. After all, she has a job and her husband does not. She travels the tennis circuit with Barry, a former wool broker and yachtsman in Perth, and their son Danny. Someday—she will not say when—they are going to return home and buy the whole west coast of Australia.

On the men's side of the program youth was the byword in the early rounds. Seventeen-year-old Björn Borg, the handsome, blond Swede who had every teeny-bopper in Britain in love with him during Wimbledon, upset veteran Arthur Ashe in four sets in the third round, then fell to Nikki Pilic. The younger and better of the two Amritraj



At 17, Borg showed unexpected maturity and a powerful serve in his victory over Ashe.

brothers, 19-year-old Vijay, who improved his game considerably by spending a week taking lessons from Pancho Gonzales in Las Vegas last October, upset Rod Laver in a tough Stadium five-setter, then breezed past Aussie Allan Stone before losing to Ken Rosewall in the quarterfinals.

America had a good youthful entry, too, in 21-year-old Jimmy Connors, another one of Pancho's pupils, who reached the quarters before losing in straight sets to Newcombe. But it was Amritraj who drew the rave review of the tournament.

"He needs about 10% more effort on his physical movement," said Gonzales. "If he had that, and could improve his second serve, he could be a great, great champion. He's the hardest hitter off ground strokes since Don Budge, and has the same style."

But when the tournament got down to the semis, bad grass or no, youth movement or no, the four who remained were seasoned pros: Newcombe, Rosewall, Kodes and Stan Smith. Newk's serve was too much for Rosewall, who at 38 may have taken his last serious fling at Forest Hills, but Kodes' battle with Smith was probably the best match of the 12 days.

Kodes—for years it has been hard to resist calling him the Bouncing Czech—won a tough first set 7-5 and led 4-0 in the second, but Smith broke back twice in a row. Smith is usually a slow starter and now his fans relaxed, figuring he was warmed up and ready to roll. But it was no time for anybody to relax.

The set went to 6–6 and into the nine-point tie breaker. At four points apiece, Smith served for the set. Kodes returned and, after a short rally, put a forehand into the net. Fine, except that Kodes believed Smith's serve had been three or four inches out. Kodes yelled at the service linesman, who wouldn't change the call. He yelled at the umpire, who wouldn't remove the linesman, and he yelled at the tournament referee, to no avail. Then, with an expert technique acquired as a fine junior soccer player in Czechoslovakia, he kicked over his chair.

Kodes had lost all concentration and Smith blew him out in the third set 6–1. Then Smith let up and Kodes blew *him* out in the fourth 6–1.

The final set, played in the gloom of evening, was more like the first two. In the 10th game, leading 5–4, Smith had a match point but could not capitalize on it. It was really too dark to play tennis, but neither man wanted to have to finish Sunday morning and then play the final. Kodes broke Smith the next game and won his own serve easily to take the match 7–5, 6–7, 1–6, 6–1, 7–5.

The Kodes-Newcombe final the next day not only had no controversial calls, it actually finished in daylight. In a sense it was a confrontation between *two* defending Wimbledon champions. Newcombe won at Wimbledon in 1970 and '71, then was not allowed to defend in 1972 because contract pros were banned, or this year because the Association of Tennis Professionals boycotted (Kodes is not a member). Newk, with his crushing serve, intends to play constant tennis through next May and prove himself No. 1 in the world, and he wanted this Forest Hills final to be his first step. Kodes, sore at the accusations that his Wimbledon win was tainted because the field was emasculated, was intent on proving his critics wrong. To battle Newk's serve, he presented one of the finest returns of serve in the world.

In long stretches Sunday, diving and scrambling over the faded green turf, Kodes had Newcombe outclassed, but he could not sustain his brilliant play. Newcombe, helped by 14 aces and some lovely, streaking ground strokes of his own, won 6–4, 1–6, 4–6, 6–2, 6–3.

"I knew that if I kept hitting the same shots at him," said Newk, "he could keep it up for 50 minutes or an hour, but not for an hour and a half."

So what's next in Newcombe's drive to become both a tycoon and the No. 1 tennis player? The Davis Cup. He's playing for Australia for the first time since 1967. The Aussies must get by Czechoslovakia and Kodes, then face the U.S. in Cleveland in late autumn.

"It's been a five- or six-year drought since we had the Davis Cup," he said. "I understand Rod Laver wants to play, and Neale Fraser is captain."

Then he cackled: "You think we've got experience?" Yeah. And a Forest Hills champ, too. **END**

Center court had the look of a battlefield.



NEW DRIVER, SAME STEAMROLLER

Bob Devaney has been replaced by Tom Osborne, but Nebraska still plays hit-and-run, as a flattened UCLA found out

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The trouble with inheriting the care of an institution like the Nebraska football team is that there is no escaping it. On game day Nebraskans do not extend the wishes of the morning, they raise a fist and say, "Go, Big Red." The billboards and marquees of Lincoln do not declare the price of canned peaches, they predict the coordinates of the Big Red's next blow (*e.g.*, on a dry good store, "Nebraska 21, UCLA 7"), and personal preferences are stretched out across ubiquitous building-wide banners: "Alliance is proud of Randy Borg." Furthermore, no matter how inclement the weather of a fall Saturday, Memorial Stadium is sure to become the third largest city in the state. Last week there were rain, fog and 74,966 on hand to see UCLA's Bruins pass through the eye of the storm.

So pity for a moment—this might be your only chance—Tom Osborne on Saturday. For a young (35) coach whose experience at the front of the class was previously limited to a part-time psychology instructorship at the university and Sunday school teaching at St. Paul's Methodist Church, the job surely seemed fast closing in on him. Fewer than 10 years ago Osborne was still quietly deciding between teaching and coaching. (The basic difference, he found, is that a coach's students must not fail. "Football players have to make A's.") Now here he was, a humble graduate of Hastings College who had never coached anywhere but at Nebraska as an assistant under Bob Devaney, being the man for the new season in the job made glorious by Devaney. Devaney had tapped him for the position long before kicking himself upstairs last winter.

But to accentuate the negatives: Osborne obviously was not Bob Devaney. His eyes did not twinkle, his dimples were unmerry. Though a lank, boyishly good-looking pink-faced man, Osborne is sobersided, deeply religious and so intensely dedicated to going about his business that he would just as soon run three miles—his daily refreshment—as to be interviewed. "Excuse me," he says politely, "I've got to run three miles now."

His spring and fall practices were distinguished by their uncommon zeal and assiduous attention to detail, and by the absence of the puckish Devaney. Thus, as it was said, John Falstaff had been replaced by John Calvin and, as UCLA drew near, Osborne was not spared other reminders of his predicament: he no longer had Heisman Trophy winner Johnny Rodgers to addle and rattle through a secondary, or Outland Trophy winner Rich Glover to sit on opposing quarterbacks. Alas, too, his fine passing quarterback, Dave Humm, was *hors de combat*, his knee swaddled in tape. The substitute was a little-used senior named Steve Runty who had come to Nebraska without a scholarship four years ago. He had finally earned one on the strength of his impersonations of opposing quarterbacks in squad scrimmages. Runty is nicknamed Duck, for the grace of his movements. Lately he has been called Super Duck. As inspirational nicknames go, his has obvious limitations, but it apparently satisfies his friends.

Adding to Osborne's discomfort were those extraordinary items that only a coach with time in the spotlight can appreciate. Would he please allow the ABC television camera lorries to move inside the sideline fences behind the benches? Would he please keep the rabid Nebraska cheerleaders from adding an indelicate letter prefix to a special U-C-L-A cheer? Trifling stuff. Then, the night before the game, Osborne was suddenly aware that what he was watching on his television screen was one of his special-for-UCLA defensive alignments, taken accidentally at practice.

As it turned out, UCLA missed the preview entirely, but no matter. UCLA's head coach is the irrepressible Pepper Rodgers, and Rodgers was confident enough without it. He said his UCLA team was bigger (his biggest) and better (his best) than the team that upset Nebraska the year before; that Quarterback Mark Harmon, Tom and Elyse Knox's wonder boy, was still laughing in the teeth of danger, virtually swinging above the jaws of snapping crocodiles with his artful manipulation of the Wishbone.

Pepper said well, of course he'd rather open with Alaska than Nebraska. "But the guarantee wouldn't be as good," and, besides, he had been looking forward to this one. He said he knew Nebraska was still a fine team, but without the "big play guys"—Rodgers, Glover, *et al.*—the mathematics were not as complicated. He said there was a lot more bone and a lot less wish in his seven-yards-and-a-wisp-of-smoke attack now that he had moved the very swift James McAlister to fullback. "James is the perfect fullback for the triple option," fast and tough, he said. "Just watch him get to the hole." He said one of his friends had suggested he quit talking so op-



timistically, that he "play it cool."

"That's not my style," he said. "I don't know how to 'cool it.' We're ready. We're anxious to hit somebody. Practice is boring."

From the first series it was clear that Osborne had in mind what Rodgers had in mind: that McAlister on the loose was a major road hazard. The Nebraska defense—enameled over with just enough stunts and predetermined slants to confuse the blocking—was tough enough and quick enough to keep Harmon from operating the full range of the option. The Nebraska tackles, Ron Pruitt and John Dutton, would not be turned; the middle guard, John Bell (Glover's replacement), worked over the center and into the holes, and if he was wrong the linebackers plugged in.

Rodgers said before the game that if his last meal on earth was a hamburger and a big bowl of chili, his last play would be a triple option. The Nebraska defense all but grabbed it off his plate.

The pursuit on both sides was astounding. What few pass plays Harmon called seldom had time to materialize. UCLA got off only nine passes, four by John Sciarra who alternated with Harmon after Mark bruised his knee in the first quarter. And marked man McAlister was never able to find enough AstroTurf to run on. He wound up with just 48 yards in 13 carries.

A blond, stumpy sophomore named Tony Davis (not to be confused with USC's Anthony Davis) and Runty, the inspired quarterback imitator, starting their first game as Cornhuskers, made their intentions known immediately. On the Cornhuskers' first series Runty took them 56 yards to a touchdown, giving UCLA enough things to worry about to last the game through: counters, reverses, quick-developing screens and an option pitch to Davis that was a pip.

Runty got the first touchdown on a one-yard drive, and less than two minutes later the pride of Alliance, Randy Borg, returned a punt 77 yards for a score. Behind 14–0, UCLA was granted a stay of execution by a fumble that set up a Bruin touchdown. Then Runty passed to Frosty Anderson to make it 20–6 Nebraska, but UCLA still was not ready to die. Just before the half Kermit Johnson slipped away with one of the few pitchouts allowed him and ran 43 yards to set up a UCLA touchdown and it was 20–13.



From now on—what Osborne says, goes.

Osborne said later that he was afraid his boys had lost the momentum at that point and he implored them to get it back. In answer, the Cornhuskers drove 80 yards in 14 plays with the second-half kickoff. The most significant play was the last, not because it was the touchdown but because it demonstrated what Tony Davis is made of. On fourth down inside the two, Davis slanted off the left side where he was embraced, first by Tackle Fred McNeill and then by Safety Jim Bright. Had Davis fallen right there none could have blamed him, but he kept his feet, recoiled and sprung again, sliding off the defenders and into the end zone.

Early in the fourth quarter Davis got the last of his 147 yards on a pitchout, running 43 yards to the end zone. His second touchdown completed a remarkable first day on the job. He clearly enjoyed it because he kicked the end zone flag as he whizzed by and then took a swipe at the chain-link fence with his fist. "I was charged up," he said. "I mean, I never was so charged up. I yelled so much before the game I got hoarse."

Nebraska assistant coaches, many of them Devaney veterans, dropped by to shake Osborne's hand as he stood holding the game ball after the 40–13 victory.

"What time tomorrow, Tom?" John Melton asked. Melton was with Devaney 16 years. "How about 12:30, John?" Osborne said. "That O.K.?" "Whatever you say, coach," Melton smiled. "From now on, whatever you say." **END**

Presented with open territory in all directions, Tony Davis pauses to consider his options.



THEY NEVER PROMISED A ROSE GARDEN

A single Rose is all Cincinnati offers, but he has been enough to put thorns in the enemy and the Reds on top in the West **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The finish on Pete Rose's new $7,500 automobile has been burnished to a bright black shine and a galaxy of lights adorns hood and bumpers. The front and back are garnished with green and white Ohio license plates which read 14-PR and there is vinyl and fiber glass all over the car. It is a 1973 version of the 1934 Model A Ford and they only turn out three a day. "I had to have it," Rose said last week. "I like the old look in things. Bow ties. Caps. Big cuffs on the pants. I put my 3-year-old son in the back and drive him around all the time. I don't want him growing up without the chance to see at least some part of his life from a rumble seat."

Baseball players like Pete Rose, of course, are turned out at a rate of about one a decade, and they are worth considerably more than $7,500. They have a style, a verve, some inner compulsion to push themselves so hard that it gets transmitted to the kids in the bleachers and into the fantasies of aging men as well. With 20 games remaining in what by last weekend had developed into the most astonishing of all National League Septembers—eight of 12 teams were still legitimate contenders—Rose, now 32 and in his 11th major league season, had already driven himself to 204 hits as well as a league-leading batting average of .344. Since July 1 he has hit .385 to help hoist the Cincinnati Reds, the team he captains, up through the standings and into first place in the West Division. "We are seeing now the best Pete Rose anyone has ever seen," says Red Manager Sparky Anderson.

Twelve weeks ago the Reds appeared destined to ride out the summer in the rumble seat of a division they had dominated in two of the past three years. At the time they could barely see the Los Angeles Dodgers off in the distance. The San Francisco Giants, a team that seems to have the best eight-man lineup extant—and eight fans in the stands—were also making things uncomfortable. But over a sustained period the Reds have been winning better than seven of every 10 games, and by last week they not only had taken over first place but had a 2½-game lead over the Dodgers and four over the Giants, with 10 of their final games to be played against those pursuers. Anderson, who spent much of the season looking through a periscope, was certainly not about to admit that his new vantage point meant the enemy was in his bombsight and could easily be destroyed. "The race in the West," said Sparky, "is a long, long way from being over."

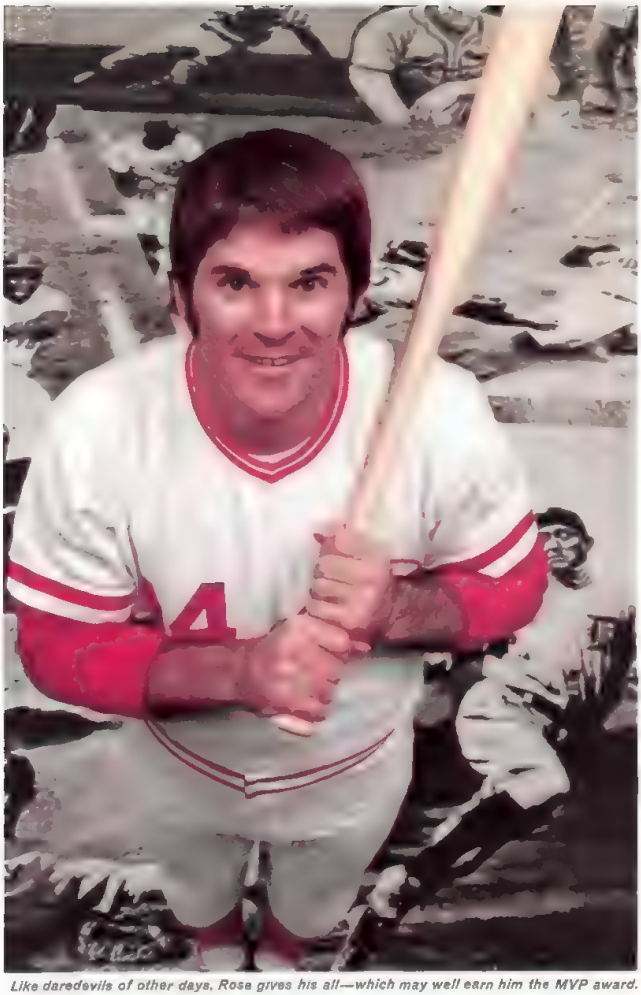
The race for the batting title, however, is not—Rose was 26 points up on the next chap—and for the second time Pete is a prime candidate for the National League's Most Valuable Player award, which he lost to St. Louis' Bob Gibson in 1968. When the batting title comes it will be Rose's third. What's more, this season is the sixth in which Rose has collected 200 or more hits. He will end the year with nine consecutive .300 seasons, but he has also accomplished a number of other things that have drawn scant attention. Last Friday, for example, Rose lashed out his 30th double of the season, which made him the alltime two-base hit leader for the Cincinnati franchise with a grand total of 343. Lest anyone forget, Cincinnati's is the oldest franchise in professional baseball.

That record was merely the fourth achieved by Rose in 1973. Previously he had become Cincinnati's leader in games played, runs scored and times at bat. Although certainly not known as a home run hitter, sometime early next year he will surpass Frank Robinson as the team's alltime total-base leader. And earlier this season he got his 2,000th hit. As the season ends he should have around 2,150 hits. At the end of *his* 11th season, Ty Cobb, the most prolific hit-maker ever, had 1,938.

The fortunes of contending teams often swing on the results of one or two games won under desperate circumstances. Rose and most of the Reds consider one they played on July 1 against Los Angeles as the turning point of their season. In the first game of a doubleheader at Cincinnati, they trailed 3-1 with two men out in the home ninth. A pinch-hit home run by Hal King with two on won the game for the Reds. Thus, instead of falling 12 games behind the Dodgers, the Reds were 10 out. Their drive then became a relentless thing which by last Sunday enabled the Reds to claim the best winning percentage in the majors (.599). How many more games might they have won if Gary Nolan, their top pitcher, had not missed almost the entire season; if Shortstop Dave Concepcion, hitting .287 and driving in key runs, had not broken his ankle on the weekend before the All-Star Game; if Bobby Tolan were not suffering at the plate (.207); and if Pitcher Roger Nelson, supposedly a big pickup in a trade with K.C., had not spent more time on the disabled list than *Venus de Milo*?

When the Dodgers were riding high in first place before their recent losing streak of nine, Rose said, "The Dodgers are in first place, but they are chasing us." To some that seemed a feisty remark, something to be put up on a clubhouse wall to inspire the enemy. "I meant," says Pete now, "that we had won last year and thus were still the team that had to be beaten." It turned out he was correct.

The head-first slide, running out walks and catching fly balls in such a way as to make it appear that he is yanking them down from the sky are by now well-known Rose-isms. Rose also is something of a baseball memory bank. "If somebody doesn't know something, they ask Pete," says Coach Alex Grammas. "He will get on the bus and say, 'A week from now so-and-so will be pitching against us and I'll go 2 for 4.' Well, a week goes by and so-and-so pitches and Pete goes 2 for 4. He resembles no other player I have ever been associated with or even seen. Recently in Houston, Doug Rader told me, 'Just



Like daredevils of other days, Rose gives his all—which may well earn him the MVP award.

playing against that guy inspires me.' "

When Rose first went to the Reds' spring training camp in Tampa in 1963 he was given little chance of making the club. "The team was cliquey," Rose says, "and the white guys for the most part wouldn't have anything to do with me. I hung around with the blacks. Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson helped me tremendously."

One night in a bar in Tampa a group of white Cincinnati veterans took a vote on Rose's chances. Everyone voted nay, except Don Blasingame—the man Rose was to replace on his way to Rookie of the Year honors. Joe Morgan, Cincinnati's second baseman, was an opponent of Rose's for nine seasons before being traded to the Reds last year. "When I played against him," Morgan says, "I assumed that nobody went that hard all the time, that he just did that against us. You can't judge a player when you only see him a few games a season. Now that I have seen him day in day out, I find him amazing. Sure, he hasn't got the talents in any one phase of the game that other players might have, but nobody gets more out of what they've got. I always wanted to hit behind him in the batting order because he gets a lot of hits and we can play hit-and-run. That opens up two holes for me to try and hit the ball through. He'll go from first to third and that leaves second base open and gives me a chance to steal and set up a big inning for us. We have been able to do that quite often."

Nothing in Rose's baseball existence irritates him more than reports of players declaring that they find themselves unable to play their best for a certain manager. "When a man says that," Rose says, "I wonder what he is talking about. In the first place, you don't play for a man, you play for a team. Yet it comes up more often than some might think. A player says, 'I can't hit for this guy; I can't pitch for this manager.' That's just nonsense."

Rose has played for five different managers in the majors. "If you look at it overall, you would have to say I played worst for Fred Hutchinson—and he's the guy who gave me my start. But I won the Rookie of the Year award under him. I remember we stood together on the foul line in St. Louis the day Stan Musial retired and they drove Stan around the ball park in a convertible. We were so excited we were shaking. Then Musial went into his last game and he got himself 2 for 4. He singled to my right and to my left. When it comes time to go, that's the way to go."

For some reason Rose is a very strong finisher in the hot months of July, August and September when others are tiring. At 5′11″ he is not terribly big, but he is a solid 196 pounds and he keeps his weight there by eating a salad and a steak every day. He seldom leaves his hotel room when the team is on the road, except to go to the ball park. "I am neither a big drinker nor a big eater," he says. "When I go to banquets I don't eat. In spring training, I'll report five pounds overweight because I want the training to mean something. When I take 20 wind sprints at the end of the day, I want the last three or four to hurt. I think it would be silly not to be stronger at the end of the season than at the beginning. When August comes around the pitchers have had their 25 to 30 starts and they can't be as strong as they were in April. If a hitter is strong, he has to have a bit of an advantage.

"And I love to get my hits. I don't want to be one of those guys who has to wait for the Sunday papers to find out what his batting average is. I want to be able to see it every day."

These days all Rose has to read is the top line. **END**



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD FUCHS



IT WAS THE MOUTH BY A WHISKER

The talk was there, but it was a fit and serious Muhammad Ali going against Ken Norton this time—as he had to be. The ex-champ just did escape with a split decision and, possibly, some rich offers **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

The question that was supposed to be answered in the Los Angeles Forum last Monday night was whether Muhammad Ali has any reasonable hope of becoming heavyweight champion of the world again. But after 12 of the toughest rounds Ali has ever fought, the question rates up there with the continuing speculations of our time. One thing that was proved for sure is that if Ali still wants to be champion he had better hope Ken Norton falls off a motorcycle or takes up Hare Krishna.

Ali came out of the ring with a damaged right hand and a split decision over Norton, the ex-Marine who had beaten him and broken his jaw last March. Ali pronounced himself immensely tired, and Norton, who retreated to a private room to vent his frustration at the decision, declared he had been the victim of a poor call. Out there yet awaiting the answer to Ali's remaining abilities are George Foreman, the champion, and Joe Frazier, who used to be the champion. Both of them have multimillion dollar fights pending with Ali.

A couple of days before the fight Ali was pondering his career with a kind of amused detachment, as if it were somebody else he was thinking about. He was getting ready to move out of his hotel suite and into the home of his friend Howard Bingham, a photographer, explaining this would enable him to eat "real food" like okra, spinach and corn on the cob instead of "that other kind of food," which apparently is what he gets in hotels.

With his face still unmarked and his body hardened by the most strenuous training he has done in years, Ali looked more like the boy who won the Olympic championship 13 years ago than the rather flabby 31-year-old man who unexpectedly lost to Norton in their first fight. Until then Norton had been so lightly regarded that his previous fight had earned him $300 before a crowd of 700 people in the town he calls home, San Diego.

Often in a corner or skipping along the ropes, Ali warily eyed a determined, forcing Norton.

"Yes, yes, they are all talking about Muhammad Ali like it's his life or death on the line," Ali said. "There is a very great deal of interest in Muhammad Ali. Is he through, or is he not? Is he still the fastest and most beautiful man in the world, or is he growing old and slow? Well, it shows you what they think of Ali that this question would come up."

Ali smiled. It pleased him to consider that just about everybody in the world except maybe a few Mongolians and an occasional penguin herder would be concerned with the fate of Muhammad Ali on Monday night. "They never talked about Floyd Patterson like this," he said. "Old Floyd's been whipped 99 times, and he's still in business. Joe Frazier got slaughtered, and he's fighting. But Muhammad Ali is so great that people don't think he should lose even when his jaw is broke, his ankle is twisted and his hand is hurt, like what was wrong when he fought Norton last time. What happened is Muhammad Ali ate a lot of ice cream and cake, he didn't do his running, he didn't punch the heavy bag. And still he almost won. If he hadn't been clowning around with his mouth open and got hisself hit with an uppercut, he would have beaten Norton that first time. I'm ashamed Ali let himself get into such shape. He won't do it again. Muhammad Ali chuckles in the face of catastrophe."

Ali has been known for emotions far more outsized than chuckling. But the broken jaw took a lot of the joy away and replaced it with chagrin. Bundini Brown, Ali's assistant trainer who works on the psyche as much as on the body, constantly preached the power of transcendence. "To come back and overcome what has defeated you is the strongest magic in the world," Bundini would tell Ali.

Ali listened to reports that Norton had said he was trash and was suffering from creeping senility—which Norton, of course, had not said, at least not within public hearing—and Ali scowled and said, "I took a nobody and created a monster. I put him on *The Dating Game*. I gave him glory. Now I have to punish him bad."

And there did seem to be a certain grim quality to Ali's performance in the days before the bout. "He's never concentrated this hard on a fight, not even for the first one with Sonny Liston," said Harold Conrad, a boxing promoter who has known Ali for years. Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer, said they had worked so hard that Dundee himself had lost 10 pounds.

"I hope the way Ali looks is more than merely cosmetic," said his physician, Dr. Ferd Pacheco, as the anxious night approached.

Ali had been warned he would not have to search for Norton in the ring. The young jewelry designer and music lover with the marvelously muscular body had the idea from their first meeting that Ali could not hurt him, and so would stay in Ali's face all night. That was clearly Norton's approach. For most of the fight it was Norton attacking and Ali dancing and jabbing to show that he still had his famous legs.

Ali won the first half of the fight. By the middle Norton's youth and strength began to flourish. By the 12th round Norton had caught up, and the match looked so even that Ali decided he had to gamble. He met Norton in the middle of the ring with combinations of punches and a show of determination that made the younger man stop his steady advancing. Ali stood in and fought, and at the bell it was still undecided whether he had won. Referee Dick Young's vote carried it for him.

Ali himself was so unsettled that seconds after the bell he took a poke at Bundini, who turned around and swung at Bingham. Bob Aram, Ali's lawyer, might have wanted to swing at all three of them. He had in his pocket a $10 million offer from a London promoter for a fight with Foreman and another offer for a rematch with Frazier in December. Now both fights were endangered. The offers hung on Ali beating Norton, which he did—but perhaps not convincingly enough. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER







GDR trio of Kornelia Ender, 14, Renate Vogel, 18, and Andrea Hubner, 16, revealed astonishing speed, musculature and femininity.

A BIG SPLASH BY THE MIGHTY MÄDCHEN

East Germany's girls smashed seven world records and won 10 of 14 events in the world swimming championships

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Shirley Babashoff climbed out of Belgrade's Tasmajdan pool and burst into tears. Teammate Deena Deardurff put on her sweat suit and disappeared into a nearby park, where she walked dejectedly beneath the great domes of St. Mark's Eastern Orthodox Church. Competing last week in the first aquatic world championships, Babashoff and Deardurff had just swum freestyle and butterfly respectively on a U.S. women's 400-meter medley relay team that was roundly beaten by four gifted swimmers from East Germany. "I just wanted to be alone," Deardurff said later. "I was astonished. I couldn't believe anybody could go that fast."

The medley relay was the most stunning of a number of outstanding swims by East German women at a competition that also included world championships in water polo, diving and synchronized swimming. The big splashoff was staged at four pools scattered around the Yugoslav capital, the handsome facilities festooned with billboards for Coppertone and Electrolux as well as for the people's state lottery. Unfazed by these blatant concessions to free enterprise, the East German medleyists put on a display of pure collectivism to leave their American rivals a gaping eight body lengths behind. The GDR girls broke seven world records in the meet, with two of them coming in the medley relay: a leadoff 1:04.99 by 14-year-old Ulrike Richter and a 4:16.84 for the race as a whole. Only opening legs of relays count officially as records, yet it was an awesome fact that the other GDR swimmers – breaststroker Renate Vogel, butterflyer Rosemarie Kother and freestyler Kornelia Ender –each swam the equivalent of a world record time, too.

All this raised the question of how a nation of 17 million, a second-rank power a few months ago, had so quickly moved to the top of women's swimming. Lifting their tots of slivovitz at the bar of the Hotel Metropol, some European sportswriters credited the GDR's success to mysterious wonder drugs while others echoed the sentiments of those U.S. girls who sourly referred to their German rivals as "a bunch of boys." This charge was belied, however, by the East Germans' provocative swimsuits, high-necked garments made of stretchy membrane-thin material. If bulging muscles were often in evidence, the snug suits revealed the girls poured into them to be bona fide in every other particular.

Whatever the reasons for its sudden prowess, the GDR left no doubt in Bel-



Rick DeMont of U.S. stripped of a gold medal at Munich for taking a prohibited asthma drug, won 400 at Belgrade in world-record 3:58.18.

grade that it meant to dominate women's swimming as it does women's track. Its girls won 10 of 14 events, outscoring the U.S. for the women's team title 188-143. Reducing the competition to practically a dual meet, the Americans took three of the remaining four events, in each case at distances of 200 meters or more. This last fact drew from Gerd Barthelmes, general secretary of the GDR swimming federation, a vow that could scarcely be taken lightly. "We have done well here in the sprints," he said. "Now we must go home and do better in distance swimming."

It was fortunate for the U.S. that women's swimming was only part of the aquatic championships. The American men swimmers won eight of 15 events, easily outscoring the runner-up GDR 204 points to 97. The U.S.'s second-place finish to Italy in men's diving was due largely to Air Force Lieutenant Phil Boggs, who won the three-meter springboard. An all-California team came in fifth behind champion Hungary in water polo, while the U.S. won all three categories in synchronized swimming, a women-only sport that is rapidly gaining popularity even though, as one American coach admitted, "Some people still think we're sort of la-di-da."

Counting all sports, the U.S. took 15 of 37 gold medals, a respectable haul for a squad loaded with promising but extremely young athletes. With Mark Spitz and other U.S. stars retired, the men's swim team was short on experience, a weakness only partially hidden by a flowering of Spitz-style mustaches. Even the mauled American women could take heart that they did better than poor Australia. Having lost Shane Gould to retirement, the once-mighty Aussie girls finished no better than fourth in any event. U.S. girls still showed depth, raising hopes that in the distant, impenetrable future—which in swimming could be tomorrow morning—they will regain their accustomed glory.

It was this transient nature of swimming that prompted the 103-nation Fédération Internationale de Natation (FINA) to hold the world championships. Like the IAAF, which governs the other major international sport, track and field, FINA had been content to confine its world competition to the Olympics, but all that changed with last week's championships. "We felt that swimming needed exposure more often than every four years," explained FINA President Harold Henning, a dentist from Naperville, Ill. "It's common for some kids to peak too early for the Olympics and others too late." The next world championships are planned for Cali, Colombia in 1975 and the event will settle into a quadrennial, mid-Olympiad schedule—1978, 1982, and so on—after that.

In another show of independence on the eve of the world championships, FINA threatened to withdraw from the 1976 Olympics should the IOC eliminate more than three swimming events or, alternatively, if Montreal provides fewer than 9,000 seats for swimming—two eventualities the federation considers calamitous. By coincidence, the Belgrade meet came at a time when some Olympic critics were advocating decentralizing the Games into a series of just this kind of world championships. As a dry run, the FINA show was well organized, and

continued

went off with a minimum of acrimony. Israel's water-polo team was kept under heavy guard and, in welcome contrast both to Munich and to last month's turbulent World Student Games in Moscow, the Israelis were treated courteously and competed without incident.

The championships also fulfilled the avowed purpose of accommodating emergent swimmers, the best being American Jim Montgomery and Australian Steve Holland. The 18-year-old Montgomery, a 6′5″, 190-pound freestyler—and free spirit—from Madison, Wis., finished no better than 23rd in any event at last year's U.S. Olympic Trials, but last week he amassed five gold medals, winning the 100 and 200 freestyles and swimming on three victorious U.S. relays. Bound for Indiana University, Montgomery shrugged off all mention of Spitz. "Come back and see me in three years with your Spitz comparisons," he said. The 15-year-old Holland, who is 5′10″ and weighs 130 pounds, turned in a 1,500-meter freestyle race that in a single stroke—or, rather, a lot of them—broke his own world record, gave the Aussies their only gold medal of any kind and kept Californian Rick DeMont's week from being fully redemptive.

DeMont arrived in Belgrade as the most celebrated Olympian to be stripped of a gold medal since Jim Thorpe. He won the 400 freestyle at Munich only to have the victory nullified for taking a prohibited asthma medication, a mistake that has been laid to the U.S. team doctors. Under pressure from Olympic brass, he reluctantly returned his gold medal a few weeks ago and he wanted to forget the whole sorry affair.

"The world championship is important, but I'm not trying to get revenge for the Olympics," DeMont kept insisting. "What happens in Belgrade has nothing to do with Munich."

Still affected by asthma and related allergies—he switched to an acceptable drug after Munich—DeMont was so bothered by the downy pillows in the Hotel Slavija that he got rid of them. Then DeMont disposed of Australia's Brad Cooper in the 400. Cooper had been runner-up to DeMont at Munich and he received the gold medal by default after the American's disqualification. In a virtual rerun of their Olympic race, DeMont allowed Cooper to stay out front most of the way, relying on an accelerated flourish at the end. Remaining roughly at Cooper's waist—"that drives the other guy crazy"—he made his move with 50 meters to go, overtaking the Australian with long, efficient strokes that looked almost as if they were being performed in slow motion.

At the finish DeMont was clocked in a world-record 3:58.18, Cooper in 3:58.70—the first swimmers to break four minutes in the event. When the two mounted the victory platform, photographers asked Cooper to hold up DeMont's hand, but the American balked. "They think we're boxers," he complained. "It's ridiculous."

Cooper also swam in the 1,500, but DeMont's chief worry in that race was Holland. The previously unknown Holland burst into prominence last month in Brisbane when he lowered the 1,500 mark by more than 14 seconds to 15:37.8 (SI, Aug. 20). Outgoing, hyperactive and possessed of a squeaky voice only now starting to deepen, Holland kept busy in the Slavija, playing cards and working his yo-yo, which has become a craze again in Australia. One day, inspired by the sight of 16-year-old teammate Mark Tonelli preparing for his monthly shave, Holland applied a razor to the fuzz on his own upper lip. It was the first time he ever shaved, and the more experienced Tonelli said, "It took Steve a bit but he did a real good job."

Holland required scarcely more time to negotiate 1,500 meters at the Tasmajdan pool. Propelled by a quick thrashing stroke that contrasted vividly with DeMont's measured arm action, he stormed ahead at 500 meters and gradually built a lead too large for the American, playing his usual waiting game, to overcome. Holland traveled the first 800 meters in a world-record 8:16.27 and reached the 1,500 mark in 15:31.85, reducing his world record by six more seconds. DeMont's second-place 15:35.44 was almost 16 seconds faster than his own personal best. But matters did not end there. Failing to hear the horn signaling the final lap, Holland swam an extra 105 meters in what amounted to an involuntary victory lap. "I thought the race was over but I wasn't game to risk stopping," he said. DeMont followed along, but was no closer at 1,600 meters than he had been at 1,500.

"You silly cow, you've gone too many," Holland's coach, Laurie Lawrence, shouted in his ear when Holland was making his turn at the 1,600 point. Holland later said he thought Lawrence had said, "You've got two to go," and continued for another five meters, or until he heard a great deal of screaming. The screams weren't coming from Holland's mother, who was muttering, "I can't take much more of this."

For all of Holland's world-beating exploits, it was the East German women who fashioned the meet's most dramatic breakthrough. At Munich the U.S. took eight gold medals in women's swimming and Australia five, while East Germany's haul consisted of four silvers and a bronze. The only legitimate GDR star was backstroker Roland Matthes, who last week seemed a venerable figure in the presence of all the fresh-faced GDR *Wundermädchen*. Now 22, and slimly handsome, with a gold tooth, prominent Adam's apple and a twinkle in his eye, Matthes lives in Erfurt, where he attends a branch of Leipzig's College of Physical Culture. He also plays the drums and tools about either on his motor scooter or in a car he borrows from his father, a structural engineer.

Unbeaten for an astonishing six years in the backstroke, Matthes coasted to victory in the 100 at Belgrade in 57.47, after which he lowered his world record in the 200 to 2:01.87. Then he slipped on the pool deck and twisted his left ankle, an injury that kept him out of the 100 butterfly. If Matthes resented all the attention given the GDR women, he had certainly shown no sign of it when the team arrived in Belgrade and found a crowd of photographers waiting at the airport. As Matthes lingered in the background, 14-year-old Kornelia Ender gave him a playful tug.

"*Sei doch nicht so schlampig*," -Don't be such a slowpoke—she scolded. With a sign, Matthes dutifully *schlamped* forward to greet the press.

Ender, who held three world records going into the championships, was the most ballyhooed of the East German girls. She won the 100 butterfly and lowered her world mark in the 100 freestyle to 57.54, but not before being upset in the 200 individual medley by her 16-year-old teammate, Andrea Hubner. Hubner's 2:20.51 shattered Ender's world record and left her sulking for 24 hours. The East Germans also played who's-got-the-record in the 400 individual medley. Angela Franke, all of 15, was the world's best upon arriving in Belgrade, only to lose the race—and the record—to compatriot

continued


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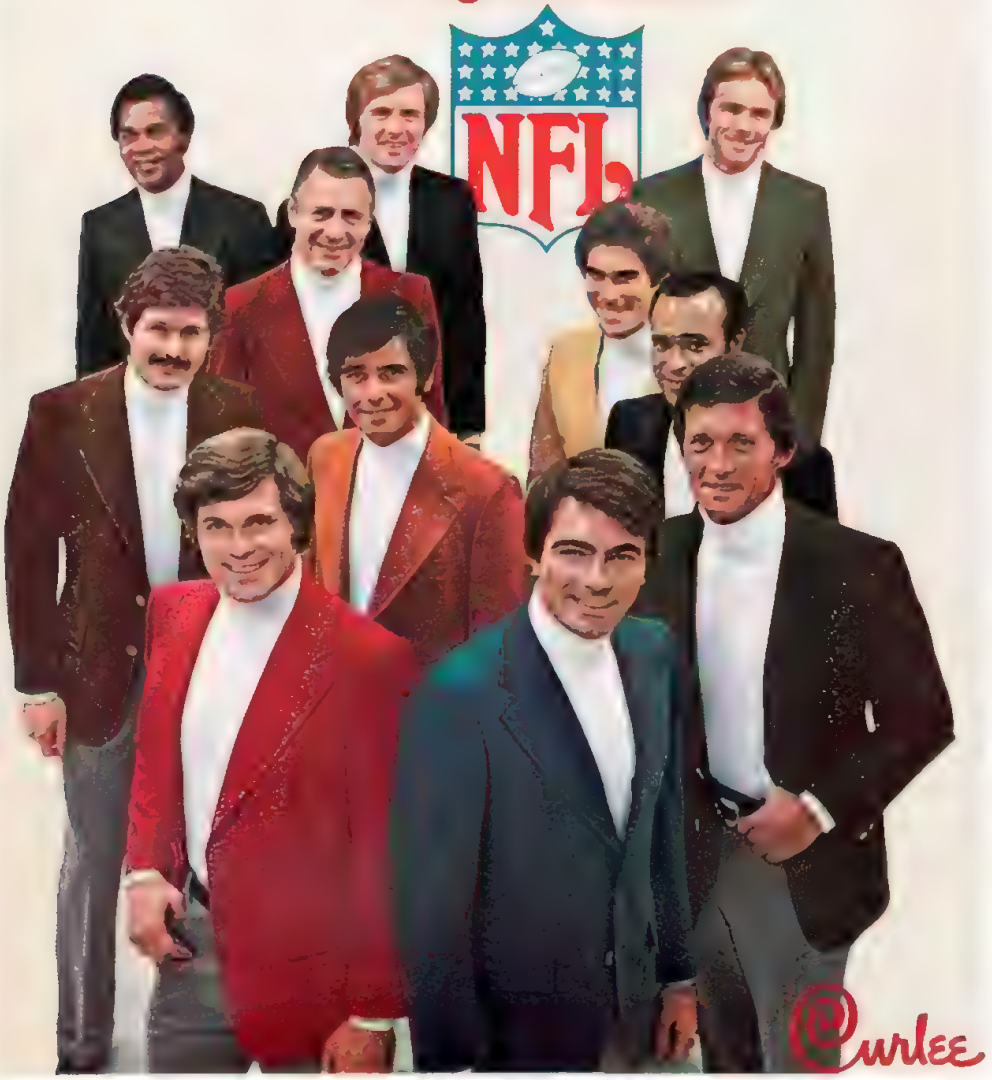
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Gudrun Wegner, her elder by three years. The five-minute barrier had long been a formidable one in the event, but Wegner smashed well through it with a 4:57.51.

The emergence of so much talent at once is the result of a broad-based fitness program in which 90% of GDR children learn to swim by age 4. This enables the coaches to identify promising swimmers early. They also pay more attention to fluid mechanics and sports medicine than most U.S. coaches, and the brawn and explosive power of their women in Belgrade suggested that they are more heavily into weight training, too. Rumors that the GDR women take steroids were denied by Head Coach Rudolf Schramme, who discussed his team one night over a beer in the restaurant of the futuristic Putnik Hotel, where the GDR was billeted.

"Everybody wants to know our secret, but we have no secret," he said, trying to be heard over Serbian folk music played by a well-amplified combo. "For years we have watched the Americans. One thing we learned from them is to hold many, many meets, because swimmers must be competitively hardened. But there's also one difference. American coaches keep secrets from one another, but in Germany we pool our information." Schramme smiled. "For years we learn from the Americans and now they ask what our secret is."

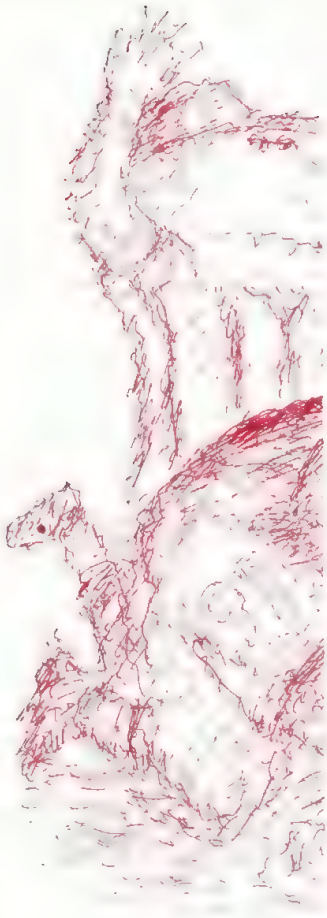
The budding rivalry will resume when the GDR swimmers journey next summer to Concord, Calif. for a two-day meet with the U.S. Meanwhile, what with the Ulrike Richters, Kornelia Enders and Gudrun Wegners trooping ceaselessly to Tasmajdan's victory stand, some American swimmers, having heard it so often during the week, hummed along as a white-coated band played the GDR anthem, *Auf'm standen, Aus Ruinen*.

Among its other effects, the Belgrade competition also made Bill Lee, North American manager for Speedo, the swimwear firm, take another look at the East Germans' revealing swimsuits.

"Those suits are gross. You can see *everything*," Lee had said early in the meet, his moral indignation undoubtedly heightened by the fact that the suits were made by Porolastic, a European competitor. But a couple of days and several East German world records later, Lee disclosed that Speedo would soon be coming out with a similar line of its own. **END**



NO BOO-BOOS MAKES FOR HO-HUMS



The aim of the game has come down to avoiding mistakes. The author, deploring this boring from within, has some lively suggestions

by TEX MAULE

In case you haven't noticed, the game of pro football is not as exciting as it used to be. No? Well, there has been only one truly rousing Super Bowl and that was No. III, when Joe Namath, by himself, hyped the game by guaranteeing a victory over the Baltimore Colts and then, putting his arm where his mouth was, won it. Still, the game was not exciting; Joe Willie was.

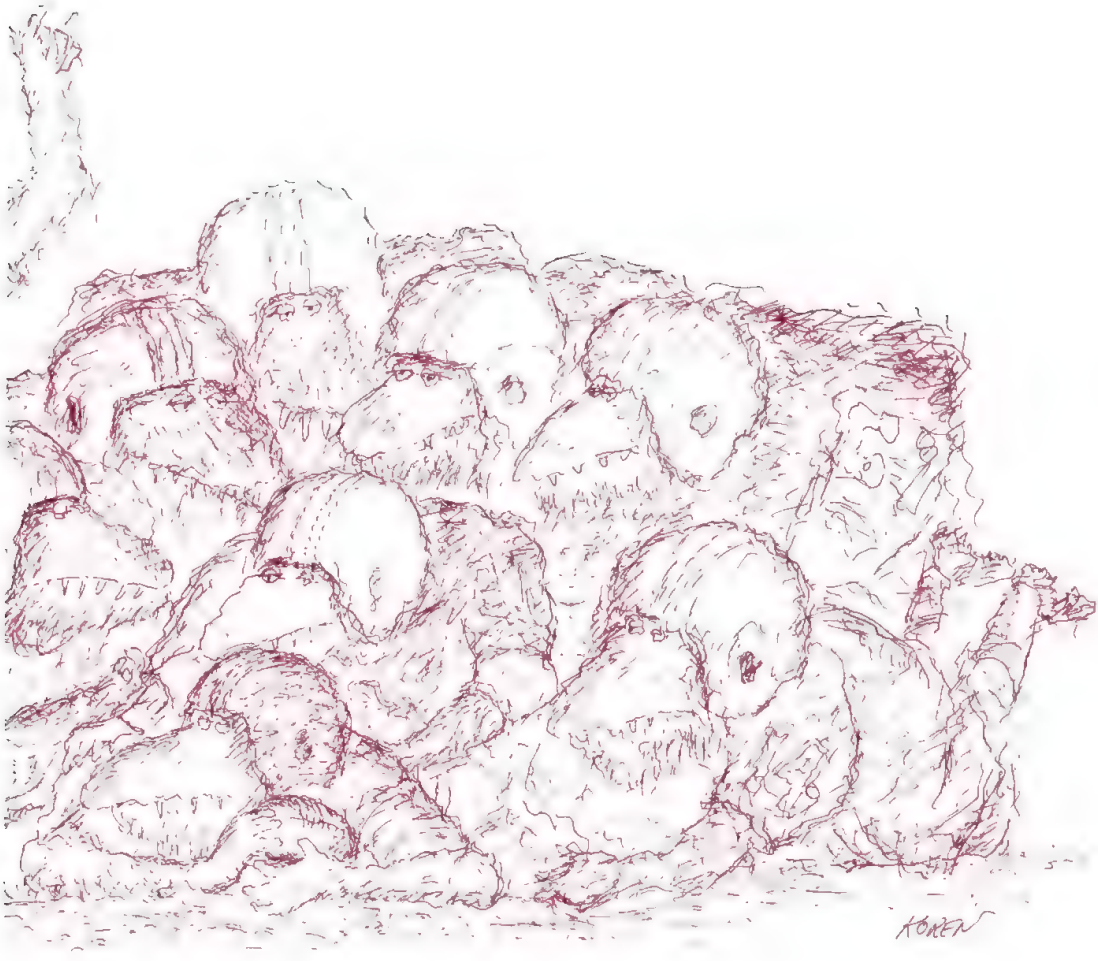
So, in seven years in the showcase event of the sport, which each January draws the biggest sports TV audience in the U.S., the viewers have watched seven seldom dramatic games. Oh, Super Bowl I was titillating, but only because so many fans were in doubt about the relative merits of the NFL and AFL. Last January, when Miami ground down Washington 14–7 in a game distinguished by the reluctance of the two teams to take any chance of any kind, the only really thrilling play occurred when Dolphin Kicker Garo Yepremian, taking leave of his senses, tried to pass a fumbled field-goal attempt, providing the Redskins with their touchdown.

The rest of the game was taken up by two very good football teams doing their best to avoid making mistakes. That may be a laudable ambition, especially when the club making the fewest boo-boos stands to earn some $15,000 per man, but playing to avoid mistakes does not create much bravura action; a parallel might be a bullfighter passing the bull at arm's length, then killing him with a rifle. He would certainly win and not be gored, but who cares?

Many things have contributed to the decline and stall of pro football. For one, the players used to be swashbuckling adventurers who risked their necks and their pittances with equal abandon; today they are businessmen, some earning more in a season than an entire team once did. Then they were paid peanuts, and it is easy to stake a sack of peanuts on a single throw or a series of throws. It is not easy to lay an annual salary of $100,000 on the line. What is true of the players goes for the coaches and owners, too. A pro football franchise is worth about $20 million today; the owner wants an accounting when his business fails, and the coach is accountable.

A few clubs are fighting the trend. One is Oakland, which has the best winning percentage in pro football over the past 10 years. The leader of the Raiders is Al Davis, an iconoclast from deepest Brooklyn who has made a career of defying the old order. In his brief reign as AFL commissioner he tried to steal two top NFL quarterbacks during the all-out war between the two leagues, and he has not changed his belief in the all-out attack as the best defense. As much as anything his raids on NFL personnel brought about peace between the leagues; his philosophy of total aggression may help revivify pro football if it catches on.

Davis no longer coaches the club, but John Madden, who does, takes his cue from his managing general partner. "We don't approach the game the way most clubs do," says Madden. "I learned a lot



as an assistant coach under Al, but his philosophy is mine. Everyone is going to the running game, controlling the ball and waiting for the other club to make a mistake. We throw. That's our approach to the game. Everyone else throws short passes into the cracks of the zone and shorter passes to the running backs. We throw long, even into the deep zone. We *attack* the deep zone. But you have to have guts to do that and not many clubs have them today."

The successful long pass was what *opened up the game in pre-ball-control* days. Not the occasional, let's-remind-the-defense long pass of the '70s, but the long pass as an omnipresent threat. It was taken away by the new defenses—the deep zones, the substitution-for-situation in which a fistful of defensive backs are put in the game when a long pass is expected and a fistful of linemen in expectation of a short-yardage run. Five defensive backs can inhibit even the most daring of quarterbacks and five large men up front can usually blunt the forays of the most formidable rushers.

"I cringe when I hear a coach say, 'We'll take what they give us,' " Madden says. "That means you're letting the *defense dictate what you're going to do.* You're playing their game, not yours. There's no way we'll let that happen. So we throw long, with pretty good success. *I* don't like short passes. We have the end zone in mind when we put the ball in the air. Last year we completed 37% of our passes between 30 and 50 yards downfield—a pretty good percentage. That meant that one out of every three long passes we threw most likely produced a touchdown or a field goal."

When the league brought the hash marks in last season in a timid effort to open up the passing game and discourage the zone, most coaches seized upon the change as an opportunity to run more, *since the backs had greater room to operate* on both sides of the field. Oakland did the same, but for a different reason.

"It set up our passing game," Mad-

continued

den explains. "With the old layout, when you were on the hash mark you couldn't use your out and quick sideline passes to the short side. The defense put a linebacker on the narrow side of the field and you had to throw all your patterns to the *wide side. Right there, half your passing* offense was gone.

"Now from the new hash mark you can use all your patterns to both sides. The receiver on the short side has time to maneuver and the throw to the receiver cutting to the sideline on the wide side is easier for the quarterback to make. It used to be a dangerously long throw into a flat zone, but it isn't anymore."

Bringing the hash marks in also resulted in more successful field goals, since the kickers had better angles. If there is a more boring play than a field goal, it is the extra point. The moving force in either case is usually provided by the instep of a European soccer player, a breed best typified by the chap who, or so the story goes, kicked a field goal and pranced off the field crying, "I keecked a touchdown!"

As the offenses grow more and more stodgy, the defenses have turned to a stratagem that may take away the last vestige of excitement. This was apparent *in last year's Washington-Green Bay* playoff game in which the Redskins substituted almost purely for situations. When Washington anticipated a running play its defensive line was reinforced by the addition of a fifth man, Manny Sistrunk, who took the place of Middle Linebacker Myron Pottios. When Redskin Coach George Allen felt it was 50-50 whether Green Bay would run or pass, he took out Sistrunk and put back Pottios. In obvious passing situations Allen removed Sistrunk and added Speedy Duncan, a fifth defensive back. Since Green Bay was unable to run against the five-man line, its inexperienced quarterback, Scott Hunter, often faced third and long yardage, peering into a horde of Washington defensive backs, hoping to find an open receiver. He did not.

It is unlikely that the coaches—or the players, for that matter—will opt for living the dangerous life of throwing on first down against the five-man front and running on third against what Allen calls the nickel defense, because of the five backs. The last time the game was bogged down by an overemphasis on defense was in 1932, when the Chicago Bears took the NFL title by winning seven games, losing one and tying six, three of the ties being 0–0. They defeated the Portsmouth Spartans for the championship by an explosive 9–0 score.

The outcome was greeted with roaring ennui, and George Preston Marshall, *who then had the Boston franchise,* pushed through two major changes that brought life to a moribund game. He lobbied successfully to have the goalposts returned to the goal line and, far more important, he was responsible for a rule that legalized forward passing from any spot behind the line of scrimmage. He must have foreseen the advent of Sammy Baugh.

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The predictions are those of Tex Maule and not the consensus of the pro football staff, which includes Morton Sharnik, Ron Reid and Joe Marshall.

He also saw to it that the league was divided into two conferences, and in 1933 the Bears beat the Giants 23-21. Unlike Super Bowl VII, it was a terrific game, the two teams scoring more than twice as many points as their modern counterparts.

Nothing as drastic as the Marshall plan is needed today to revitalize pro football, but changes are called for.

First, the hash marks. Why settle for half measures? If the hash marks are going to be moved toward the middle of the field, why not do away with them altogether and start every play midway between the sidelines? By that you put even more strain on the zone defense, thus helping receivers and passers, and you aid the running backs as well. If, as *a consequence, the placekickers have a* still greater advantage, there are two remedies. One, on any unsuccessful field-goal attempt the ball is returned to the line of scrimmage, not to the defending team's 20. This takes away the cheap shot from the 50-yard line, which depends on the strength in a Serbian leg, not on the strength of the team as a whole. Two, go back to the old college (and AFL) two-point conversion. (A conversion by run or pass is worth two points, by kick, one.) It was the only rule that ever lent a modicum of excitement to the extra point, and when the leagues merged it was killed by the NFL's hard-line conservatives. Last year, when the owners voted on whether to reinstate the two-point conversion, they gave way to the advice of their apprehensive coaches, who did not want any more decisions to make, especially controversial ones.

"It's a sign of how conservative most owners are," said one recently. "Why should we put coaches on a pedestal? *They are paid to make decisions. Let* them make a few tough ones right out in front of everyone."

If it were possible to make a rule to outlaw the zone defense, that would be the next step. But it would involve excruciating calls by officials and very likely lead to riots, so forget it. The only feasible way to destroy most of the zone and, with it, the substitution-for-situation defenses, is to clearly define where the defensive players may line up.

Now, in the nickel defense, three players are in a three-point stance on the line of scrimmage, with another player on the front line, usually upright. He would be the fourth man on the scrimmage line, but from his erect stance he can either react by coming in against a run or by dropping back into a short zone against a pass. A rule that would require the defense at all times to have *four* men on the line of scrimmage in a three-point stance would effectively take him out of the pass coverage and allow beleaguered quarterbacks a reasonable chance to pass for a first down on third and long.

A less important but probably effective rule would be to freeze the defensive line for the first three plays in any series

continued

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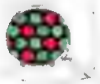

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FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB '73.

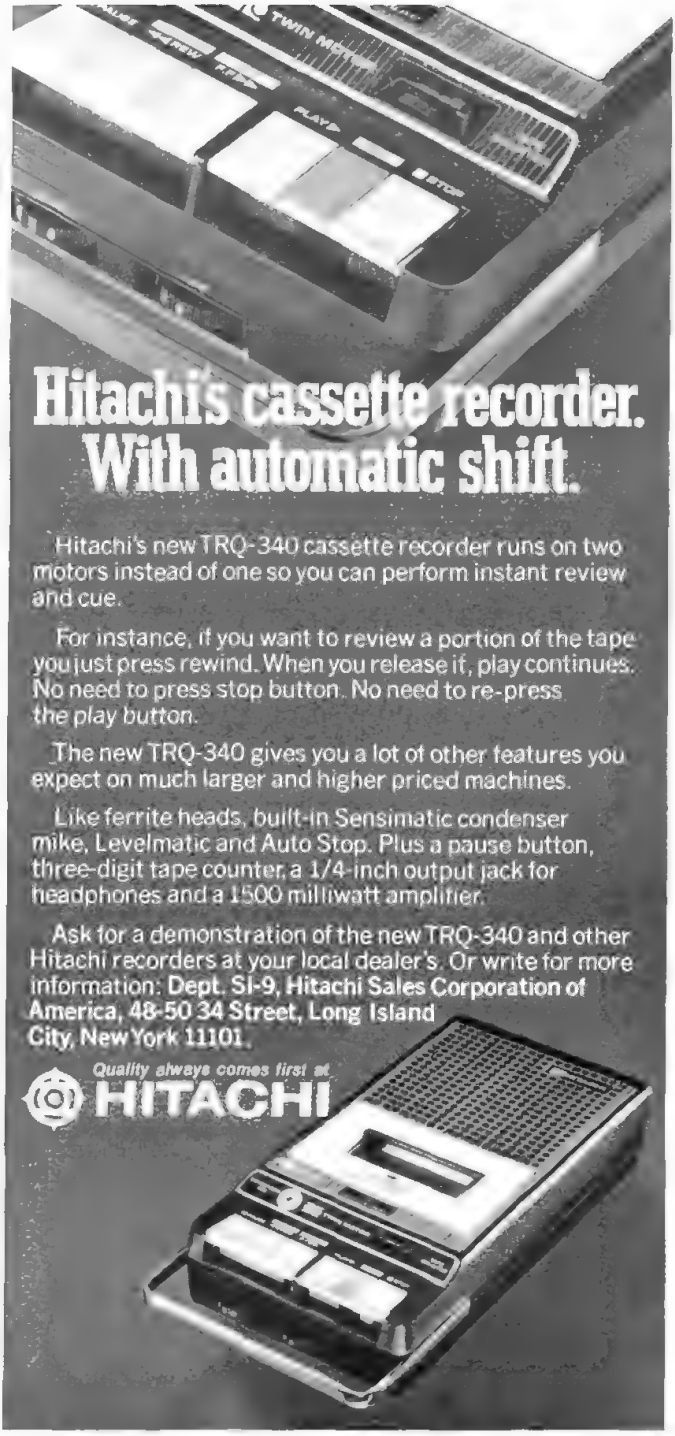
of downs. In other words, Jones, Smith, Anderson and Watkins took the field against the Jets when their team got the ball, the same foursome would have to stay in, barring injury, until the Jets had to punt, when the special team would take over. This would negate the practice of substituting tackles and ends who are pass-rushing specialists for tackles and ends who excel against the run. Although this would place a premium on all-round defensive linemen, there is nothing wrong with that. It might be even better to freeze the entire defensive team—but let's not overwhelm all the defense in one season.

It may seem strange to be inveighing against pro football when it is at the peak of its popularity, but cracks are beginning to appear in the prosperous facade. When Super Bowl VII was sold out 11 days in advance, it was put on home TV and 8,476 ticket holders chose to stay away and watch on their TV sets and the game was played in perfect weather in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Now Congress, in its predictable obeisance to the popular ballot, has about decided that *all* pro football games will be seen on home TV if they are sold out 72 hours before game time. This is—or could be—the death knell of pro football, among other professional sports, and for many reasons. In cold-weather cities only an idiot would invest in a season ticket if he knew that by waiting until three days before game time he could make a much more intelligent choice between freezing in the stands or watching at home with a hot toddy. In warm-weather cities, the option might be between tolerating a free game in an air-conditioned den or paying to see a dull contest at the end of an irritating drive to a hot, crowded stadium.

Oakland probably has the right philosophy. The Raiders drafted a punter first—Ray Guy—but not for defense. They still believe in attack. "If you have a punter who averages 36 yards," says Madden, "you are like a poker player working with grocery money. You play scared because you can't afford to take a chance. Guy is an ace in the hole. He averages 46 yards a punt. We get the ball on our own 20, we can take three gambles and he'll still put the other team back to its 30, 35. A bad punter, it's the 40, 45. Guy gives us another play to gamble on."

Which is just what the NFL needs.

CONTINUED



AMERICAN EAST

"This season is a great opportunity for us," says Miami Coach Don Shula. "Now the things that we've accomplished can be even more meaningful. We'd like to win back-to-back Super Bowls, which no one has done since Green Bay, and we'd like to write some new history as far as winning is concerned."

It is highly improbable that the NFL champs will extend their 17-0-0 streak through another unbeaten season and postseason. What is *totally* unlikely is that anyone will stop the Dolphins from winning the division for the third year in succession.

Miami needs three more victories to break the NFL record of 17 consecutive regular-season triumphs and two more to shatter the standard of 18 straight over regular and postseason play. The Dolphins, however, meet five of last season's playoff teams, including Oakland away on Sept. 23, and the Raiders have lost but four home games since 1967.

"We've been around long enough to know you don't win indefinitely," says Quarterback Earl Morrall, who has been around 17 seasons. "But I don't think any of us are going to crack up mentally when we lose. If we can keep it going, great, but the object of every season is the Super Bowl."

Toward that goal the Dolphins offer some familiar credentials as well as subtleties you don't find in the statistics. Miami was the NFL's No. 1 team both on offense and defense a year ago, but the Dolphins were also No. 1 in luck.

Of the key personnel, only Quarterback Bob Griese, whom Morrall capably replaced, Defensive Tackle Jim Dunaway and Offensive Tackle Wayne Moore were lost for more than four games. Griese may have to stay healthier now; Shula claims the Dolphins will throw more than they did last season, when the brunt of their ball control offense was a running game that ravaged defenses for 2,960 net yards, an NFL record. Most notable among Griese's receivers is the incomparable Paul Warfield, whose 29 receptions is the most misleading statistic in all of football. In addition, there are Marlin Briscoe, Howard Twilley and Ron Sellers, who was acquired from Dallas for Otto Stowe. Jim Mandich, who can catch, and Marv Fleming, who can block, will again split time at tight end.

Larry Csonka (*see cover*), the prime mover on the ground, rushed for 1,117 yards in 1972; Mercury Morris got 1,000 and Jim Kiick picked up 521. The three-back offense will remain an important Miami weapon. So will Placekicker Garo Yepremian, whose biggest Orange Bowl thrill came last Independence Day when he became a U.S. citizen.

On defense, the No Names return intact after yielding 171 points last year, lowest in the league. Mike Kolen and Doug Swift adequately flank 32-year-old Nick Buoniconti at linebacker and the deep secondary, patrolled by Dick An-





derson, Jake Scott, Curtis Johnson and Tim Foley, could write a book on how to play the zone.

There was little evidence last year that the New York Jets had ever read anything about defense, including their own playbooks. They scored 41 touchdowns and only 18 fewer points than the Dolphins, but could not stop anybody. Yielding 23.1 points a game, the Jets ranked 22nd in defense in the NFL and dead last against the pass. Coach Weeb Ewbank hopes he has strengthened the defense through trades and the draft. If he has, the Jets could contend for a wild-card playoff spot.

Dealing a pair of high draft choices to New Orleans, Ewbank acquired Defensive Lineman Richard Neal, who has shown to advantage rushing the passer, and Defensive Back Delles Howell, who may be the find of the year. Howell, a starter at cornerback with Earlie Thomas, has sparkled in exhibition games. Burgess Owens of Miami, the Jets' No. 1 draft choice, is expected to move in at one safety spot, the other being filled by Chris Farasopoulos. Like many other teams this season, the Jets will often use an extra deep defender on obvious passing situations, rushing a three-man line. "We've also got more coverages than we've ever had," Ewbank says. "Our problem now is to learn them."

The Jets' front four could be another problem if they are injured as much as they have been in the past, but of even greater concern is linebacking. "We need better coordination between our rush and our coverage," Ewbank says. "Our linebackers must help the secondary and the pass-rush more."

The Jets' offense, directed by Joe Namath, should be devastating again unless the contract hassles that Ewbank experienced with John Riggins, Emerson Boozer and Winston Hill, among others, have a lingering effect. Riggins, whose response to one Ewbank telegram was, "Need more green before I get mean," missed all of camp before finally reporting. He may need time to regain the form he showed last season, when he rushed for 944 yards in 12 games. But Ewbank is pleased with 30-year-old Jim Nance, who signed on as a free agent, lost 30 pounds and turned in some impressive exhibitions.

The Jets' long suit, of course, is throwing the football, as Namath demonstrated last season when he passed for 19 touchdowns, a league-leading 2,816 yards—and 21 interceptions. Namath did not have to have his knees aspirated this year. Healthy, Joe makes New York go, complemented as he is by highly talented receivers. The best is 6′ 5″ Tight End Rich Caster, who has speed to match his size. He averaged 21.4 yards on his 39 catches last year.

The most intriguing team in the AFC East, or in football, is Baltimore, which retains but 12 members from its 1970 Super Bowl manifest. General Manager Joe Thomas has traded 13 veterans since January and, with new Coach Howard Schnellenberger, is building the Colts with players still going through social introductions. Perhaps to make that chore easier, one of Schnellenberger's first acts was to eliminate 30% of the playbook.

The Colt quarterback, at least for now, is Marty Domres, who replaced John Unitas and threw 127 passes before one was intercepted. "Marty did a fantastic job under the greatest pressure in the history of the NFL," says Thomas. "If he plays in the Super Bowl, it won't be as bad." Baltimore was 4-5 with Domres at the helm and Schnellenberger is hoping he'll improve on that record so that Bert Jones, the Colts' top draft choice, won't have to be thrown to the wolves too early.

Baltimore has competent running backs and the receivers improved considerably with the addition of Tight End Raymond Chester, whom Thomas acquired from Oakland for the disgruntled Bubba Smith. The linebacking unit of Ted Hendricks, Mike Curtis and Ray May is one of the best and the secondary should be better, but both lines are untested. The offensive line averages four years' experience. The defensive front four includes rookie Joe Ehrmann and the man who will try to make Colt fans forget Bubba—rookie Mike Barnes.

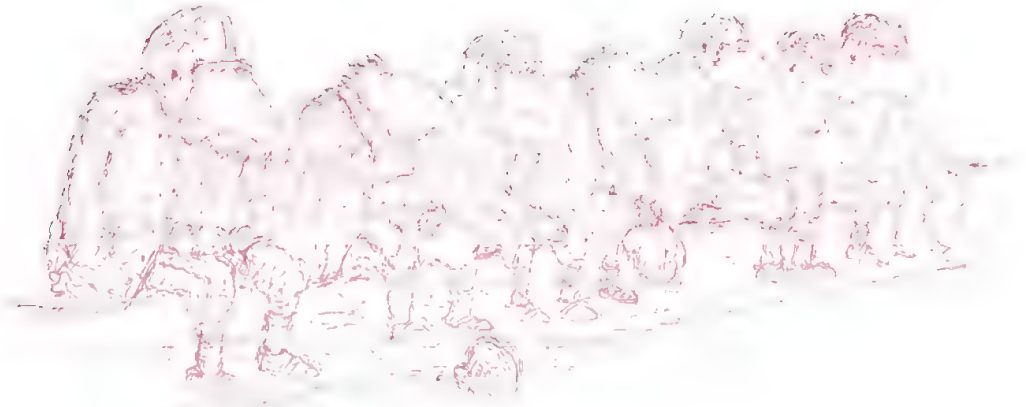
Buffalo could be the most improved team in the division if Lou Saban can upgrade his rush defense and keep his offensive line together for the entire season. Almost from the opening kickoff, injuries knocked five starting interior linemen out of action last year, and the situation was makeshift thereafter. "We had guys coming in on Thursday and starting on Sunday," says Saban. Even so, the Bills beat the 49ers and Washington, tied Detroit and gave Miami its closest game, 24–23. In O. J. Simpson, the NFL rushing champ, Buffalo has the finest running back in the game. Quarterback Dennis Shaw is better than his '72 statistics, J. D. Hill is a superb wide receiver but Middle Linebacker Jim Cheyunski injured his knee and may be out for the season. Once again, the Bills appear to be one year and two good linemen away.

Chuck Fairbanks, whom the New England Patriots lured from Oklahoma, has farther to travel. He plans to start by making the world safer for Quarterback Jim Plunkett, who had a dismal season (39 sacks, 25 interceptions, last among 27 rated NFL passers) in 1972. But so did all the other Pats, bereft as they were of such niceties as coaching.

In aid of Plunkett, New England picked Guard John Hannah, Fullback Sam Cunningham and Wide Receiver Darryl Stingley in the first round. "I hope we can develop our inside running game," Fairbanks says. "An assaulting type of rushing attack would give our quarterback protection." Defensively, the Patriots probably have more holes than Fairbanks can plug. As he says, "We need a lot of help in a lot of places."

CONTINUED

AMERICAN CENTRAL



It took 40 years for the Pittsburgh Steelers to get the hang of it; now they look as if they mean to win titles for a long time to come. "Last season we were struggling for our identity," says Coach Chuck Noll. "Now we know who we are and what it's like."

When the Steelers won their division it was the first title in their star-crossed history and one they should retain this year despite the tenacious Cleveland Browns and the improved Cincinnati Bengals. Along with self-awareness, Pittsburgh has too much strength, depth and weaponry, especially if Noll succeeds in improving his passing attack. There is no reason to doubt that he can. Last season he upgraded the Steeler pass defense from dead last in the league to 10th.

Pittsburgh ran the ball so well last year that the deficiencies in passing may have escaped notice, especially from fans who were grooving over bedsheet banners and an 11-3 record. The Steelers ranked 22nd in pass offense, however, and this was a club that missed the Super Bowl by five points and an unbeaten, untied season by 14.

Quarterback Terry Bradshaw, who can be both brilliant and lackluster on the same afternoon, was not solely to blame. He completed only 47.7% of his passes, but he cut his interceptions from 22 to 12 while being sacked 29 times behind protection that obviously was less than world-class. Noll believes he has shored up his pass blocking by obtaining 6′ 5″, 265-pound Tackle Glen Ray Hines from Oakland, but Pittsburgh's receivers remain less than awesome. Bradshaw's chief targets are Ron Shanklin and Frank Lewis, who caught 65 passes between them; Tight End John McMakin grabbed 21 more.

As for the running game, it will be borne on the Italo-Afro-American legs of Franco Harris, last season's Rookie of the Year, and upon those of pseudo-gallic-Afro-American John (Frenchy) Fuqua, with help from Preston Pearson, Rocky Bleier and Steve Davis. It is the defense, however, that bodes best for the Steelers' continued success. Pittsburgh was second only to the Dolphins in fewest points scored against, and with 48 takeaways Noll's defense helped the offense. "Last year we'd make something happen," says Linebacker Andy Russell. "We'd think 'fumble' or 'interception' or 'what big play are we going to get off to beat them?' We'd like to sustain that sort of thing. We expect to be tough to score on and we feel we're going to be real strong against the run. We hope to force people to throw the football."

With good reason. The Steeler front four had 40 sacks and the secondary led the league in interceptions with 28. Tackle Ben McGee has retired but Pittsburgh traded for Oakland's quick Tom Keating, who will alternate with Ernie Holmes and is still a dependable pass rusher. At linebacker Noll has freewheeling Henry Davis and the talented Jack (*Dobra Shunka*) Ham to team with Russell. No. 1 draftee J. T. Thomas of Florida State is threatening to crack a secondary that is so well manned that the Steelers were able to trade starting Safety Ralph Anderson to New England.

Pittsburgh's 1973 schedule is ill-designed for title keeping. In addition to two games with Cleveland, a rematch with Oakland and a season closer at San Francisco, the Steelers twice appear in the Monday night Cosell Bowl—against Miami and Washington. "That's bad for two reasons," Noll says. "It shortens your preparation for the next game—and there's all those commentators."

Injuries could knock Pittsburgh out of the picture and if that happens Cleveland is the team most likely to get into it. The Browns were the AFC wild-card playoff team last season, winning 10 of their last 13 games after Mike Phipps was made

continued



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starting quarterback. Cleveland's success was somewhat mystical, however, since Phipps didn't pass that well, no one ran the ball that well and Coach Nick Skorich, who should have been named for some sort of award, spent most of his time trying to patch up a rush line that lost three defensive ends for the season.

The Browns' running game is headed by Leroy Kelly, who gained 811 yards and now, at age 31, may be playing his final season. Bo Scott, who ran for 571 yards, and rookie Greg Pruitt (Skorich calls him "another Mercury Morris") complement Kelly. The 5'9" Pruitt has particularly impressed Skorich with his blocking, while Offensive Backfield Coach John David Crow says opponents "better watch out, because he'll run right through their legs." Receiving could be a plus if Steve Holden, the No. 1 draft choice from Arizona State, comes on to help Frank Pitts, Fair Hooker and Tight End Milt Morin.

The Browns had the best pass defense in the AFC last year despite an erratic rush and questionable linebacking. They were not as successful against the run but should do better this season. Skorich is set at defensive end, and Tackles Walter Johnson and Jerry Sherk are extremely capable. The secondary is strong and the acquisition of Bob Babich from San Diego should end their middle-linebacking woes.

Cleveland has had a losing record only once in 27 seasons. The Browns won't sully that record this year as the team shoots for its 19th playoff appearance.

Paul Brown may have found the remedy for the Cincinnati Bengals' pussycat passing attack. If he has, they could be back in the playoffs after a two-year absence. Charlie Joiner, obtained from Houston last season, excelled in exhibitions, and Brown picked Isaac Curtis as his No. 1 draft choice. Curtis has the "burner" speed (9.3 for the 100) that the Bengals have lacked.

Joiner and Curtis may be mere frills, however, if Quarterback Ken Anderson cannot reach them on fly patterns and deep posts. But if Anderson can't throw long he can throw accurately, as was evidenced by his 56.8% completion average and only seven interceptions, fewest by any NFL regular. Anderson's other receivers are dandies, if not burners. Chip Myers tied for second in the AFC last year with 57 catches for 792 yards, and Bob Trumpy, a tight end who had to play wide too often, caught 44.

The draft also pleased Brown by offering up a 6'2" 240-pound running back named Charles (Booby) Clark in the 12th round. A Bengal scout saw Clark as a sophomore running back, made a note to give him another look two years later and, upon his return, was astonished to find that Clark had been switched to tight end and linebacker. Impressed with his 4.75 speed for the 40, and with visions of Marion Motley thundering in his head, Brown has restored him to running back, where he will team up with 230-pound Doug Dressler. Brown plans to use Essex Johnson, who gained 825 yards in 1972, à la Mercury Morris. The offensive line is sound, and Horst Muhlmann is a good field-goal kicker (27 for 40) if the distance is not too *short*: he missed four of 10 between 20 and 29 yards last season.

The Bengal defense, led by Composer-Tackle Mike Reid, is excellent. Sherman White, Ron Carpenter and Royce Berry joining their musical chum on the front line. The linebacking should be more effective now that Ron Pritchard, who arrived in mid-season with Joiner, has fully learned the system. The secondary of Lemar Parrish, Ken Riley, Neal Craig and Tommy Casanova is dependable if not deep.

"Two things hurt us last year," Brown says. "Fumbling the ball in key instances, particularly on kickoffs and punts, and fouling. Penalties hurt us tremendously. But we're a snootful for any of them," he says of his rivals. "They don't know what to make of us."

The same certainly may be said of Houston. General Manager Sid Gillman has given the team a whole new look—if not dimension—by trading draft choices as if pro football were going out of business after Super Bowl VIII. "We've about traded off all our picks for 1974," Gillman says, "and I'm willing to start on 1975 right now—just give it all away if we can help make this team a winner right now." Gillman's position is similar to that of the Dutch in 1585. When they were prohibited from trading with Spain, with whom they were at war, they protested that if they didn't supply the enemy they couldn't afford to fight him.

Gillman has acquired some good receivers in Billy Parks—who has followed him from San Diego to Dallas and now to Houston—Clifton McNeil and Dave Parks, and the defensive line should prosper with the addition of Al Cowlings, Tody Smith and No. 1 draft pick John Matuszak. But the Oilers' big problem is the same as it was a year ago—a weak offensive line and insufficient rushing to ease the burden of Quarterback Dan Pastorini.

Coach Bill Peterson, sole claimant to the malaprop title of the NFL now that Joe Kuharich is no longer coaching ("Running helps your heartbeat. You know, your extracurricular vacular system"), also may be in an unenviable position, with Gillman looking over his shoulder. The former San Diego coach attended almost every practice, sat on a stool on the field and occasionally jumped up to give a player personal instructions. If Owner Bud Adams decides to fire Peterson, bet on Gillman.

CONTINUED

AMERICAN WEST

During his lively career, Al Davis, the managing general partner of the Oakland Raiders, has been called many names, most of them pejorative. One of his fellow general partners often refers to him, scathingly, as The Genius.

When you consider the Raiders' record over the last 10 years, in which they won a higher percentage of their games than any other NFL team, and when you consider the wealth of talent on hand for 1973, you have to agree with the disgruntled associate, who spoke wisely in anger.

Perhaps the most accurate measure of the Raiders' prowess is the fact that their first draft choice, Ray Guy of Southern Mississippi, is a punter and placekicker. Punting is one of the few spots at which Oakland needs help.

Oakland Coach John Madden explained the importance of a punter not long ago. "We are a gambling team," he said. "We need a punter who can get us out of a hole if necessary. We like to throw long and if we have a punter who can't bail us out, we're in trouble. For instance, say we're running the ball from our own 20. Without a good punter you have to spend three plays trying to pick up the first down. If you have someone like Guy you can gamble on those downs, knowing he'll put the ball well into their territory if you fail."

The Raiders made one controversial trade, sending All-AFC Tight End Ray Chester to the Baltimore Colts for All-Pro Defensive End Bubba Smith. Smith was out of action with an injury last year and, on the surface, the trade did not seem to make much sense, since Chester is younger and healthier.

The Genius has a rationale. "I went over the teams that have played in the Super Bowl," he said recently. "You know something. Not one of them had a super tight end. You know something else. They all had a great pass rush. We needed someone to help our pass rush and I think we got him in Bubba."

With the punting and pass rush upgraded, Oakland presents an unblemished front on both offense and defense. Since the departure of Wide Receiver Warren Wells and the emergence of Running Back Marv Hubbard, who last year gained 1,100 yards on the ground, the Raiders have become a remarkably balanced team offensively. Last year they gained 2,376 yards rushing and 2,369 passing. They have strong-armed quarterbacks in Daryle Lamonica and Ken (The Snake) Stabler and should they misfire there's always 46-year-old George Blanda.

If you want to pick a nit, the Raiders may be a bit short of linebackers. Elsewhere—in defensive linemen, defensive backs, offensive linemen, receivers, running backs, and acumen, they are overstocked. It is said that scouts from the rest of the league camped in a coffee shop near the Raiders' Santa Rosa training camp to snatch late rejects. "We can't slip anyone by on waivers anymore," Davis said sadly, referring to an old ploy of his. "They're all waiting for us."

One of the few teams that do not have to depend on Raider rejects is the Kansas City Chiefs. The Chiefs have almost as much talent as Oakland. Their problem is that they are beginning to grow a bit long in the tooth. Len Dawson is still a very good quarterback, but he is in his 17th pro season and is 38 years old. Indeed, the Chiefs may have more players in their fourth decade than any other team except the Washington Redskins. Linebacker Bobby Bell is 33, Defensive Tackle Buck Buchanan 33, Offensive Guard Ed Budde 32, Tight End Willie Frazier 31, Running Back Wendell Hayes 33, Safety Jim Kearney 30, Defensive Tackle George Seals 30, Wide Receiver Otis Taylor 31, Cornerback Emmitt Thomas 30 and Offensive Tackle Jim Tyrer 34. The offensive line has begun to leak and the Chiefs need a good pass rush from the outside. The addition of Willie Ellison from the Rams, the return to health of Ed Podolak, who has bulked up from 190 pounds to 205, and the added experience of Jeff Kinney could do much to refurbish a lackluster running game. The Chiefs' kicking is super. Jan Stenerud has hit more than 20 field goals in six straight seasons and tops the NFL in career percentage, while Jerrel Wilson led the league in punting last year with a booming 44.8 average.

If there was any truth in the Santa Rosa





coffee shop bit,one of the most avid scavengers had to be the representative of Harland Svare, the coach of the San Diego Chargers. Svare seems to be taking a leaf from George Allen's Win Now and Damn the Consequences book. He has stocked the Chargers with an assortment of players of advanced experience and ruffled pasts, and if John Unitas can squeeze another good season or two out of an arthritic knee and a tired arm, Svare could come up with a second-place team. But that is a very large "if."

In Irvine, Calif., where the Chargers trained, even Unitas was doubtful. "My knee has bothered me," he said while watching an old black-and-white Western on TV, which was fitting—most of his greatest feats were telecast in black and white. "It got sore when I was doing agility drills. I haven't done agility drills in 10 years. That's for defensive linemen. Finally, I said to hell with it and quit. Now the knee feels pretty good, but the main problem with it is that it's 40 years old. People told me that things change after you're 40, but I didn't know they changed so much. The first two weeks of camp made a believer out of me. Little things I used to shake off are big things now. I'm going to give it a try but if I don't think I can cut it, I'll hang 'em up. It wouldn't be fair to the club or the good young quarterbacks if I tried to hang on."

It seems likely that Johnny U will cut it, at least for this season, especially in view of the strength of the Charger line, which allowed only 23 sacks last year. Unitas will have fine running backs to hand off to, most notably Mike Garrett, who could have his second straight 1,000-yard-plus season.

One possible source of friction is that Unitas' approach to the game does not coincide with the Chargers'. "They believe in ball control," he said. "Someone is going to have to change. I like more freedom. And I've been around too long to change."

If Unitas gets his freedom, he'll be heaving to two flyers in Jerry LeVias, who missed almost all of 1972 with a knee injury, and Dave Williams. His most reliable target, however, is Gary Garrison, the only receiver in NFL history to catch 40 or more passes for seven straight seasons. And if the Chargers get close enough they'll score. Dennis Partee has not missed a field-goal try from inside the 30 in two years.

The Charger defense depends upon an elderly, much-traveled but rugged line. Deacon Jones and Coy Bacon are disaffected Rams, Ron East came from Dallas, Dave Costa left the Denver Broncos in a huff, and Lionel Aldridge is a former Packer. Behind the front four the defense is questionable, the linebackers being particularly bewildered covering backs against the pass. A solid year at middle linebacker from Tim Rossovich, who missed nine games last season with knee surgery, would help.

The Denver Broncos have not plugged enough holes to challenge Oakland or Kansas City this season but in the next few years they may supplant Kansas City as the team Al Davis drafts and trades to beat. Denver Coach John Ralston certainly thinks so, but then he's an accredited Dale Carnegie Institute instructor.

Charley Johnson, healthy for the first time in years, gives them an old head and a soft arm at quarterback. A young, strong and improving offensive line will probably afford him more than enough time to hit his receivers, who are top-notch. Riley Odoms, a tight end who was a No. 1 draft pick last year, shows signs of becoming preeminent and the wide receivers—Gene Washington, who was obtained from Minnesota in exchange for Rod Sherman, and Haven Moses—have hands and speed. The running backs, led by All-Pro Floyd Little, are deep and dangerous.

The Bronco defensive line is one of the top young fours in the league, but Coach Ralston needs to shore up a skimpy set of linebackers and he could use another good back to help with increased zone coverage. The Bronco secondary gets unusual help from the line, which dumped opposing quarterbacks 41 times in 1972.

So it looks like the Raiders again. Under Madden and Davis they are one of the few innovative and daring teams left in pro football and one of the two or three strong favorites for the Super Bowl, the others being Miami and possibly Pittsburgh.

"I'm worried," Davis said recently. "Denver is a really strong young club and Kansas City had a lot of injuries last season and you can't expect them to have the same bad luck this year. We'll be lucky if we win our division. Real lucky."

Not lucky, Al. Good. Real good.

CONTINUED



NATIONAL EAST

Despite their onfield successes, Pro-Football, Inc., the corporate title of the Washington Redskins, did not fatten stockholders' pockets in fiscal 1972. On both counts Coach George Allen can take a bow. There was standing room only and a Super Bowl box office, yet the flood of income turned into outgo in Allen's eager hands. Bad annual reports won't dent Allen's consciousness, however. In the off-season, Washington added to its collection of high-priced help. Duane Thomas from San Diego, Oiler Safety Ken Houston and Green Bay Linebacker Dave Robinson.

Allen gave up little in the way of talent, but lots of cash. It took very long green to lure Robinson out of retirement and to convince Thomas that deep down he wanted to give his all for Coach and the Skins. What the heck, George Allen never claimed to be an economist.

"Tom Landry brings in 90 rooks and announces a fight for survival," says Guard John Wilbur, who began his career at Dallas. "George Allen never says a word, but gets Duane Thomas, and we get the message." Very simply, the communication is get cracking or be gone. Allen dearly wants a Lombardi Trophy to go with a coaching record that is already the best in the NFC. Without the sterling silver football he is only the most successful disappointment in the game.

It is a well coordinated defense that Allen emphasizes: tight-knit, lots of gang tackling, and the Skins seldom give up the touchdown pass. Yet the team lacks the fine touch for interceptions. Enter Ken Houston, interceptor. The rush line does not command heroic titles, but it is persistent and effective. This is not so with the middle linebacking. Here Allen is hoping to make do with Harold McLinton, a young man often confused by pass coverage. But there are two heavy hitters to flank him -Robinson and Chris Hanburger, both of whom are also notable pass defenders.

At the moment, Duane Thomas' great talent is an embarrassment of riches. Where to play him? He will probably spell Larry Brown (1,216 yards gained rushing in 1972), the key to Allen's ball-control approach, for Fullback Charley Harraway is needed to block.

Although he is first in the hearts of D.C. fans, Sonny Jurgensen is only second in Allen's favor to start at quarterback. Over the winter, while his torn Achilles' was mending, gloomy Sonny consulted a psychiatrist. Now his injury is healed and his battered ego is patched up, or so he hopes. However, analysis did not alter his situation. Billy Kilmer, a quarterback of negligible form but undeniable credentials, will run the team. He does get the job done—19 touchdowns and but 11 interceptions last season. The pass blocking is excellent and the receiving is even better. Washington can throw deep to Charley Taylor and Roy Jefferson or short to Tight Ends Jerry Smith and Alvin Reed. But Allen is so defense-minded that he seems to view offense as a rest period for his precious defense. Of course, he can always go to Jurgensen if the defense is allowing too many points.

continued



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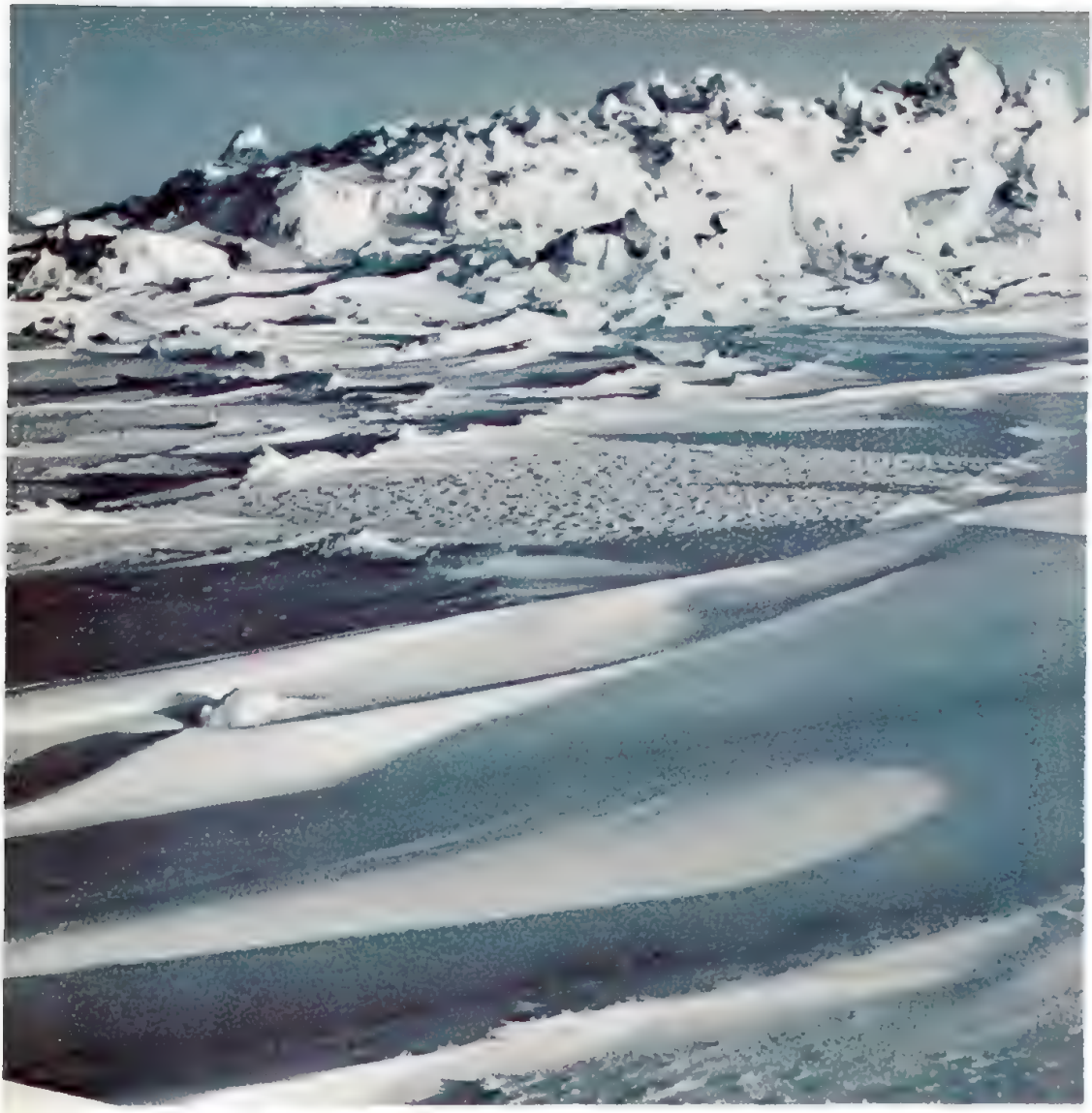
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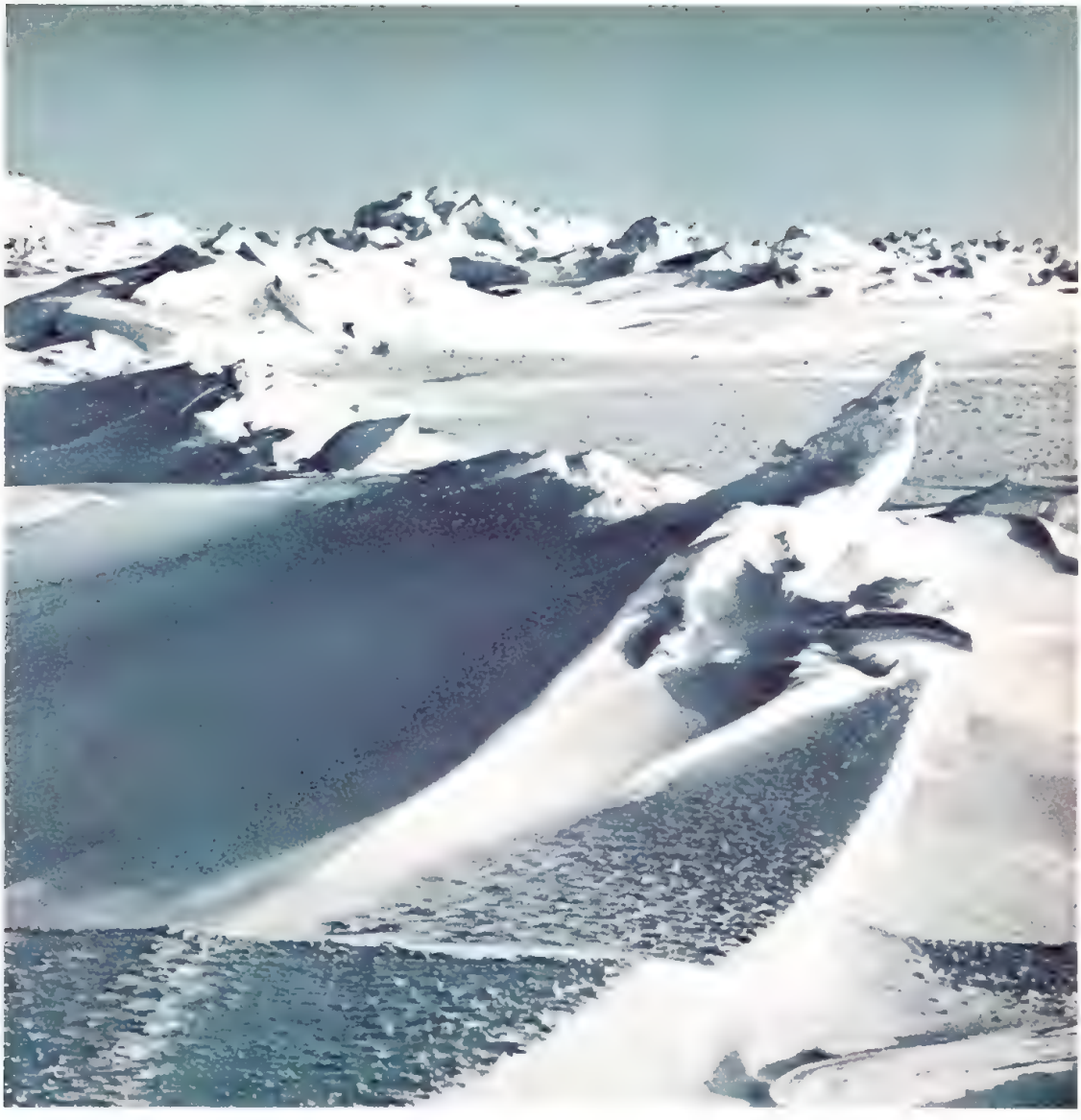
The Great Unknown

It stretches from the icebound coast all the way to the pole; an infinity of white, a continent of white, almost blinding in the sun's glare off frozen fields. Unknown territory. Yet perhaps, something is there, in the earth, beneath the permafrost; secret wealth and treasure, if only one would look…

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With this kind of insurance Washington will again make the playoffs, but little, if any, profit.

In Dallas, Tom Landry, the coach with the enigmatic smile, is smiling. Landry's apparent pleasure has to do with the shift in the Cowboys' outlook. "Now Washington is it," he says. "The Redskins are the automatic to win in the East and Dallas is just another contender."

The Cowboys are delighted by the change in status. "It got so we believed the preseason write-ups," says Defensive Tackle Bob Lilly, who claims complacency turned into lassitude last season. "Now we'll have to scrap all the way to make the playoffs." The introduction of the dogfight factor has created unusual cohesion in the Cowboy ranks. "We're no longer a collection of stars, but a meld of young and old players struggling to make it," says Lilly. Before they reached a state of togetherness, the Cowboys, Lilly included, blistered the Texas skies with curses and threats of retirement. The players claim it cleared the air.

For most of those automatic seasons, defense carried Dallas. No longer. Even Lilly is on the decline, and the word is out that the Cowboys' front four is vulnerable to the run. Meanwhile, the linebacking has slowed and the pass coverage has fallen off. Wisely, Landry has switched from man-to-man to zone coverage. This cooperative responsibility eases the labors of Linebackers Dave Edwards, Lee Roy Jordan (who's been pressed by rookie Rodrigo Barnes) and D. D. Lewis, who has taken over for retired Chuck Howley. It is also a relief for the cornerbacks, who were beaten all too often.

This then is the season for the offense to shoulder the load. The blocking is blue-chip and Calvin Hill, Walt Garrison and Robert Newhouse can pound it out. From all evidence, the passing game *should* be exceptional. Roger Staubach is hale and reaching the top of a very impressive form, and Craig Morton had an exceptional preseason, completing 67.3% of his passes.

Meanwhile, Landry has perfected a nice piece of flimflam: a flanker in motion *toward* the ball. To make certain the crackback blocks are as lethal as the rules allow, he got Otto Stowe, a first-rate blocker, from Miami and converted Running Back Mike Montgomery to flanker. Landry is gearing up for the two Redskin games. He believes a split would give Dallas the division title.

Second-string Giant Quarterback Randy Johnson considers the past and the present with some hard words. "With our dinky passing offense, I could have led the league instead of Norm Snead," he says. "Oh, those three-foot completions!" But that's the Giant game plan: send a receiver deep but always have a safety valve handy. Inevitably, Snead chose the trailer, which is the reason the fine tight end, Bob Tucker, caught 55 passes, and Ron Johnson, the mighty running back, 45. Coach Alex Webster's theory is never be greedy but keep the offensive moving. Snead does just that.

And for the first time in his 13-year career he is the right man for the job: an unexpected virtuoso, a cautious hero. This is an era of conservatism and caution for the pro game. It pays off in the statistics. Giant quarterbacks were sacked only 10 times, a remarkable figure since the line is resolute but not strong and the outside receivers lack speed.

Credit Ron Johnson and his quick thrusts with a large assist. Relief is in sight for this overworked ballcarrier: the Giants have discovered a fullback, Vin Clements, to share the rushing. Until now it was an unequal battle for New York. The offense ranked fourth in the NFL, the defense was 18th. But the downtrodden are on the rise, may well have risen. Led by All-Pro Defensive End Jack Gregory and John Mendenhall, who plays over the center, the rush line is more potent. The linebacking, with Jim Files in the middle, is shaping up and only an aging secondary raises doubts. "The Giants have arrived," says Webster.

Neither Philadelphia nor St. Louis has, although both teams have hired sound, intelligent head coaches who have laid calm hands on their troubled squads. Philadelphia's Mike McCormack and the Cardinals' Don Coryell have given their clubs a new sense of direction.

In the scuffle to escape the bottom, McCormack has the advantage. The Eagles simply have more ability. Were it not for limp linebacking, Philadelphia, with a powerful front four and a seasoned deep secondary, would have a sound defense. Two good rookie linemen, Tackle Jerry Sisemore and Tight End Charles Young, beef up the offensive line, but the interior is extremely questionable. This makes the expensive trade for Quarterback Roman Gabriel difficult to understand. McCormack may have to turn the Eagles into a running team as an alternative to Gabriel's limited passing range.

Coryell has even less talent to work with. Hence, Jim Hart is going to throw the ball 30 times a game to, among others, Ahmad Rashad (formerly Bobby Moore). Coryell also has a dazzling runner in rookie Terry Metcalf, but he sometimes neglects to carry the football with him. Well, there's always Jim Bakken.

CONTINUED



NATIONAL CENTRAL

It's like old times in this division, where the question is not who will win but who will survive. To Abe Gibron, the coach of the Chicago Bears, this is one and the same. The winner of the Black and Blue, Abe predicts, will be the team that is least black and blue.

Only the Detroit Lions don't fit the bruising image. Not that new Head Coach Don McCafferty, who detests the nickname Easy Rider, is making life easy. Since 1968 the Lions have never been anything but No. 2, and McCafferty is insisting that they try harder. He conducted a more physical camp than the Lions have had in years. And if the atmosphere is a little more relaxed than that surrounding his predecessor, Joe Schmidt, he has not relaxed the rules that prohibit mustaches and hair that strays from helmets.

McCafferty even introduced competition to the quarterback position by putting Greg Landry and Bill Munson on an equal footing, although Landry's footing (1,054 yards rushing in the past two seasons) has once again given him the edge. Running should be the Lions' strong suit if Steve Owens, who missed four games last season, stays healthy. The blocking up front is excellent and the receiving, led by All-Pro Tight End Charlie Sanders, who sat out the first five games last year with a shoulder separation, is a bit above par.

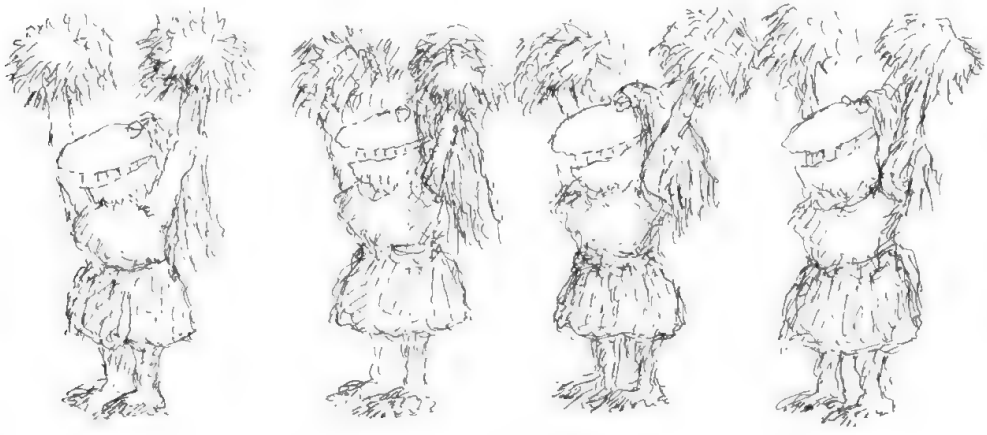
The defense is atypical of the division—it has had trouble tackling—but McCafferty expects improvement. Last season Detroit surrendered more rushing yards than all but one other NFC team and tied for next to last in quarterback sacks. The emphasis here has been on youth—Detroit has not made a major trade in five years. The Lions' last three first draft choices—Bob Bell, Herb Orvis and Ernest Price—are battling for the defensive tackle spots.

In 1972 the nimble Lions won just two of six games against their more ponderous division rivals. They feel they can reverse that record if they stay healthy. Alas, Cornerback Rudy Redmond is out for the season and Safety Wayne Rasmussen could miss as many as four games, bad news with a schedule that starts Pittsburgh, Green Bay, Atlanta and Minnesota, and includes games with Miami and Washington.

In Green Bay the Packers packed them in before the preseason started. A sellout crowd of 56,267 gathered in July for the team's annual intrasquad scrimmage and three to four thousand more were turned away at the gate. Coach Dan Devine is making certain that success doesn't spoil his divisional champions. Recently he set a new record in the Lombardi grass drills, pushing his team through 158 up-downs, 60-odd better than the old record—*after practice.*

Last year the Packer defensive backfield was a presumed weakness with two newcomers, Jim Hill and Willie Buchanon, and two two-year men in new positions. But Hill, the oldest at 26, pulled the group together, Buchanon became Defensive Rookie of the Year and suddenly opponents had to butt their heads against the massive Green Bay line instead of going over it. By season's end the Green Bay defense ranked first in the NFC, yielding less than 110 yards rushing per game and a league-low seven TD passes. This year Devine has beefed up his pass rush with Kansas City's Aaron Brown and Oakland's Carleton Oats.

Green Bay also had the conference's Offensive Rookie of the Year in Placekicker Chester Marcol, whose 33 field goals solved a long-standing Packer problem. Offensively, the Pack is backs. John Brockington, who last season became the first man in NFL history to rush for over 1,000 yards in each of his first two years, and MacArthur Lane were the best running twosome in the NFC.





Brockington has set his sights on 1,500 yards in 1973, and with the Packers' offensive line depth, reinforced by the return to health of All-Pro Guard Gale Gillingham, this goal does not seem *too* unrealistic.

Lane and Brockington were also the two leading pass receivers, a statistic that pinpoints Green Bay's gravest shortcoming. Last year the Packers were the second-poorest passing team in the pros, so Scott Hunter and Jerry Tagge spent the off-season in Green Bay going to school; Hunter reported to the Packer offices for skull sessions three times a week, Tagge five times. Devine also brought his receivers in for a week at a time for target practice. The receiving, at any rate, should improve since Tight End Rich McGeorge has returned from knee surgery. First draft choice Barry Smith, who is supposed to complement 35-year-old Carroll Dale on the outside, is looking good after a slow start.

Hunter's and Tagge's throwing apparently didn't satisfy Devine, who knows that without passing his Packers will face more of the five-man fronts that the Redskins employed to shut them down in last year's playoffs. Midway through the exhibition schedule he added Jim Del Gaizo, an anxious Dolphin backup with a strong left arm.

Quarterback is no problem in Minnesota. Admittedly, Fran Tarkenton's return last year did not produce the Super Bowl rings that so many predicted, but he deserves none of the blame. He had a very good season, finishing third in the league in passing. Now the Vikings have added Atlanta's Bob Berry, who was ranked right behind Tarkenton.

And, after all, a 7-7 season is not the end of the world. Or is it? In the Minnesota dining hall at training camp a big poster read "7-7." Underneath were listed the scores of seven games, and they were not the wins. A "7-7" stared out from every door and every playbook in camp. Defensive Tackle Gary Larsen, who wore No. 77 last season, wore No. 140 in practice.

Where Minnesota needs help is in its running attack, which was slowed almost to a walk by injuries and age last season. Coach Bud Grant likes to employ all his backs, but he lacks a quick hitter. This year's No. 1 draft pick, Chuck Foreman, looks like he could be the one.

On defense, the return to health of the front four presumably spells splat to opposing quarterbacks, but Grant intends to have Alan Page, Carl Eller, Jim Marshall and Larsen concentrate more on the run. Too many opponents have discovered that running backs can slip by the hard-charging Purple People Eaters.

The loss of Karl Kassulke, who was critically injured in a motorcycle accident, and the status of Charlie West, whose knee is still questionable following surgery in January, makes the defensive secondary worrisome, but of greater concern is the age of the Vikings. Minnesota is treading a thin line between experience and senescence. Marshall is 35, Larsen 33, Eller 31, and the outside linebackers, Roy Winston and Wally Hilgenberg, are 33 and 31 respectively. Not surprisingly, the Vikings' collapse last season came in the fourth quarter. After three years of surrendering 133, 143 and 139 points, Minnesota gave up 111 in the fourth quarter alone in 1972. Grant kids about his aged—one day after practice he kept his over-30 group, all 16 of them, out late replacing divots—but the Vikings are concerned. If Tarkenton is going to lead them to a Super Bowl, it had better be this year.

By contrast, the Chicago Bears allowed opponents only 99 points in the third and fourth quarters of 1972. In nine of the Bears' 14 games they didn't permit a touchdown after the half, testimony to the sort of physical play Abe Gibron conditions his team to with daily scrimmaging. As Detroit's Steve Owens puts it, "The Bears still play like the Canton Bulldogs." True, they won just four times last year but that was four times more than most people expected. Now they are looking for a winning season.

Dick Butkus, who has led the team in tackles and assists in all of his eight pro years, made no secret of his desire to be traded during the off-season, but the Bears weren't about to let their defense go so he is back in the middle of the Chicago intimidation. If Defensive End Willie Holman, who missed last season with an Achilles' tendon injury, can return and if No. 1 choice Wally Chambers can learn to play the run, the defense will be even more formidable.

Last year the Bears led the conference in rushing, but that was a deceptive figure since the primary ground gainer was Quarterback Bobby Douglass and what he gained on the ground he did not gain in the air. Douglass completed only 37.9% of his passes. This year the running attack should be much improved by the addition of New England's disenchanted Carl Garrett. Douglass says he may pass as many as 100 more times this season. That's a frightening prospect to some Bear fans, but the left-handed quarterback bristles at any suggestion of inadequacy. "I'm as good as any thrower around," he says. "Last year we didn't throw percentage passes. If completing 50% of your passes makes you a great quarterback, then by next year you'll be able to say I'm a great quarterback."

Gibron says he will stick with Douglass, squelching the optimism about rookie Gary Huff, who looks like the thrower the Bears have needed for so long. Chicago has added some receiving strength in Tight End Craig Cotton, acquired from Detroit, and Wide Receiver Tom Reynolds, from New England, not to mention the multitalented Garrett.

This is Gibron's second year. In his first, he says, he learned just how slight the difference is between winning and losing—a truism in the NFC Central, where an 8-6 season could take it all.

CONTINUED

NATIONAL WEST

If you had to select one word to characterize this division, it would be "change." The best and the worst teams in the West—San Francisco and New Orleans—probably have not changed enough, and the two in between—Atlanta and Los Angeles—have probably changed too much.

The 49ers are as solid, and about as immutable, as Coit Tower. San Francisco made only one significant trade, sending Defensive Tackle Earl Edwards to Buffalo for Randy Jackson, a little-used running back who once did the 100 in 9.7. The offensive line, known as The Protectors and led by All-Pro Center Forrest Blue, is entering its fourth season as a unit. The defensive line topped the NFL with 46 sacks last season, End Tommy Hart making 17 all by his lonesome. More than anything else, these two units have been responsible for the club's recent success. The 49ers have won three division championships in a row, albeit with diminishing luster (10-3-1, 9-5 and 8-5-1) and despite a curious inability to beat their archrival, the Los Angeles Rams. They have lost five in a row to L.A. in the last three years.

The 49ers may be suffering in the sideline secondary; after two brilliant years Bruce Taylor tailed off in 1972 and Jimmy Johnson, who has been around a long time, has slowed accordingly. In spite of the trade for Jackson, San Francisco may still be hurting for offensive backfield speed, too, one of the reasons why it has been seeking to unload Fullback Ken Willard. The lack of long-strike capability on the ground forced the 49ers to substitute dink passes to the backs and Tight End Ted Kwalick for a running game last season. That tactic was just good enough for a division title, and will probably suffice again.

The Rams have a new coach, a new quarterback, a new discipline and not enough time or talent to take full advantage of them this season. They also have snazzy new uniforms and a new fight song, *The Rams Are Rollin'*, by Henry Mancini.

Owner Carroll Rosenbloom and Don Klosterman, his general manager, lay in the weeds last season, allowing Coach Tommy Prothro and Quarterback Roman Gabriel a year of grace. Once the 6-7-1 season ended, Rosenbloom and Klosterman went to work. Whether what they did was wise as well as wholesale remains to be seen.

Gabriel, sore arm and all, was peddled to the Philadelphia Eagles for Wide Receiver Harold Jackson, Running Back Tony Baker and first draft choices in 1974 and 1975 plus a third in 1975. Considering the probable finishes of the Eagles in the years to come, the trade was good for the Rams' future; Jackson, the league's top-ranked receiver last year, made it good for 1973. The Rams also sent Defensive End Coy Bacon and a fine young running back, Bob Thomas, to the San Diego Chargers for Quarterback John Hadl. This trade may help, too—if Hadl can control his penchant for throwing long passes into hostile crowds.

Probably the key change Rosenbloom and Klosterman made was at head coach. Prothro, a mild man with a conviction that pro football players are grown men who do not need childish things such as discipline and curfews, is gone. Replacing him is Chuck Knox, who was an assistant for the Lions and the Jets and who is an exponent of the Vince Lombardi school of coaching.

"The feeling of the camp is different," said All-Pro Defensive Tackle Merlin Olsen recently. "We have curfews and we work a lot harder than we did last year. But the players don't mind. They know that's what you have to do to win. There were veterans last year who didn't sleep in camp a single night."

"I believe these are intelligent men," said Knox. "The curfew is my way of reminding them that they have a hard day's work ahead of them and that they will need rest. I believe success in coaching stems from your ability to teach and communicate and create a desire to learn. I explained why I have reinstated curfews and I believe they understand the value of this rule. It gives them a sense of fellowship, too. If some of the veterans can disregard the curfew, that must create a

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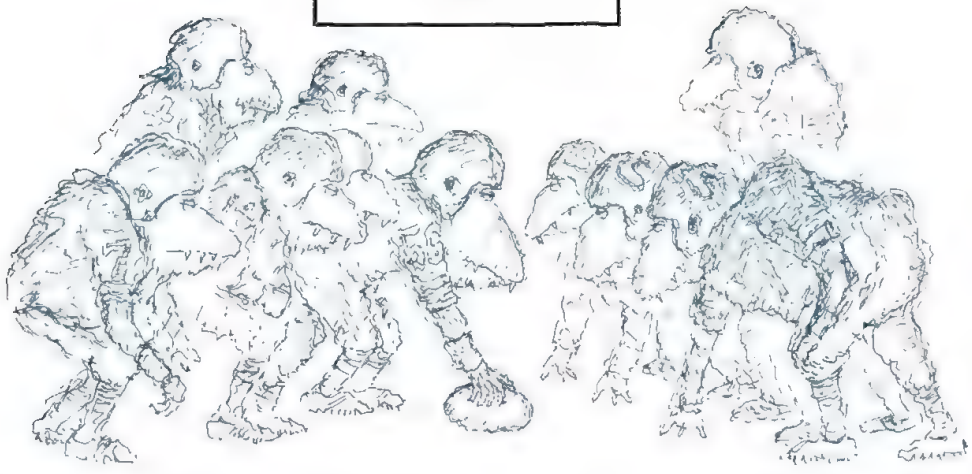
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feeling of dissatisfaction among the younger players. We treat all players alike."

Behind Hadl, the L.A. quarterbacks are James Harris, the strong-armed former Buffalo Bill, and Ron Jaworski, a rookie from Youngstown State known as *The Polish Rifle, which may or may not* be a joke. Although Jim Bertelsen performed brilliantly in the preseason, the Rams traded away much of their speed *and ground-gaining potential in the* backfield, and the defensive line has been reshuffled. The linebackers are spotty and the secondary is porous. All told, it seems doubtful that the graduates of the Rams' school of hard Knox will distinguish themselves.

The Atlanta Falcons seemed ready to fly high this season. Then Coach Norman Van Brocklin decided that he could not win with Quarterback Bob Berry, who finished second in the conference to the Giants' Norm Snead in passing efficiency in 1972. Van Brocklin dispatched Berry back to whence he came —Minnesota—and is relying on second-year man Pat Sullivan, who threw 19 passes and completed three in 1972; Bob Lee (the ex-Viking), who threw six and completed three; and the veteran Dick Shiner, who did not complete a pass, but then he did not throw any, either.

If Van Brocklin is right, the Falcons could win their first division championship, since they have the other tools in ample supply. The team added punch to a weak inside rush by picking up Defensive Tackle Mike Tilleman from Houston. Tilleman has a soft heart for animals (he owns a Labrador retriever, a rabbit named Peter Punkin and a turtle called Simple Simon), but he is a mean man on the trail of a quarterback if his left knee holds up. Defensive Ends John Zook and Claude Humphrey will be able to apply more pressure now that they *needn't worry about the middle. The Fal*cons also added speed where they needed it—at wide receiver—getting Al Dodd from New Orleans

Running Backs Dave Hampton and Art Malone are good both running and receiving. Last season Hampton gained his 1,000th yard in Atlanta's final game. An official stopped the action and Hampton was presented with the football. On his next carry he lost six yards. "It was such a fantastic thrill for such a short time," he says. "Somewhere inside of me the emotion is all jamming up and I'll use that as a weapon this year."

Helping him is a line that blocks well on running plays. With a year's experience it may provide more protection for the quarterbacks, who will need it.

The Falcons have another plus: the easiest schedule in the NFL, with only two adversaries who won more games than they lost last year. The total won-lost record of their opponents is worse (72-112-12) than the record of any other team's adversaries.

A minus may be Van Brocklin, an abrasive, demanding man. His parting with Berry was not amicable and he castigates first and thinks later when he differs with his players on matters of execution or ability. This works with a winner, but the Dutchman has not had a big winner and time may be running out, both with his owner and, more importantly, with his players.

Having failed to unload his team to a group of Chicagoans, New Orleans Saints Owner John Mecom Jr. had another bright idea: unload Coach J. D. Roberts. *This masterstroke was accom*plished late last month, Offensive Coordinator John North taking the reins. For all the good it is going to do, Mecom *might as well have given the job to the* team's executive vice-president, ex-Astronaut Richard F. Gordon Jr.

New Orleans' biggest asset, aside from *the prospect of moving into a $161-mil*lion domed stadium in 1975 (would you believe 1976?) is Quarterback Archie Manning. He is, by choice and necessity, a scrambling quarterback, but more in the mold of Roger Staubach than Fran Tarkenton in that he is a true runner, not a man dodging midtown traffic. Manning rushed 63 times for 351 yards last year. He also completed 230 of 448 passes, a remarkable achievement when you consider that he was throwing in imminent peril of his life almost all the time. Too, he finally has a dependable wide receiver to complement Danny Abramowicz. Bob Newland caught 47 passes last season to become the only other man ever to lead the Saints in receiving.

An indication of the lack of running backs on the Saints is that Howard Stevens, a 16th draft choice from Louisville who weighs 165 and stands 5′ 5″, has made the team. He gained 5,297 yards in college, but this is the NFL. Well, if he can't run, he can certainly hide.

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People either ask for Beefeater, or they ask for gin.



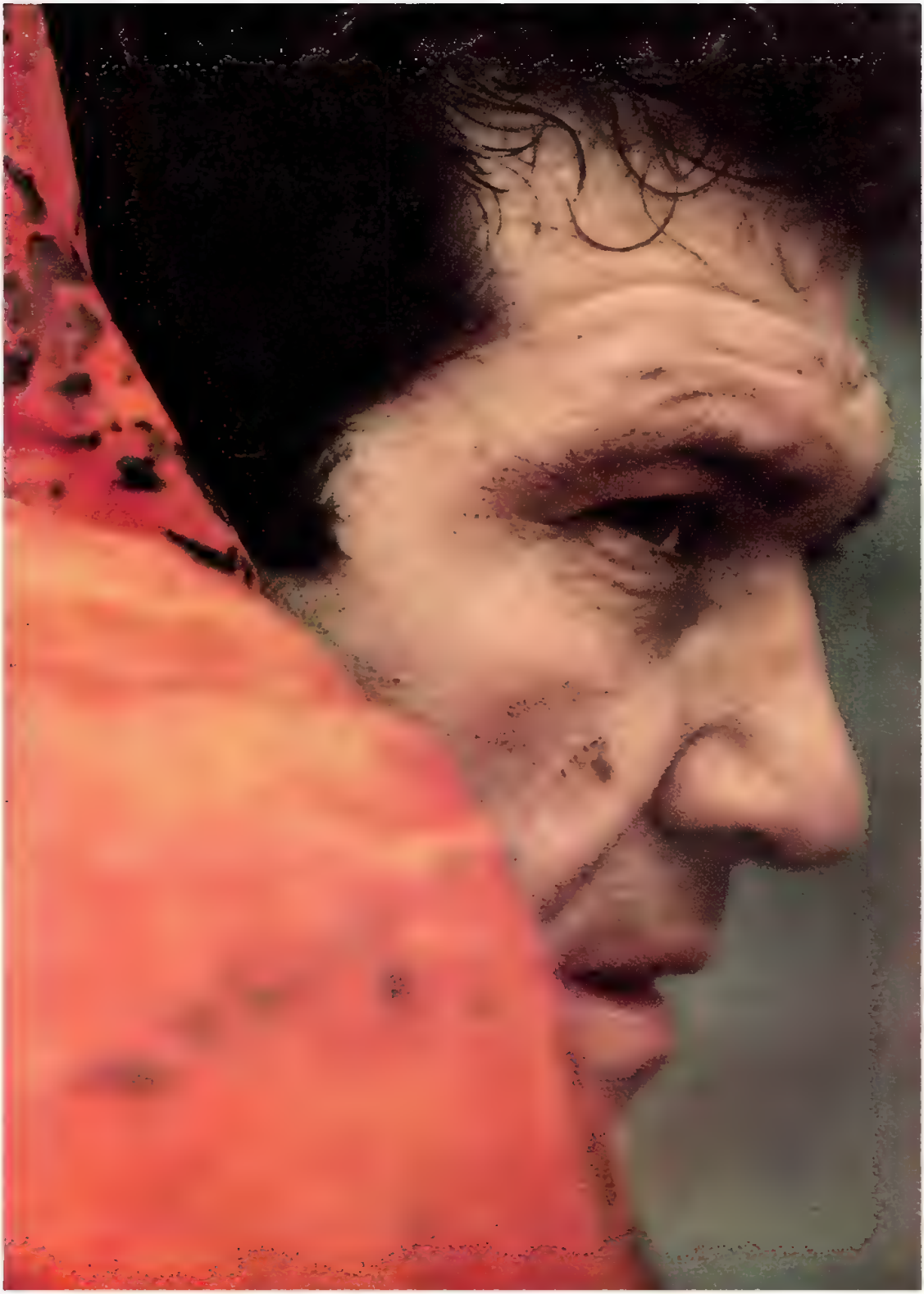
SURVIVAL IN A YOUNG MAN'S GAME

In the National Football League the average career lasts 4.62 years. One by one the 1,100-odd players fall victim to injury or diminished skills. Those who endure are extremely artful or awfully lucky or downright impregnable or named George Blanda. This month 11 NFL players are to begin their 15th (or more) season. Four of them are celebrated on the following pages: Offensive Guard Gene Hickerson of Cleveland, who is shown at right and below; Don Maynard of the Jets; Blanda of the Raiders; and Defensive Tackle Charlie Krueger of the 49ers. The other seven are Ray Nitschke of Green Bay and Richie Petitbon of Washington, both of whom saw limited action last year, and five quarterbacks—Johnny Unitas, Len Dawson, Sonny Jurgensen, Earl Morrall and John Brodie—whose working conditions must be more conducive to longevity. Some of these old pros are motivated by pride, others by love of the game and still others by sheer orneriness. Of course, money counts, too. A 15-year NFL veteran gets an annual pension of $13,020 at age 55.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER





At age 36, Don Maynard begins his 16th pro season with only *himself* to *surpass*. Last December against Oakland (below) he set the career record (632) for receptions; he is also tops in receiving yardage with 11,816.





George Blanda will be 46 on Sept. 17, which may be another NFL record. The old rascal holds or shares 15, including most seasons (23), points (1,742), extra points (824), field goals (288); passes attempted and completed in a game (68 and 37); and—oops!—passes intercepted, season and career (42 and 276).





Charlie Krueger (70), who stubbornly refuses to wear a lineman's bird cage, spars with Cowboy Blaine Nye. Now 36 and in his 15th season, Krueger leads the 49ers in being double-teamed—an indication of his prowess. Says Dallas Coach Tom Landry: "No one is able to gain running at Charlie Krueger."





The Last of the Old Leather

"I'm a dinosaur who's survived the Ice Age," says San Francisco's Charlie Krueger, who figures he's spent three lifetimes in the pros **by Morton Sharnik**

On a night in midsummer Charlie Krueger (*left*), the San Francisco 49ers' redoubtable defensive tackle, pressed his highball glass fondly to his cheek. He was theoretically on the wagon. For a man who enjoyed a good belt, it was a difficult time. Moreover, Krueger's appetite matched his thirst, and he wasn't supposed to eat either. There were 13 pounds of fat to be sweated off, and the exhibition season was approaching.

It was a senseless fix for a middle-aged man to be in, and Krueger, a gent close to 37, ought to have known better. That's what Krueger was thinking.

He had been at his trade for 14 seasons. Right then it seemed 14 centuries. Since the average life span of a pro is 4.6 years, Krueger figured he had spent the equivalent of three lives playing pro ball. A quarter of a million tackles later, he wondered if he had not had enough.

"In 1958 I came into the NFL and it was purely a game," Krueger said. "Fifteen years later, it is strictly a marketing enterprise. I'm a dinosaur who's survived the Ice Age only to discover I'm caught between hard rock and hot clothes."

"That's the athlete's curse—he is never ready to retire," says Krueger's former 49er teammate Howard (Butchee) Mudd, one of the finest guards of the '60s. Mudd knows the score. He was forced out of the game two years ago, physically incapacitated. "I had a knee that wouldn't work at all," he says. "But still I wasn't ready to give up football. One of our teammates, Dan Colchico, would have played at 50 if transplants and artificial limbs had allowed it.

"For Charlie the situation is impossible. He has played so well so long and now he has to leave the nest; he has to give up the secure well-ordered life of football and begin all over again. Poor Charlie has to be drowning in anxieties. Football is his form of expression."

Around the league Krueger is admired as a pro's pro. Veteran players even go so far as to give him the ultimate accolade: "The last of the old leather." Nonetheless, in each of his eras, Krueger has been overshadowed in the press by more flamboyant tackles: Big Daddy Lipscomb, Merlin Olsen, Alex Karras, Bob Lilly and now Alan Page. The 49ers, including coaches, past and present, protest. They contend no defensive tackle grades out as well as Krueger over so long a period. In a way, of course, this is a safe statement: no other defensive tackle has played so long.

But it is not only the partisan 49ers who acknowledge his excellence. Inevitably the opposition double- and triple-teams Krueger, an unadvertised admission of fear and respect. This approach allows the other San Francisco tackle to enjoy easy, brilliant days. For a number of seasons Roland Lakes was a black scourge, roving the field, making tackles and dropping quarterbacks for dramatic losses. Meanwhile, back at the front, Krueger was taking the brunt of reinforced blocking.

In the 1971 NFC championship game, Dallas used discretion. The Cowboys ran 90% of their plays away from Krueger. "No one is able to gain running at Charlie Krueger," explained Cowboy Coach Tom Landry, "and we were not about to experiment."

Bob Brachman contends that his 39 seasons of writing football for the San Francisco *Examiner* provides him with an elevated perspective from which to rate Krueger. "I've seen them all, the individual and collective best to play the game," says Brachman. "The Wonder Team, the Thunder Team, the Wow Boys, the Now Boys, the Gems of the Generation, the Eleven Iron Men—of whom there were 13—and without hesitation I say Charlie Krueger is an all-time great. He has all the qualities. Krueger will play harder in the fourth quarter than he will in the first and is toughest in key games. He plays in unbelievable pain. To boot, the big lug is an honest man."

Ram Guard Joe Scibelli knows the reason Krueger has missed out on headlines. Silence. In 36 bloody head-to-head engagements over a period of 13 years, Krueger has yet to say more to Scibelli than "Good game, Joe" and walk into the dressing room.

His locker room conversation with the press is loquacious by comparison, but is never about his own deeds. John Unitas and Bart Starr, not exactly talk-show guests themselves, attempted to strike up conversations with Krueger during games. They, too, failed. "Starr and Unitas were as wily as they were good, and from my standpoint they could be the best," says Krueger. "It's an old trick trying to distract a rusher. They'll say, 'Good move,' or 'How did you get here?' Sometimes they'll flat-out hit you with a compliment. Then you go away thinking what good folks they are and lose your concentration."

According to the 49ers' defensive line coach, Paul Wiggin, Krueger's performance is technically faultless. Even when Wiggin played at Cleveland in the long, long ago, the Browns would use films of Krueger as visual aids for defensive tackle technique.

Krueger listens to the testimonials and shakes his head. "I've never been a star," he says, "but I've always done my job." He has never fallen prey to the athlete's enormous vanity, the need for acclaim and recognition.

Now he will not have it. Instead, Krueger chooses to finish his career as it began—unnoticed. His teammates and other NFL players suggest Krueger is true to the code of the West: like a Zane Grey hero, he will ride off into the sunset as quiet and modest as the day he broke into the game.

Charlie Krueger has been playing football 25 years. Since age 12 he has waited for the next season to begin. He remembers his first step toward professionalism. It was on a dusty, rutted field in his hometown of Caldwell, Texas. "It was hot and it hurt, and the coach yelled a lot," says Krueger. At that unpleasant point, Krueger was engaged by football and he has never let go.

He contends there were no better alternatives. "I can't say I saw any spectral lights leading me to dedicate my life to science," says Krueger. In Caldwell football was it. Either that or farm or run off and work an oil rig. "Where we came from, if you were Krueger-size people, you better not do anything else but play football," says brother Rolf, 10 years his junior. "My God," says Charlie, "I left home for Texas A&M when Rolf was entering the third grade. I helped raise the kid, and now he's on the 49ers playing the same position I do. It isn't right. And behind him at A&M is Buster, the baby, only a few years away from the pros. Biologically I'm old enough to be the kid's father. That's indecent."

Caldwell remains true to Charlie's childhood image. The farmers of Czech and German descent still come in on a Saturday, park facing the sidewalk and watch the crowds go by. The only difference is there are fewer folks on the sidewalk and fewer farmers to observe the scene. Caldwell's golden age was reached at the turn of the century when the population peaked at 2,500.

"If you have Krueger genes you either go out for football or you defend your manhood," says Baby Buster, testifying that the town's outlook on football is constant, too.

"Rolf and I are the closest in attitudes, but now I'm not sure I know what he's about," says Charlie. "We just don't make connections. I know his difficulties on the field. He's been petted and pampered and he never learned self-control. And I have my own problems."

Although the coaches are high on him, Rolf's problem is Charlie. "Charlie has played well, and some people call him a legend," says Rolf. "That doesn't help me. I'm struggling to make it, fighting to survive, and Charlie's reputation gets in my way."

As if to emphasize the time span, Rolf and Buster lift weights. The old pro scorns it. "I never saw a player worth his salt push that iron around," he says.

Charlie's mass and muscle came from pushing steel on Santa Fe track gangs and on oil rigs beginning at age 13. Before that he labored in the family's mattress works, immodestly called a factory when it was no more than a cottage industry. By the time Charlie was 11 he could stuff and stitch a neat ticking.

Before opening day three Old Pros had a change of status: Ray Nitschke retired, Richie Petitbon was waived and Don Maynard was traded to St. Louis.

Krueger singles out Bear Bryant, his coach at A&M, as having been his most profound influence, the man who made Charlie Krueger. The Bear certainly seasoned him, but when Krueger arrived at A&M he already had the qualities Bryant most admired and put to use: loyalty, obedience and a calloused approach to hard work. When Bryant was through with him, Charlie Krueger was a prime Texas-seasoned football player, and the 49ers drafted him No. 1. San Francisco got what it expected, a very special professional.

"I discovered that in my class the ones who survived were alike in attitude and background," says Krueger. They were, for the most part, good old boys from Texas and Southern towns where spectral lights did not shine on their farms and factories. "I guess we were the last completely goal-directed group to enter the pros, and I tell you, we were scared to death to fail. For four years in college I jumped, afraid the Bear would send me home," says Krueger, who was one of 10 prize prospects to survive out of a freshman class of 115. " 'Please let me last another day' was my daily prayer."

The 1958 College All-Stars demonstrated their goal direction by beating the Detroit Lions 35-19. For Krueger the game was an augury. Although he started and played extremely well, stopping Quarterback Bobby Layne on several key plays, even setting up an interception that led to an All-Star score, Krueger went all but unnoticed in the newspaper reports of the game. The hero was an A&M teammate, Bobby Joe Conrad, who kicked four field goals even though he had never attempted one in college.

Seldom had there been a more enthusiastic pro than Krueger. In 1958, when he joined San Francisco, all the factors came together—his background, his family training and four years of Bryant coaching—and Krueger became a 49er in a state of rapture. "I never really enjoyed football until I came into the NFL," he says.

However, in time the joy wore thin. That is when Krueger became aware of the encroachment of commercialism, the takeover by TV. "The television money changed the game completely," he says. "You could see it in the organizations. Suddenly they became all business—sharp and efficient. The ledger and the bottom line became the favorite topics."

From a practical viewpoint, it was for the players a great leap forward. Until then there were no benefits but a limited insurance policy. Krueger realizes that the business takeover was to his advantage. Indeed, it transformed pro football into a profession and reduced the fear, the rampant insecurities.

But it was no longer Charlie Krueger's game. His ended in the early 1960s. "Technically, it is now a much better game—or should I call it a product," he says bleakly.

Sour grapes should not be ruled out. A certain amount of disillusionment followed trades and cuts of good friends. To Krueger, it appeared his buddies were being made the scapegoats for the 49ers' persistent failure. And failure weighed heavily on the teams of the early to mid-'60s. How can failure be explained? Why do teams of comparative skills differ in results? This subject was exhausted by Krueger and his teammates.

"I remember a time, it must have been 1962, when we sat around and figured out that there were 32 ex-49ers on active rosters," says Krueger. "Then 36 men were the limit, so to me it indicated someone in authority had terrible judgment."

After a 42-10 exhibition victory over the Giants, a bunch of the 49ers gathered in Del Vecchio's, a North Beach restaurant, glorying in the triumph. "We tried to analyze New York's problems and ended up figuring that the Giants were hopeless," says Krueger. "As I recall we won all except one of our exhi-

continued

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bitions but lost the division race. Meanwhile, the hopeless Giants took the Eastern championship." Besides being an obvious lesson in humility, the incident taught Krueger never to look back. Football games, he claims, should be played, enjoyed and forgotten.

It is only in retrospect that Charlie Krueger can be philosophical. "One night our frustration just boiled over into a bad scene, at least it frightened our wives and neighbors," says Butchee Mudd, now the long-haired freak of the University of California coaching staff but still the goal-oriented competitor of those disappointing 49er seasons. All night and into the morning Krueger and Mudd sat in Butchee's kitchen drinking beer and screaming: "Why? Why? Why?" They played the devil's advocate, one against the other, arguing, thumping about, banging on walls. "We ended up in the backyard, still screaming as daylight broke," says Mudd. "I can't recall we came to any conclusion that mattered, but it helped relieve the frustrations."

Disappointed in his first marriage and in the lack of a family, Krueger, a man of powerful familial impulses, involved himself more completely with his team. He was the catalyst for the disparate personalities on the squad, the surrogate father for many, like Mudd, and for others a concerned big brother. The role came easy. "Charlie was and is the center of reality for the team," says one 49er. "Charlie Krueger makes you believe in those old-time virtues," says Mudd.

Outside of football, Krueger's interests run from big business to the man on the street. "Charlie collects stray dogs and people," says Mudd, who has never understood his friend's shepherding instincts. The dogs, Charlie Krueger vetted, fed and generally rehabilitated before passing them on to worthy homes. The people, he kept as friends, and they are as mixed as his pack of street hounds. "Charlie's an unusual man, and so are his friends," says Bob Brachman. They include several millionaires, particularly a young paper magnate, Jim Benton, who is sufficiently impressed with Krueger's abilities to offer him a choice position in a new paper concern. However, hobnobbing with the rich and powerful is not Krueger's developed interest. Most of his spare time is spent at the Monterey Garage jawing with Bill Butler, a mechanic and favorite companion on mountain-lion hunts in the High Sierras, or at Harry's Hof Brau in Redwood City, where the cook is a friend of 15 years' standing.

Padding about the High Sierras is the closest Krueger comes to indulging in fun and games. And that, too, has changed. He has given up shooting pumas for the pleasure of tracking them to their lairs. In this, his one recreation, Krueger is a purist. He scorns campers, with their outdoor creature comforts, as motels on wheels, and he does not like them cluttering up his landscape. Instead, Charlie Krueger is a backpacker, but also a chef who delights in whipping up a good sauce and producing a fine bottle of wine on a craggy peak.

"There must be an algebraic formula to express it but I feel best in relation to the thinnest density of air and people," he says.

The qualities that ennoble him among what Krueger calls his "peers" enrage his bride of nine months, Kristin Adler Krueger, the daughter of San Francisco Opera General Director Kurt Herbert Adler. This bright, sophisticated woman, educated in Europe and a serious student of the flute, piccolo and piano, cannot understand her husband's self-effacing attitude toward football. But then she finds it difficult to square the two Charlie Kruegers: the fiercely intense 49er tackle in the battered, antiquated helmet and her witty, bookish husband, a man totally disinterested in games. She is the fan in her house. Kris watches TV football, knows the scores and can identify the players. Much to the shock of his neighbors, Krueger never catches the Monday night game. "Does a butcher watch another butcher carve meat on his day off?" he says.

In ordinary circumstances, Kris Krueger would have tolerantly waited for her husband to complete his career. However, there was a lot at stake for both husband and wife. The Kruegers had decided to delay a family and other connubial events, like building a house, until after Charlie retired from football. He was not sure, but it looked as if 1972 would be his last season. It was one of those "Honey, you'll be the first to know" routines. The issue was still in doubt until midseason last year, when Kris Krueger learned of her husband's decision to return for his 15th season—he was incapacitated with a broken arm in his rookie year—on her car radio.

Naturally, she was angry. It was small solace that Krueger's intentions were of great moment to the San Francisco area and the 49ers' playoff hopes. Charlie had broken his promise. He had allowed 49er Coach Dick Nolan to convince him to play yet another season.

To his wife's charge that he is under Nolan's spell, Krueger responds heatedly: "It's true, I came back because Dick Nolan asked me. He convinced me that I could play effectively another year, could be of real service. But let's be perfectly candid. I'm back because my divorce was costly, and a business venture with Jim Benton was delayed a year."

Despite his protests and his candor, Krueger is back in pads because of his respect for Nolan. He admits it goes beyond admiration. After all, Nolan rescued him from 10 years of bitterness.

Krueger might well have forgotten what it meant to play for an inspired coach, except that he made the Pro Bowl in 1961, one of the two times that he was so honored. And Vince Lombardi coached the West. As Krueger says, it brought back old times, memories of the Bear. "I was wasting time waiting for practice to begin when I realized that I hadn't brought my football shoes," says Krueger. "In my mind, I bracketed Vince and the Bear together. All I could think of was Vince will send me home if I don't have my shoes. On the other hand, he'll send me home for being late for practice. That's what the Bear would have done. I had no alternative, so I ran down the street to a sporting goods store. I mean ran. Fortunately, they had my size, and I made practice on time.

"Lombardi was a brilliant coach, and his teams proved it. To miss a chance of playing for him or messing up the experience would have been stupid, tragic."

Krueger believes it is every player's right to work for a great coach. Five years ago he was ready to quit. The disappointment, the frustrations had reached a peak, and at age 31 he was mentally ready, if not totally prepared, to get on with living and without football.

When Nolan took over the 49ers in 1968, Krueger went in to see him and explained he was thinking of retiring. Nolan, after all, would prefer to work with younger men, build for the future. Krueger had heard that expression so often that he almost laughed to hear himself using it. Instead, Nolan asked Krueger to stay on. "We have use for old men of 31," the coach said.

continued



20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

"Now I can say I have played under an exceptional man, a first-rate coach," Krueger says. "It is more work under Nolan, but it has purpose."

Nolan brought an efficiency into the 49ers' preparation that Krueger admired. Everything was set forth in clear detail, even to which foot to put forward in the stance and how far from the line. That was one of the benefits of commercialism and prosperity. No longer did a team copy plays off a blackboard or try to figure out badly mimeographed pages. Everything was neatly drawn, and Nolan used that other artifact of big business, visual aids. But neatness alone did not count. Nolan's insistence on details did. The new coach had a new system for the old pro—he had put in a flex defense that required greater awareness of responsibilities and reactions, and the defense prospered.

"It used to be when we reviewed the game films a player had to be prepared for an ordeal," says Krueger. "I mean it could be painful. First off we would be split into offense and defense, and each unit would watch the breakdown separately. If you goofed, they would take you apart, read you out, tear you down. I mean they left a player nothing. They would strip him, leave him no place to hide, no shred of dignity. It was a terrible experience, and you wondered if you could survive. You were always so busy looking frantically for an escape that often you missed the point. Nolan doesn't work that way. Everything is calm and reasoned, and we all sit together reviewing our performances. He makes his point. He can be forceful but Dick Nolan is never destructive."

Perhaps even more surprising to Krueger was Nolan's sense of proportion. There was a reason to be late for practice or miss a game other than the fact of your own death. Nolan placed family, God and country before football.

"Charlie Krueger is such a pure guy, he has no enemies," Butchee Mudd was saying the other day. "But he is an incredibly complex man. I always felt he cared too much about football."

Krueger once belonged to a group of 49ers who were so deeply involved that they got exceptionally uptight at the approach of a game. With the approval of the coach they would arrive at the stadium an hour or two before the team bus. Then, without the added pressure of hurrying, they would leisurely go about the ritual of getting ready to play. The Early Birds, as they were called, would chainsmoke their way through the jitters while they indulged the athlete's small superstitions—taping a certain way and the right sock always before the left.

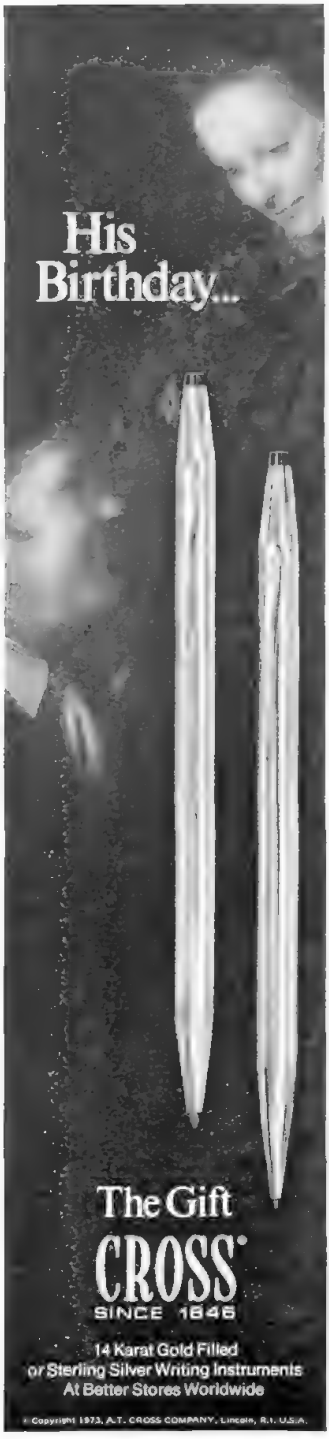
With the ebb and flow of football, trades and cuts, the group changed. At the beginning it included Krueger, Billy Kilmer, Linebacker Mike Dowdle and Halfback John David Crow. There were always at least five Early Birds. Then, two years ago, there were none, except for Krueger. "As usual, I went out to the Coliseum for a Ram game an hour before the team arrived," he recalls. "They have these small two-man dressing cubicles, and I kept waiting for another Early Bird. But none came. They were all gone. Then I realized that my era was over. That was when I discovered I was a dinosaur and that I had outlived my time."

Since then Krueger has been in three playoffs, and recently he began to think ahead to another shot at a championship. "Then they'll have seen the last of Old Charlie," he said.

Old Charlie was feeling expansive. His weight was down—in fact, he was at 255 pounds, a recent pro low. Through the heat of preseason camp he had played well, and Wiggin thought he had got his second wind. "No telling how long Krueger will be around," he said.

Although he was still preoccupied with a graceful exit, Krueger was euphoric now that weight was no longer a problem. He was out on the town of Redwood City, ready for a calorie-rich meal at L'Auberge with Kris. In the off-season, he said, he and Kris had toured the Pacific. In Bora Bora he spotted Lou Spadia, the 49ers' general manager, in a hotel lobby. Tapping him on the shoulder, Krueger said, "My God, Mr. Spadia, I know I have had a weight problem, but isn't this carrying things too far?"

The anecdote was a nice light touch for the start of a hopeful season and a big night on the town. Ah, life was good! L'Auberge piled deference upon deference. The owner sent over rounds of drinks, and the maitre d' waited an hour after closing to present the bill. If you do your job the way it's supposed to be done and live long enough, someone may notice you. Robert Mitchum is now a great actor. Mistair Kruegair is a hero in the best French restaurant in Redwood City. END



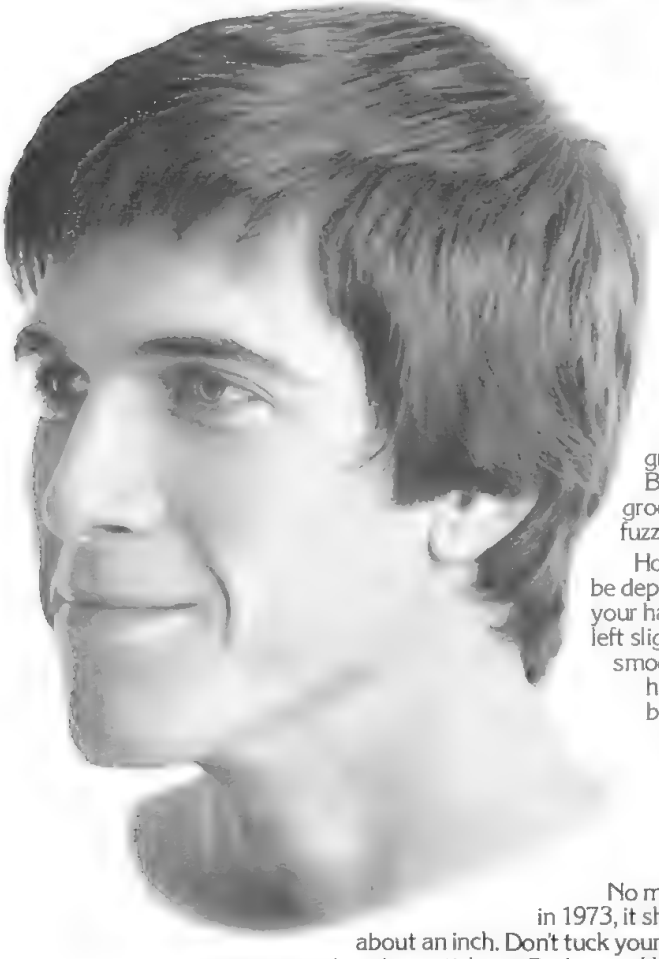
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Well, if it wasn't **Woody Hayes** promoting his new book *You Win With People* in front of a couple of cows. Not really. What it happened to be was a life-size butter statue of Woody sculpted especially for the Dairy Building at the Ohio State Fair. This was hardly proof that Woody was going soft in his old age. The book was hot off the presses and the Woody statue was on ice.

David Eisenhower ended his brief tenure as a sports columnist for the *Philadelphia Bulletin* with a line shot deep to center. "Journalists are rarely as interesting as they would like to think," he said. Which seems perfectly clear, as Eisenhower heads for law school.

◉ No, groupies, it's not Grand Funk Railroad. That's Los Angeles Dodger Coach **Red Adams** on trombone; **Steve Yeager**, guitar; **Claude Osteen**, piano; and **Bill Buckner**, trumpet and electric guitar, helping to prove the Dodgers "the most musical team in either league" (as rated by the American Music Conference). The jam heralded the team's rise to the top of the National League West. Alas, then came the Reds and, of course, the blues.

Male Chauvinism Department (Pig Division). Out of 3,000 youngsters participating during two months of competition throughout the state of Rhode Island, the winner in an Ernie DiGregorio behind-the-back, between-the-legs basketball stunts and skills contest was **Frances Duffy**, a 14-year-old ninth-grader from Pawtucket. Frances is a girl.

Male Chauvinism Department (Snake Division). Twin brothers **Tom** and **Mike Osborne**, who are varsity football players at the University of Toledo, raise rats in their dorm room to feed to their pet boa constrictor, Herbie, who also lives in the room. Herbie is a girl.

Meaningful Relationship of the Week: **Jean Ham**, University of Kentucky director of extension services for home economics, to the Wildcat football team. At the invitation of new Coach Fran Curci, Mrs. Ham spoke to the team on the proper use of silverware and napkins, tipping, how to seat a female companion and how to help her with her coat. Kentucky was 3-8 last year.

While Henry Aaron chases Babe Ruth, **Chris Drago** chases Henry Aaron. Drago, 32, is a former economics instructor who is so wild about Henry he drives from Memphis to Atlanta for all Brave home games in a 1959 Buick he bought for $8 after it was abandoned on a parking lot. He plans to make most of Aaron's road games, too, by purchasing the $200 Greyhound bus special that will permit him to ride anywhere during a two-month period. Already Drago has witnessed some milestones: homer No. 700, for instance. "We were in row 18," he says. "When the Hammer swung, I knew the ball was out. I thought I had a chance to catch it but it sailed into row 20. Next time I'll have a fishnet." Last winter Drago realized employment would interfere with his quest. He quit his job. "I'll go to a lot of inconvenience to do interesting things," he says.

Cincinnati Bengal Quarterback **Virgil Carter**, a statistician and computer tinkerer in the off-season, will write a syndicated column this fall. Fans are to propose field situations that Carter will feed into a computer and solve by probability analysis. The Bengals, of course, have their own computer in the person of Coach Paul Brown, who calls all the plays himself. Perhaps that is why Carter's column will be "blacked out" in Cincinnati. He doesn't want to be in the position of calling "run" on Monday morning in the same situation that Brown called "pass" on Sunday afternoon.

◆ No, it wasn't an arrow shot by a dwarf that **George Marks** discovered in the bough of that cedar tree. It was **Bob Betley's** golf ball, which had come to rest right next to a bird's nest during the Utah Open in Draper. Marks, an official of the Utah Golf Association, ruled Betley should get a free drop since, had he played the he, he would have struck the nest and the brown egg perched within. Betley got his drop but not his birdie. Leading the tournament at the time, he went bogey-bogey-bogey and wound up second. The egg missed the cut.



◆



The 49er Recipe Book, just released, contains the favorite dishes of the San Francisco 49ers as prepared by their wives. Well, almost. **Sue Brodie** makes "Mamma Manouch's Stuffed Grape Leaves" for John. **Cynthia Washington** prepares "Cherry Sour Cream Muffins" for Gene. **Debbie Sniadecki's** recipe for hubby Jim: "Take one pack of Stouffer's frozen lasagna. Open it."

Whittlin' **Walt Garrison**, the wood-cuttin' running back of the Dallas Cowboys, was allowed to sit out practice the other day. "Gave me a good chance to get into some serious whittlin'," said Walt. So Garrison carved out a serious figure that looked suspiciously like a large fish. It was. A dolphin.

Mr. Hornsby, meet, uh, Mr. Johnson

Ballplayers go to the figures each day like some people thumb first thing to the horoscopes; they see in them what they want to see. General managers look at numbers as if they were little knives to be stuck in the vulnerable hides of players, who in return use them for the same purpose against general managers. Some managers carry them around wherever they go, like cost accountants, always ready to assume a doubting eye. And for most of the fans, well, who knows what they would do if they didn't know who led the league in stolen hair blowers last year?

But for those fans who find figures too dry for their emotional tastes, for those who deplore them to the point of wishing they could have kicked Bob Cratchit in the stomach, and for those who fled the country for the summer away from great and terrible things, have you noticed the number next to the name of one player in the National League? If not, then let it be duly noted that Dave Johnson, a second baseman, is the home-run leader of the Atlanta Braves—not Henry Aaron, who has a more Olympian ambition.

That fact, of course, still may not mean much, unless you are familiar with the dossier of Dave Johnson and the threshold upon which he stands. Like Aaron, he, too, is close to being memorable. In a small way. That is, if you can ever imagine Rogers Hornsby being small in any way. For Johnson, who has hit 39 home runs this season, is only three away from tying Hornsby's record of 42, more than have been hit by any second baseman who ever played the game. The whole thing boggles the mind, and just goes to show you you can't count on anything anymore.

It is hard to guess what Hornsby, who considered himself a Van Gogh of hitters rather than a mere home-run producer, would say about all of this, but others may be saying it for him with one simple point. The architecture of the Atlanta ball park is the most persistent explanation of Johnson's sudden power. It is a park without any wind factor at all, and because of the altitude at which Atlanta sits, the ball goes out of there as if it were launched from Cape Kennedy. One look at this park and you've got to want to pick up a bat.

Aaron just comments incoherently on the subject of the park ("I don't know anything about any park thing"), and Johnson himself is equally at a loss for an explanation. "I think dumb now, I just attack now," says Dave. "That's what they do in this league—attack the ball. I go up trying to hit it as hard as I can." Johnson's work on the road lends credence to those who lean to the Atlanta park theory—he has hit 14 out on the road and 25 at home. But no matter how one looks at it, there is still this fact: 39 home runs by a second baseman who never hit more than 18 in his career.



ATLANTA'S STARTLING HOME-RUN HITTER TAKES A RIP

Second basemen just don't hit 39 home runs, not even in the National League, where they are much more dynamic and definite threats as hitters. A second baseman always seems to work in anonymity, far in shade of the big guns from the outfield and the pitchers who win 20 games. Certain things are required of him, and none of them have anything to do with power. He must never blow a pivot, one of the most beautiful plays in the game. He must be a reliable No. 2 hitter, spray the ball all over, drive in about 45 runs and hit about .250, with or without a big mouth. Second basemen are often thinkers, and they seem to make manager material.

That is the collective image of the second baseman, and Johnson, throughout his eight years with the Orioles, did not do too much to disprove it. Yet there was always something about him that made you think he could be many cuts above the rest at his position. From 1969 through 1971 he hit .280, .281 and .282. He could go deep just when you least expected it of him. In the field he was a reliable spoke in a tough defensive wheel, and you could not take him out of a double play with a torpedo. And he used his head, much to the chagrin of Manager Earl Weaver and to the amusement of those he played with.

Pitcher Dave McNally still winces at this recollection. On one of the few occasions that McNally had ever been wild, Johnson trotted in from second base and said, "Don't you know about the unfavorable chance deviation theory?" McNally looked at him in disbelief. Johnson explained: "When you're wild, aim for the middle of the plate because, since you're wild, it won't go where you want it. The ball will hit the corners, which is what you really want." That was only one of Johnson's many sudden theories.

Says Andy Etchebarren: "We sometimes made fun of his theories because after he'd go 3 for 4 he'd make a change in

continued

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his stance or something, thinking he was doing something wrong. He was dead serious. We were in Milwaukee last year, and he talked me into going to the park early so he could practice his flare swing. That's the inside-out swing by a right-handed hitter where he tries to hit the ball to right field with enough spin on it so it'll curve to the line."

Weaver was not spared Johnson's advice, either. Once Johnson asked, "Skip, why don't our runners try to steal more often when the count is 1 and 2 on the batter? The pitcher always throws a breaking pitch in that situation." Weaver asked, "Do you always get a breaking pitch on 1 and 2?"

"Not always," Johnson admitted. "Well," said Weaver, "I can't send our runners when it's 1 and 2 on you, then, now can I?"

Things went progressively sour between Weaver and Johnson last season. The club was going badly, and Weaver, religious about statistics and platooning, shuffled players constantly. Johnson resented the moves. He eventually lost his job to Bobby Grich. Weaver says he is fond of Johnson. "The only thing he couldn't cope with last season," Weaver says, "was the pain in his shoulder. He hurt it sliding a few years ago, and even though we sent him to all kinds of doctors, nothing seemed to help. That caused his bad year at the plate last season. Knowing he was having a bad year and wouldn't get a raise [Johnson is known as a hard contract], he became unhappy. So the trade worked out nicely. Dave will get a nice raise next season."

At the time Johnson was surprised at being sent to Atlanta. "The Orioles," he said, "gave up too much. Really, I'm serious. The Braves got two frontline pitchers, a good young defensive catcher, who hits line drives, and me. I consider myself a player who's just reaching his prime." Even so, Johnson had other thoughts before the season began, and Mark Belanger could not help but sense them when he visited Johnson during the winter in Orlando, Fla., Johnson had a batting cage and a pitching machine in his backyard, and there was even a spotlight for practicing at night.

"That is great," Belanger said. "Is it helping you?"

"I don't know," replied Johnson. "I've only used it once. My shoulder is still bothering me. If I don't have a good year, I'll probably hang 'em up. I just can't swing the bat."

An isometric exercise eventually restored the swing, and now Johnson glitters even in the giant shade of Henry Aaron. But the Braves? They are a curious club, sometimes reminding one of a fat ballerina, if ever there was such a specimen. Their defense is comically porous, their pitchers don't fool anyone except maybe their catchers, and the innings can be long in the field. "My feet get awfully sore standing out there for 20 minutes," Johnson says. Yet they are not a bore to watch with bats in their hands. There is Aaron. There is Johnson. And there is Third Baseman Darrell Evans.

"Evans," says Johnson of his teammate, who has 36 home runs, "has a beautiful swing. If I was a manager and had to start a club, he'd be my third baseman."

"Has the emphasis of the bat on the Braves hurt you defensively?" Johnson was asked. He has committed 24 errors, and Evans has made 23. "Well," Johnson said, "I don't know about that, but I've never had such a bad year in the field."

Looking at him, it is impossible to equate him with the majesty that was Hornsby. Johnson makes you think of one of those young men who like to hang around garages in the South. Hornsby with his cold blue eyes and blunt tongue, was a presence that challenged, and many over the years found they could do without it. Johnson is capable of achieving a rich life outside of baseball; for Hornsby there was only baseball. "People ask me what I do in the winter when there's no baseball," Hornsby once said. "I'll tell ya. I sit and stare out the window and wait for spring."

Johnson will do nothing like that this winter. He will sell real estate. He will go flying—he paid $3,000 for lessons. He will answer questions at banquets about how he came to hit all those home runs. "The difference," he says now, "is in the two leagues. Over here in the National League they let you play. The game isn't overmanaged. It's fun to play over here, but it wasn't over there." And most of all, during the winter Dave Johnson will study his figures, those diabolical columns of reality upon which a player's worth stands, and he will most surely agree with Brooks Robinson, who, before Johnson's latest clout, said, "Thirty-eight homers; why, that's good even in a telephone booth."

THE WEEK

(Sept 18)

by MORTON SHARNIK

AL EAST Boston took some steam out of Baltimore's drive toward the playoffs, winning three of four from the Orioles, but still trailed them by five games. "At this point in the season, with our advantage in the loss column, I'm happy," said Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver.

Boston's taste of success was soured by a flap in the press over those old reliables of controversy, Reggie Smith and Rico Petrocelli. Their former teammate, Hawk Harrelson, unearthed at a golf tournament, was quoted as saying that Smith "undermines the whole club."

Smith was leading the team in batting average, bad knees and tantrums. Meanwhile, although Petrocelli was *hors de combat* after an operation for removal of calcium from his elbow, there were suggestions that both he and Smith be traded. Yaz? He was safe at third, playing regularly at that position for the first time in his career because of Rico's injury, and was on a 13-game hitting binge that raised his average to .298. But came Saturday, and Yaz made three errors, went hitless and was razzed by the fans.

The Tigers were all but out of the race, but Detroit still was making plenty of news. First, General Manager Jim Campbell fired Manager Billy Martin for his obstreperous defense of some Tiger spitball antics. For that Campbell was hanged in effigy at the ball park. Then bullets from a gunfight in a neighboring apartment ripped into Campbell's living room, narrowly missing him. "So endeth a dull week in Detroit," said Campbell grimly.

The Yankees, working their way down the standings, gave up on this season and traded the Alou brothers, Matty to the Cardinals and Felipe to the Expos, thus chopping an estimated $150,000 from the payroll.

Though the Yanks still held a 3½-game advantage over the fifth-place Brewers, Milwaukee was not unhappy. Attendance went over the million mark for the first time since the expansion Seattle Pilots came East, and the Brewers had more than money to cheer about. Pitcher Jim Colborn won No. 18. Another fine young pitcher, Jim Slaton, got No. 12. Yet it was left to Ed Rodriguez, an obscure hurler with a 7-6 record, to make history. Rodriguez became the first American League pitcher to get a hit in this inaugural year of the DH, and according to Manager Del Crandall, he tried to refuse the order to bat for himself. That was not the case, explained Rodriguez in his limited English. "I tell Crandall, 'I'm not allowed to hit.'

continued



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I think he made a mistake." In any language, Rodriquez hit a triple off Cleveland reliever Jerry Johnson and so earned his niche in trivia land.

Cleveland's financial woe, a bath of red ink that could reach $1 million, obscured the team's second-half resurgence. After a dismal 36-67 pace during the first two-thirds of the season, the Indians have been 25-16 since July 29.

BALT 81-57 BOST 78-64 DET 75-68
NY 72-70 MIL 68-73 CLEV 61-83

AL WEST

It was a messy kind of week for the Oakland A's, but at the end of it—even as Reggie Jackson, their most valuable player (and perhaps the league's), pulled a hamstring muscle—there they were 5½ games ahead of second-place Kansas City. Jackson, baseball's RBI leader with 112, will be out 10 days or more, possibly until the season's end if the A's remain comfortably ahead. But the team's powerful pitching staff suddenly seemed shaky. "We've been getting lousy pitching," said Manager Dick Williams bluntly. In 12 games he had made 28 calls to the bullpen. Although Catfish Hunter was a winner, Catcher Ray Fosse said he was "not popping, just pushing the ball, maybe afraid to cut loose after his layoff." Rollie Fingers, usually a control artist, was giving up walks. Vida Blue's overpowering fastball had diminished. Still, Ken Holtzman won No. 20, and tempers were right-on. The A's lost to Nolan Ryan but won the next three curse-filled brawls from the Angels. In one, California's Mike Epstein high-tagged Bill North on a bunt down the first-base line to start one of many flare-ups.

Fortunately for Oakland, Kansas City's pitching was even worse. It was, in fact, in a state of collapse. The KC staff gave up 30 runs and 51 hits in four straight losses to the Twins and Angels. Only twice since July 29 had the starters completed games. And ace Paul Splittorff failed for the seventh straight time to get his 16th victory. "We are looking for help from above for our bullpen," said Manager Jack McKeon. Acts of God apart, KC's chances of heading off Oakland were dim. Even their six-game lead over Chicago was less than comforting.

The White Sox, with an eight-game winning streak and 12 wins in 13 games, were coming on. Knuckleballer Wilbur Wood (23-18) gave credit to young Sox players. "When the kids came up, they were so scared they were even quiet in the clubhouse," said Wood. "Then they got the feel of things." It helped that the Sox averaged eight runs a game in seven victories during the week.

The Twins, although leading the majors with a .270 team batting average, continued their so-so ways, winning four of seven. Bert Blyleven pitched his 17th victory (and eighth shutout, the most in baseball), and his ERA of 2.38 tops all league starters. Even so, Blyleven was dour. "Winning," he said, "is all that matters." A pennant, that is.

Reports of Bobby Winkles' departure proved to be premature, but the Angel manager remained uneasy. A rookie centerfielder with the poetic handle of John Milton Rivers provided some encouragement, something for an uneasy man hoping to hang on. Rivers went 5 for 9 and stole two bases to lead California to a doubleheader sweep of Kansas City. However, the Angels managed only one other victory and lost five games. The Texas Rangers, possessed of the worst record in baseball, fired Manager Whitey Herzog and grabbed Billy Martin, who offered a couple of Martinisms: "Winning is everything," and "I'd play Adolf Hitler to win." This the Rangers promptly did, 4-3 over the A's.

OAK 82-59 KC 76-64 CHI 71-71
MINN 68-72 CAL 64-73 TEX 49-91

NL EAST

When the season is finally over, the Cardinals are going to try to figure out how they managed to stay in contention, never mind get out ahead of the field. There is no easy explanation except perhaps that Manager Red Schoendienst has done a masterful job and received timely cooperation from embarrassed, reluctant contenders. Even so, it appears that mirrors or tricks with wires have come into play. St. Louis has less power than any team in either league, with only 67 homers for the season, and two key pitchers, Bob Gibson and Scipio Spinks, have missed a good part of the year. But Lou Brock was his old larcenous self (he leads the majors with 62 stolen bases), and Catcher Ted Simmons had hit safely in 19 games on his way to a third .300 season. And so, despite a weekend tailspin in Chicago, the Cardinals split eight games and retained a hairy one-game lead over Pittsburgh.

When the Pirates dropped three to St. Louis, General Manager Joe Brown fired Manager Bill Virdon and brought back Danny Murtaugh for his fourth go-round as the Pirate boss. It was Murtaugh who guided the world champion Pirates of 1960 and 1971. Before Murtaugh had eased himself well back into his old dugout, the Pirates had a win over the Phillies, and Murtaugh was a happy man. "I can't deny it," he said. "Anytime you've managed and then had to leave, you regret it. You miss it." But the smiling Irishman was in for more than fun and games. There were fences to mend, hurt feelings to soothe. If Pirate pitching was in and out, at least Murtaugh had a powerful, dependable bat in Willie Stargell, who hit his 37th and 38th home runs of the season.

But even the Expos were crowding Pittsburgh. They were a breathless 1½ games behind and playing the best baseball yet seen in Montreal's Jarry Park—impressive enough in the crazy mixed-up East, where .500 is currently a lofty niche. Though the mercury plummeted, and the winds blew, the fans were ecstatic when the Expos took three games from the Cubs. A *Montreal Star* headline boasted: RAIN, CUBS, CAN'T COOL OFF THE RED HOT EXPOS. Then the Mets, playing in what amounted to a wind tunnel aimed at right field, took both ends of a doubleheader. Neither the fans nor the Expos were dismayed: Montreal came back to win the next game behind the brilliant young right-hander, Steve Rogers, who outdueled the Mets' Tom Seaver 3-1 for the win. "I can't remember seeing such great pitching over three games," said Expos Manager Gene Mauch. Mike Marshall had pitched 11⅓ honorable innings of the lost doubleheader to set a National League record for games finished (63), and for Rogers the victory over Seaver was his sixth complete game in 12 starts. The winning hit was a homer by Ken Singleton, once a Met himself.

The Mets had their own not-so-secret hopes, winning four in a row to creep past the Cubs and making Manager Yogi Berra a far better bet to return in the same job next year. The rumor mill awarding the position suddenly closed down, and the papers ceased speculation as to his successor. The pitching was generally sharp. Tug McGraw saved the first game against Montreal and won the second. What the Mets needed most was a hitter—someone like, uh, Ken Singleton to bounce a few off the fences.

Perhaps the most baffling team was Chicago. Once strong leaders, then more or less given up for dead, they were humiliated last week by Pittsburgh, fell further off the pace in Montreal, came limping (physically and emotionally) back to Chicago and whipped the Cards twice to tighten the race. The Cubs were not particularly impressive—there were missed signals and missed opportunities—but Billy Williams' streaky bat was hot and it kept the Cubs alive. In a 14-game tear Williams had 25 hits to raise his average to .302.

Manager Danny Ozark couldn't believe it. "Everything we threw at the Expos they hit," moaned the Phillie manager. "Strikes, balls, good pitches and bad ones." In the end the Phillies were buried by Montreal 12-0. That kind of thing happened all week as Philadelphia lost seven of eight and dropped nine games behind St. Louis.

ST. L 72-70 PITT 69-69 MONT 69-72
NY 68-74 CHI 67-73 PHIL 63-79

NL WEST

On Aug. 30 the Dodgers were four games in front. On Labor Day they played the Giants, hoping to hold on to what was by then a one-game lead. Surely this was going to be a piece of cake. Pitcher Tommy John carried an 8-1

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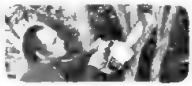
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margin into the late innings. But it was not to be. Bonehead plays set the stage for a Bobby Bonds grand-slam home run that gave S.in Francisco an extraordinary 11–8 victory. That was but one grim interlude in a disastrous week, which left the Dodgers winless in September as Cincinnati shot ahead.

"It's not the pressure," Manager Walt Alston stoutly declared. Whatever it was, the Dodgers seemed to have forgotten how to hit, and relief pitching provided anything but relief. Meanwhile starters Andy Messersmith and Don Sutton have become walking wounded, Messersmith with a pulled hamstring, Sutton with a sore shoulder. Compounding the aggravation was Centerfielder Willie Davis' bum knee. All this added up to a nine-game losing streak—the last three defeats by unmenacing San Diego, which had turned the same trick the first week in July.

LA's slump, as fate would have it, coincided roughly with Cincinnati's seven-game winning streak. Pete Rose (*page 40*) was abloom, and the Reds' rookies, Ken Griffey, Dan Driessen and Ed Ambrister, were hitting the Haitian hide off the baseball. "Those kids are doing a hell of a job," said 25-year-old Shortstop Darrell Chaney. Indeed, it was the youngsters' assault that gave the Reds a sweep over Houston. Then came a trip to Atlanta, however, and two straight losses to the Braves. In the second of those games Henry Aaron hit homer No. 709, his third of the week. But despite the home-run bats of Aaron, Dave Johnson and several other Braves, Atlanta could do no better than split eight games.

San Francisco, still a factor in the divisional race, won seven of eight and 13 of its last 18, despite pitching that was seldom overpowering. Ron Bryant interrupted all the high-scoring contests with a one-hitter for his 21st victory of the year, and though the Giants were pulling out wins with dramatic late-inning rallies, the fans continued to stay in hiding.

Houston remained a puzzle. The Astros' impressive lineup could not develop any consistency, a problem that has been with the team all season. "I'll go with my best against the Giants, Dodgers and Reds," said Manager Leo Durocher, choosing to retain a pat lineup rather than experiment with rookies. Houston thereupon lost three to the Reds and split a pair with the Giants, after joining in the fun against the Dodgers. This left the Astros at an even .500.

The city of San Diego is suing to keep the Padres from moving, even though at one point last week they had lost eight straight and fallen 35 games behind. Ah, well, there were those three victories over the Dodgers, and nobody can litigate them away. For the season the Padres are 9-6 against LA.

CIN 85-57 LA 83-60 SF 80-60
HOUS 72-72 ATL 69-74 SD 52-89



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GOLF / *Gwilym S. Brown*



MOSTLY, WEISKOPF AVOIDED TROUBLE

Tom cures the blahs

On the first day of play the high-priced foursome reached the 13th tee, and there they were told they would have to wait for a while. NBC's baseball Game of the Week, the Cubs vs. the Cardinals, was still in the ninth inning and, until it was over, action in the World Series of Golf would come to a halt. The network's cameras remained poised, ready.

"Tell whoever's pitching to hurry up and pitch so we can get going," said Jack Nicklaus to a network official who carried a walkie-talkie.

"Hey, Jack, I'm wearing a pair of your slacks," put in a voice from the crowd, enriching the already pervasive climate of casually ragged disinterest. "Have you got time to do a commercial?"

Despite ingredients that are invariably prime stuff, the World Series of Golf continues to be a sporting enigma, a spectacle whose time somehow seems to have come and gone, or perhaps never came at all. Once again last week the event, which for 12 years has thrust together in a precisely television-shaped, two-day, 36-hole face-off the winners of golf's four major championships, was loaded with potential excitement -and produced barely stifled yawns.

The most resourceful producer could hardly have lined up a more interesting cast of characters. Here were Tommy Aaron, golf's Mr. Also-Ran until he won the Masters at Augusta this spring; brisk, blond young Johnny Miller, whose electrifying final-round 63 had brought him the U.S. Open; Tom Weiskopf, who climaxed an incredible summer hot streak with the British Open title; and of course, Nicklaus, the old reliable himself, making his ninth appearance in the series. As Miller put it, the contest was three World Series rookies vs. Mr. Invincible. And the course was one of golf's finest, the long and demanding Firestone Country Club in Akron.

Yet, when Weiskopf had fashioned a two-round score of 137 to earn the winner's check of $50,000 by a three-shot margin over Nicklaus and Miller, when the television cables and cameras had been folded up and hauled off, and the gallery of some 6,000 had faded away with the setting sun, what remained for the record books was an exhibition containing about as much significance for golf or golfers as a big fat divot.

"It's hard to say exactly what's wrong," said Nicklaus before this year's show began. "It certainly has the perfect format. It's played on a very fine golf course. But it has just never evolved, it has never been accepted by the public for what it should have been, a true test of who is the best golfer of the year."

Nicklaus had sought seclusion in the locker room after completing only nine holes of his Friday practice round. An infected finger had required potent antibiotic injections, and muscular Jack was feeling weak and washed-out. "There was no way I wanted to play another nine holes," he said. "I didn't even want to play the first nine." Then he added, "But if this really meant something, you can bet I would have finished out even if my hand was falling off."

What should be done? Keep up with inflation by raising the winner's purse to, say, $100,000? Keep up with Women's Lib by bringing in a champion from the women's tour and letting her play from the short tees?

"No," said the man who had won the Series four times and taken $252,000 out of Akron. "It's got to be moved around the country, not played on the same course every year. Firestone is already overexposed from another annual tournament and an annual network television series. I certainly don't want to malign Firestone, it's a very good course, but this World Series should shift every year. That way, I think, you could revive the excitement and the atmosphere it needs and make it a real tournament instead of just a TV show."

Jack's three opponents also seemed infected with ennui. Before a gallery of a few hundred spectators they trudged through the last nine holes of the practice round without him. Afterward, at a postpractice interview, the atmosphere in the press tent did not crackle with suspense. The major question seemed to be whether all four players would lay their heads down on the table in front of them and fall fast asleep. Almost, but not quite, it turned out. Miller, having shot an excellent four-under-par 66, showed all the jubilation of an eight-over shooter.

"Maybe I'm just speaking for myself, but I think we all get pretty tired about this time of year," he said, plopping his forehead into a cupped hand in a mock gesture of fatigue. "We've played the four big ones and after the PGA we're drained. That's probably why no one ever rips this course apart during the World Series."

Aaron and Weiskopf and Nicklaus certainly looked bloodless and glassy-eyed, too, but they struggled to emit encouraging noises. "Oh, yes, I'll be trying hard to win," said Nicklaus. "In fact, for some reason I feel even more desire than usual." Jack, however, could elaborate no further on why he felt this way.

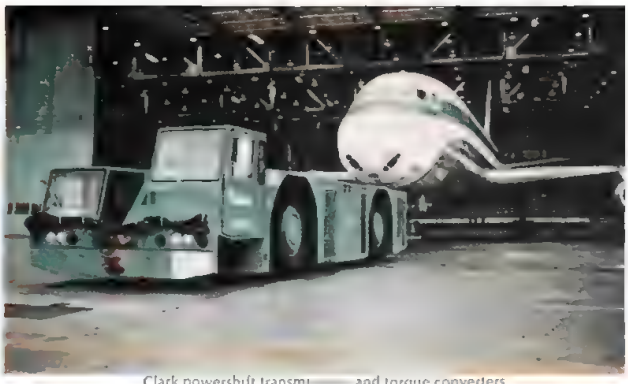
"Yes, yes, I wouldn't be here if I didn't think I could win," said Weiskopf, propped in his chair as if he feared top-

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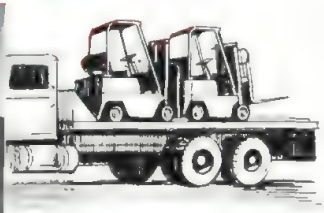




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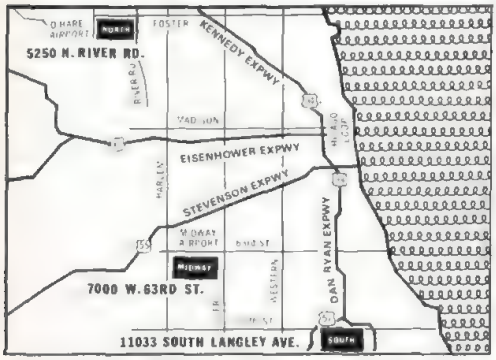
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pling over. "In fact, maybe my being here for the first time will give me more incentive to win than Jack. He's played in this so often." No one seemed particularly impressed at this assessment of the situation and even Tom looked doubtful.

"I don't mind being considered the underdog," murmured Aaron, whose play since last April's Masters has gone from good to bad to yecch, and who maintained this tempo with a dismal practice round of 74. But Tommy, at least, strode off to the practice tee for a 90-minute workout. It attracted a gallery of seven.

Nothing that occurred during the first official round next day disproved the notion that these usually keen golfing minds were thinking about something else: the UCLA-Nebraska football game, perhaps, or how to get out of town quick. Drives sprayed, patches of rough and clouds of sand flew as if the foursome had been drawn from Firestone members exclusively. Weiskopf spun dizzyingly from bogey and double-bogey to birdie. When he birdied the 225-yard par-3 seventh, even Nicklaus expressed pleasure. "I'm glad you did that," said Jack to Tom. "I was beginning to think we might lose you after the ninth hole."

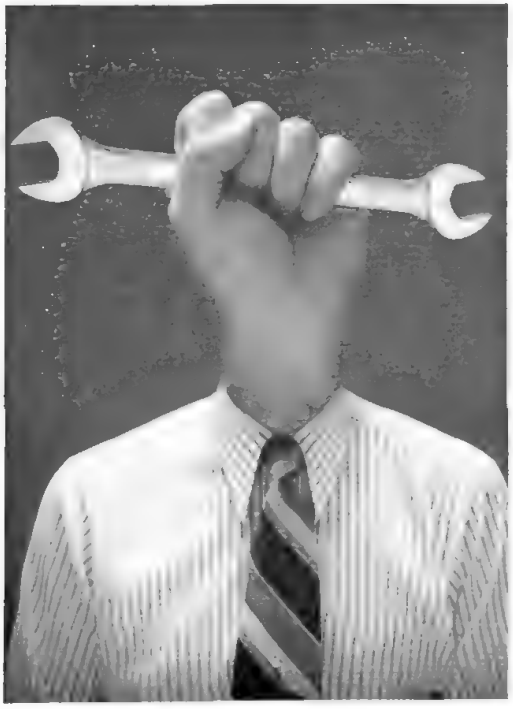
On the 13th, after the cameras had finally switched on for real, Weiskopf socked his drive far to the right of the fairway, where it rolled behind a tree. Perhaps bored, tired, vexed at the delay or annoyed by a course that has never been high on his popularity chart, Weiskopf glowered and snapped: "Another one of my favorite holes."

The scrambling, the bogeys and the grumbling continued right to the finish, with the day's only real bit of interest occurring at the 16th hole, a safari-length par-5 of 625 yards with a pond fronting the green. After two monstrously long strokes Nicklaus inexplicably flipped a short wedge shot into the mucky embankment on the green side of the pond. As Jack dramatically removed a shoe, pulled a pair of waterproof pants over his lime green slacks, put the shoe back on for better traction and then, half in and half out of the water, blasted his ball out of the mud and onto the green, the spectators uttered their loudest roar of the day. It may not have been good golf, but at least it was good show biz. Nonetheless, Jack bogeyed while Weiskopf birdied, and the two finished the first round with 71s. Miller trailed at 73, and Aaron had a fat 76.

The four emerged from the ordeal subdued and ever so slightly apologetic. "We played medium-lousy to lousy," summarized Jack, "but not as bad as we looked. The course was playing tough."

Perhaps Weiskopf had the most logical explanation. A 71 is no disaster at Firestone, but he, like the rest, had been wild and sloppy. "Maybe I haven't practiced enough for this," he said. "Maybe it's a natural letdown. Maybe I'm just not putting enough thought into it."

The next day at least three of them did put more thought into it. Nicklaus had a 69, and Miller a 67. But Weiskopf's 66 proved him the deepest and most profitable thinker of all. END



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Even jumping into boats

Nobody can cook fish like the French, but they are not much good at catching them—not game fish, anyway. Until last week only three indisputably French names could be found among the 601 world records, covering 49 species, recognized by the International Game Fish Association. Now there is a fourth, and it is some record. On the second day of the 15th Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament at Kona, a 34-year-old contractor from Tahiti named Eric Tixier hooked a big blue marlin on 80-pound test line. It took a two-hour-and-five-minute battle to find out how big it really was. When the fish finally was boated and then hung up and weighed, Tixier discovered he had broken the world 80-pound test record by 93 pounds—his fish weighed 916.

Early in the summer inflation had combined with other problems to threaten this event's demise, but 61 teams—11 of them from foreign countries—were to gather for the five-day quest for marlin and *ahi* (yellowfin tuna). Within 48 hours three world records were produced, a feat never before accomplished in competitive fishing. Besides Tixier, Doris Jones, a 110-pound, 55-year-old grandmother and an experienced angler, outgamed a 669-pound marlin on 130-pound test to break the world women's record, and Welby Taylor, a Honolulu hotel consultant, boated a 663-pounder on 50-pound test to break a world mark of 475 pounds set in 1966. The 1,326 points Taylor earned for that fish (in tournament scoring, a fish caught on 130-pound test wins points to match its weight; 80-pound test provides a 30% dividend, and 50-pound test gets double) put his Mauna Kea Fishing Club into a lead it never relinquished on its way to the championship.

With the proliferation of fishing tournaments, it has become fashionable to denigrate them as circuses in which rank novices are likely to win by luck alone. This is true of many, and until fairly recently the Hawaiian tournament also had no screening procedures. Two things moved the HIBT out of the show biz category: 1) limiting the number of entrants; and 2) the active participation of the National Marine Fisheries Service. The limitation proved valuable—not only were the participating teams captained by experienced anglers, but the number of fish taken surpassed the 1972 and 1971 figures despite much heavier reliance on 50- and 80-pound test lines. In 1970 there were 74 fish caught on 130-pound test; this year 30 fish were taken on 130, 45 on 80 and 23 on 50.

For some time the National Marine Fisheries Service has been interested in the Kona contest, and last year the marriage of sport and science was consummated. Under tournament sponsorship, more than 100 marine biologists gathered at Kona for a symposium on billfish behavior. When the symposium's findings are evaluated and published, probably next spring, they will constitute the first definitive analysis of billfish migrations, populations and mercury infestation. Dr. Frank Williams, director of the 1972 study, declared, "We now have assembled 100 years' worth of knowledge about billfish; it will be 10 years before we can add much to it." But experts in the field returned to continue tests on fish caught and careful charting of their locations.

The scientific gloss the tournament acquired in no way obscured the drama it provided. One 200-pounder jumped into a contestant's boat just before it was brought to gaff, and another, apparently unaware that the contest was over, made a similar leap into the boat *Aumoana* as its skipper was trolling home to Honolulu. The first boarder was subdued without incident, but the second stabbed the captain through the neck, knocked another man flat, smashed three rods and reels and then went over the side and threw the hook.

The record catches were less bizarre, though Doris Jones suffered a couple of rips in the muscles around her rib cage before landing her fish in one hour. Welby Taylor had a longer struggle. An hour after his sunset hookup a coupling sheared on the *Mali Kai's* propellor shaft. As darkness fell some of Taylor's team-

mates kept the boat stern-on to the fish with paddles while Rick Rainalter went over the side with a hammer (but without a face mask or any diving gear) and pounded the shaft back into place. Even then the boat had no reverse capability, and it took Taylor two hours and 45 minutes to land the fish. "It seemed like all night," Taylor said later. Tixier had no such problems, and the fact that his club, Haura, from Papeete, uses only 80- and 50-pound test had prepared him for the brawl the big blue offered. He used a standard Konahead plastic lure, substantially modified. "I cut here and there," Haura Captain Alban Ellacott said. "It is legal, and it made the lure work better."

The large fish were taken in the first two days of the tournament, but on the final day Dorothy Hooper of Vero Beach, a one-woman team representing the Florida Deep Sea Fishing Club, came on like Silky Sullivan to win the *ahi* championship. Mrs. Hooper, who had been blanked earlier, hooked a tuna on 50-pound test around noon and expected a brisk but predictable contest. However, the drag on her reel gave way, and she fought the fish for three hours in blazing heat, braking the line with one gloved and one bare hand. Her catch weighed 166 pounds, and her double points for light tackle gave her the title. If you run into Dorothy, shake hands gently.

Oh yes, Black Bart Miller (SI, Aug. 16, 1971) for the second time won the Henry Chee Memorial trophy given the most successful charter skipper. Nobody else has ever won it twice. Miller boated six fish for his teams. In all, 99 fish were boated, excluding an estimated six-pound *ahi* caught by Honolulu's Rodney Inaba, who had the good grace not to present it at the weighing station.

Aside from the data collected by the biologists, the tournament's most significant contribution may very well have been the push it gave to fishing with lighter tackle. Anglers lose more fish with 80- and 50-pound tackle (about 125 were lost at Kona), but once securely hooked, the sporting challenge is immeasurably increased. It is the encouragement of that challenge, plus its scientific orientation, that differentiates the Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament from most of the others. **END**

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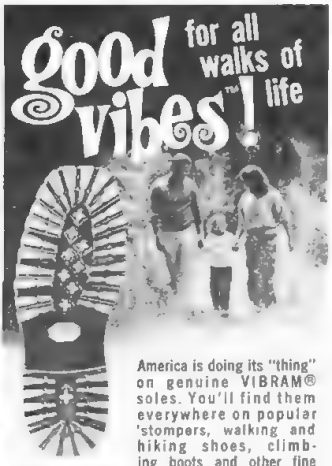


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Now he's throwing a wet one, too

Pro Don McCune, seldom a winner, tried out the soft shell and soon became the game's biggest moneymaker

The brave men of sport—the foolish ones, some would say: the sky divers and the Indy drivers, and lately the professional bowlers—pass their days at the edge of eternity. The sky is soft but the ground is hard, like the Brickyard and like the wood of the bowling lanes and the plastic of the balls. In bowling that means trouble. And what is being done about it—the solution, literally—means more trouble. In professional bowling circles these days the following is the subject of a bet: Which bowler will be the first to blow up his motel room?

The solution, the most well known of many being used, is MEK—methyl ethyl ketone. It is a solvent, as are the others, and the pros are using it to soften plastic bowling balls. But MEK is also toxic and highly flammable. Breathing it can cause brain damage. As one cautious pro says, "I'd rather carry a hand grenade in my pocket than use that stuff." So he uses a diluted mixture. He wants to live, but he also wants to make a living.

This is why it all began, say some of the pros. By 1970 a new, harder finish was being used to cover the lanes on the pro tour. It was much less flammable than the old finish, and much more durable, which meant money saved in maintenance and insurance. But bowling balls were no soft touch either. Rated for hardness on a zero to 100 scale, very few softer than 80 were being made. And the hard balls on the hard lanes caused what should have been good shots to skid. The ball wasn't grabbing as it had. Good bowlers were having trouble hooking. Enter a Munster, Ind. pro named Don McCune who said he could not even scratch the ball with a knife. "And the alleys were too damned hard," he said.

McCune went looking for a substance that would soften a bowling ball, and last November he got a list of solvents from a chemist with one of history's more appropriate names—John Supple. McCune will not reveal which one of the solvents he picked, but he got a five-gallon can of whatever it was and dropped his ball in it overnight. Next morning he could indent the ball's surface with a thumbnail. He promptly took the ball to the Stardust Lanes in nearby Hammond, where he rolled a fine 763 series. "Stardust is a tough house," McCune says, "and I couldn't wait for the winter tour to start."

A bowling lane is 39 boards wide, and until that day McCune's ball had been hooking over only three or four boards at most. On this day it was hooking 10 or more. McCune says, "When the hard ball would hit the pocket, the right spot for a strike, it would deflect from the one to the three pin, then take the five and nine, in that order. Often a pin would remain standing. But this ball hit the one and the three and crashed on through. It had triple the hitting power."

McCune had won but two Professional Bowlers Association tournaments in his 10 years as a pro. Now he set out on the winter tour of 1973. He won at Winston-Salem. The following week he won at Milwaukee. "The soft ball gave me a lot of confidence," he says. "That's half the battle in sports."

The summer tour began and McCune went to Downey, Calif., where he had trouble controlling his hook with the soaked ball. Since no one else had a softy, he figured he might as well try a regular ball, and he won with that. But he returned to the soaker. Three meets later, at the Fresno Open in late June, he won again, with a 248 average over the last eight games. "Everyone was going crazy," McCune says. "They suspected something, so I told them I was using a soft-surface ball. But that's all."

McCune's traveling partner was and is Jim Stefanich, who claims not to have become curious over his roommate's success. "I don't pay any attention to anyone's bowling balls," he says, but Stefanich had been looking into the hardness problem on his own. Particularly, he spoke with a 48-year-old Californian named Bill Taylor, who uses solvents in his car polishing business and graciously admits, "I am the fountainhead of knowledge in bowling." (His book *Fitting and Drilling a Bowling Ball* is being published this week.) He told Stefanich that MEK could destroy his lungs in a motel room in three or four hours, so Stefanich chose a slightly less dangerous compound—he is not telling which—and Stefanich was soaker No. 2.

continued

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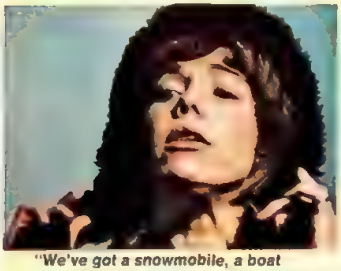
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At Fresno in June bowler Tim Albin asked Taylor for advice, and half an hour later pro George Pappas said, "Bill, do you know what this soaking business is all about?" Before the day was out seven more players asked the question of Taylor, who said, "At this rate of desecretization [sic] it won't be long before an Eskimo living outside Fairbanks, Alaska will blast his wife, his igloo and his bowling ball into the Bering Sea."

The Redwood City Open followed Fresno, and it was the first big soaker meet. McCune won, his second back-to-back combination of the year. Two weeks later, at the Houston-Sertoma Open, 22 of 24 finalists were soaking. The qualifying average was 214, or eight points higher than the previous year, when the lanes were considered easier. Representatives of San Antonio's Columbia Industries, a leading bowling ball manufacturer, rushed to Houston to find out what was going on. They returned to the factory and made a batch of balls of a 55-to-60 hardness. The balls were all presoftened, and many of the pro bowlers tried them in the following weeks. Pappas, for instance, could not control his hook with a soaked ball, but he finished third in the PBA National Championship at Oklahoma City with the Columbia ball. It was easier to control than the soaker which, he says, "swerves in that last 20 feet as though it hit a brick wall." But regularly now he uses the soaker, which has helped him five pins a game. He says, "If you're bowling good, it's just like shooting fish in a barrel."

McCune, of course, had a head start, and Pappas says, "He's worked it to a science." In 1971 McCune made $16,990 on the tour and in 1972 $23,828. So far this year, with the fall tour still to come, he leads the PBA with $61,055.

But even with earnings like that the soaked ball is not the only lane to bowling riches. For one thing, it does not seem to work too well for southpaws, who comprise fewer than 10% of professional bowlers. Their side of the lanes is less worn down and more oily—not so good for a really soft ball. The winner two weeks ago at Oklahoma City, which ended the summer tour, was a lefty, Earl Anthony. He used one of the new Columbia soft balls, not a soaker, but he says "I think I would have won with a regular ball. I never soaked a ball, but I suppose you just get a bucketful of chemicals." Right.

So that is how it all washes out. Most of the pro bowlers are soaking now, and it appears that the level of scores is rising. But the novelty is over. Soon, even with the use of solvents, the professional tour will again be evenly competitive and skill, not solvents, will once more be paramount. As one soaker says, "The soft ball magnifies everything. It makes everyone a little better, but it won't make a superstar of a bad bowler. Even if we throw oranges and apples down the lanes the good bowlers are still gonna win." **END**



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I am sitting in the stadium at Cypress Gardens, Fla., waiting for the famous water-ski show to begin. I'm surrounded by people with cameras, and the man who will be giving us the best camera angles is sitting somewhere in our midst with a microphone.

I think most of us could pick a 250 on f4 and a distance of about 50 feet. Remember, there's a lot of reflection around water—your skiers might come out dark.

He's the professional photographer on duty at Cypress Gardens today to make sure that we get good pictures of the show. I don't care about good pictures.



I don't even own a camera. I just want to see the show.

Movies: 16 frames per second, halfway between 5.6 and 8. You folks with Kodachrome and Ektachrome should. . . .

My fellow tourists are as busy as only fellow tourists with cameras can be—fiddling and adjusting, loading and winding, peering through meters and rummaging through cases appended to them by straps. We are a sea of straps.

If you have a zoom lens, now's the time to take it out and put it in a handy place.

Why am I here? I am here because I am destined to be here. Cypress Gardens has been locked into my consciousness for as long as I can remember. I grew up in the age before television, when my only chance to catch a few moments of big-league baseball—aside from going to a game—was in the Fox Movietone newsreel that preceded the feature at our local movie house. It always had a sports segment near the end, after the inevitable fire in an oil storage tank and just before Lew Lehr ("monkeys is the cwaziest people"), and sometimes, if I was lucky, I could see one of my flanneled heroes like Mel Ott in action. I didn't even insist on baseball—it could be any decent sport that I had been following in the sports pages. Football or tennis or golf. But usually it was Cypress Gardens.

Remember, folks, as they come from the left, stop your panning and let them ski out of the picture before you cut. Otherwise your skiers will look like they're bumping into each other.

Once in a while Fox Movietone News avoided water skiing and covered some other sport that nobody wanted to see, like archery. They loved archers at Fox. But that didn't mean I was off the hook. There were still a few travelogues and "short subjects" to be traversed before I could reach the feature film. Is there anything longer in human experience than a short subject? I can still hear the flatulent opening words: "Hidden as if by magic from the bustle of Florida's teeming highways, Cypress Gardens is an enchanted paradise where breathtaking feats of aquatic agility. . . ."

It's fairly cloudy today, folks, and the light may vary after the show starts. If it moves half a stop one way or another I'll let you know.

Now it was rendezvous time with my destiny. Driving along Florida's teeming highways I had noticed the billboards and heard them calling me to Cypress Gardens. They said that I had seen the water skiers in movies and I had seen them on television and I had seen them on postcards. Now I could see them.

If your camera jams up on you, there's a darkroom right back of the stadium. Feel free to use it.

In the stadium we are agog with preparations. The show is about to start—the peppy strains of water-skiing music tell us so. Cameras are at the ready. Here they come! Six girls trot down to the edge of the water and step into their skis.

Stills: if you wait and let 'em stand up on water you'll get a prettier shot.

The girls stand up on water. They are as pretty as a picture. Everybody gets a shot.

Movies: roll 'em!

Movies roll all around me. The girls ski past us in formation and are gone.

We'll swing 'em around in front of the stadium one more time in case you didn't get 'em.

The girls swing around one more time.

Shoot it! Good. Now you want to watch Laverne. He'll step off and ride on the soles of his bare feet at 35 miles an hour. He's getting ready for the step-off. He's on 'em! Roll 'em, Movies! Stills, shoot! Cut, Movies!

Laverne goes by on his bare feet. I watch him with wonder. Around me the stands are alive with the sound of whirring and clicking.

On your left, taking off on one ski backward, is—wait, let him turn around. O.K., he's turned around. Oh-oh, he's down—hold it, folks, save your film. All right, he's up again. Movies: you can see him now. Go ahead!

The uprighted skier hurtles by backward on one ski.

Instamatics, remember to let 'em come in as close as possible.

I hear a few belated clicks. The Instamatic crowd.

Over to the left you'll see your Aquamaids. They're coming out for the Semaphore Salute. Use your regular lens for this. They'll only pass by one time, so be ready. Everybody looking through your viewfinder. . . .

Six girls with red, white and blue semaphore flags come skiing past.

Go, Movies. . . . Cut. Now you'll want to get set for the Adagio. You Instamatics, take your flash cubes out and shoot a faster shutter speed.

The Adagio consists of two men on skis holding a girl poised in the air be-

continued

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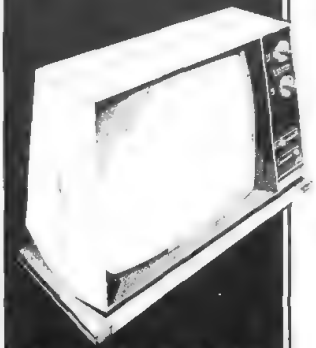


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ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

tween them. The main announcer says that it's one of the most graceful acts in water skiing. It is, and I think all the other people will agree when they get home and have their films developed.

Now use your telephoto lens for the next three acts.

Feverish activity all around me.

Focus in on those two high jumps. The distance markers would be of no use to the most of you.

High jumps! This is where I catch up with my newsreel past. I focus in on the high jumps, using my two eyes. How familiar they look, those wooden ramps sitting out in the water, waiting for breathtaking feats of aquatic agility. Sure enough, here come "The Rampmasters"—Laverne, Brad and Rollie—and what they do is every bit as dazzling as it was on the silver screen. Two go over the jump, and the third one crosses under them while they are still in the air.

Stills: follow 'em over. Shoot!

After that, all three go over the jump together. I like the precision and the speed of the skiers and of the motorboats. I marvel that the three men don't become entangled—never to be disentangled—in each other's ropes.

Here's your Helicopter Spin, folks. Watch Brad. Be ready for this one.

Brad does a Helicopter Spin—a complete turn in midair.

There he goes! Shoot!

Brad lands safely and skis out of camera range.

Now they'll do a Double Helicopter. Pick up Rollie and Laverne on this side. Roll 'em, Movies! Cut. . . . We'll have one more, which will be the best shot of all. They'll be coming from the left. You can see 'em now. Go, Movies!

Brad, Rollie and Laverne do a Triple Helicopter Spin.

Quick! Over to your right! That's your Aqua Ballet. Pull your distance back about 50 feet. Stills: in close, all framed up.

The Aquamaids ski past in chorus-line formation, arms linked, one leg raised in the knee-forward position, borne forward on the straining chords of *The Impossible Dream*. Next I see two ballerinas circling around.

There's your Double Swan Ballet, folks. They'll pass by one time, Movies: catch 'em at the turn. Good. . . . Folks, there's 10 minutes more of show time. You've got a minute and a half to check your film supply because there's some of the better acts still coming up.

My seatmates put the minute and a half to strenuous use. Some of them run down to buy more film. Out on the water three clowns cut some capers. I am always glad to see capers cut. Up in the sky, the sun pokes through a cloud.

Folks, we've picked up half a stop of light. Everybody move down half a number on your f stop. Do it—you've got time. Movies, we're holding 16 frames on f8. Did everybody close 'em down? Good. Out front, Movies—a good shot for you. Corky the Clown. Corky will be over this way in just a minute. He'll make the jump this time—no fooling.

Corky makes the jump, loses his skis in midair and zooms hilariously into the water, head first. It's a good shot for movies. A skier comes out with an enormous kite fastened to his back.

If you want a closeup, pick him up now. Then we'll get set for his flight. O.K., everybody go to your telephoto lens, distance markers on infinity. He'll make his touchdown over to your left. Try to get him in front of those trees—he'll show up better. He's airborne now, out behind. He'll be coming right over the stadium in just a minute. There he is! Shoot quick!

The kite skier splashes to a perfect landing, right in front of the trees.

Cut, Movies!

We're near the end. A voice on the loudspeaker tells us about some other sights that we might like to take pictures of before we go. "The girls in old-fashioned gowns in various parts of the gardens are there for photographers. Please feel free to ask them to pose." He recommends the boat trip through The Big Lagoon, "perhaps the most photographed part of Cypress Gardens," and the Isles of Movieland, "which you've seen on many TV shows." But there's still work to be done in the stadium.

Here's your Human Pyramid, folks, the most photographed act in the world. Pick 'em up on the right, Movies. Stills: hold it. Roll 'em, Movies! Shoot, Stills!

Four people standing on the shoulders of seven other people go by in a flashing of white water and a flapping of flags. Sensational. Movies roll and Stills shoot. And that's it—the show is over. Fox Movietone News, wherever you are, I saw Cypress Gardens with my own eyes. I wonder if anyone else did.

Now, folks, if you didn't get everything, don't worry. We have plenty of readymade movies. You might want to pick one up and splice it in with your own. **END**



The Adam's Apple

(permission to disregard previous instructions)

A while back we introduced a nice, simple drink called the Adam's Apple.

Apparently our Adam's Apple was too simple. People couldn't resist the temptation to complicate it. That's O.K. with us. One guy we know made it a short drink so there'd be room in his tall glass for apple slices and cinnamon sticks.

We've heard of people adding cloves, nutmeg, lemon juice, even crushed mint.

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Sitting on Top of



the World

A perfect end to a perfect season: Miami won the Super Bowl and Don Shula was vindicated

by John Underwood

CONTINUED

Lost in the aftermath of Miami's Super Bowl VII tanning of the Washington Redskins was a left hook from Dorothy Shula, the coach's wife, to the flushed mush of a man in the row behind her. Dorothy is a sweet-natured, responsible mother of five and she was properly unnerved by the incident. A staunch fan of her husband and his teams for 15 years, she is not loath to criticize him herself now and again, usually for not making greater use of the onside kick. "I scream for it all the time," she says, "but he never listens."

On the other hand, she will not stand —or sit—idle when her man is being abused. When Don was an assistant coach at Virginia, for example, Dorothy once blurted to the head coach that Don could hardly get much coaching experience if he was always off scouting on game day. "I surprised myself," she said. "Don, of course, was mortified."

And when Don was coaching the Baltimore Colts and received an unusually deprecatory letter from a correspondent who could, in a family journal, only be described as a four-letter man, Dorothy tracked down his phone number. Posing as an official of the Professional Security Agency (a wholly imaginary association), she threatened him with the very shadow of the state penitentiary.

But that was more or less for fun. This was the first time, she said, that she really went overboard. The object of her disaffection was one of four Redskin fans who had come to the Los Angeles Coliseum in the company of two bottles of Scotch. Their recognition of Mrs. Shula—privacy for the Shula family these days is the rough equivalent of a ride on the lead float in the Orange Bowl parade—and the chemical reaction of four into two fifths led to some pointed remarks in her direction.

Dorothy took it as long as she could. After all, Don had endured Carroll Rosenbloom, had he not? Then, just as the action on the field came to a head and she broke down into grateful tears, one of the four men went too far. "Aw, look," he cooed, "isn't that touching? *The poor thing's gonna cry.*" And Dorothy spun around and unloaded.

As blows for justice go, it was an indiscriminate one, there being no certainty which of the four made the operative remark, but Dorothy remembers being relieved that she had not swung with the other hand because that one was clutching a crucifix. She and Don do not wear their religion on their sleeves but they



Fourteen-year-old David, oldest of the Shulas' five children, has his headphones appraised while he charts a Miami-Chicago exhibition game.

both like to keep it handy. Don attends Mass daily; there is a Bible pedestal, an old house-warming present from Rosenbloom, by the front door of the Shula home.

Dorothy was still shaken on the bus ride to the Los Angeles airport. "Don," she said tearfully. "I've blown the whole thing. All the years, all the frustration . . . and now we're *going to get sued*!" Her husband smiled ("Isn't she something?" he says) and patted her shoulder soothingly. He knew better.

Not all of Don Shula's critics have been dealt with so neatly. No need. Few to begin with, they are diminishing. Even Rosenbloom's one-man anti-Shula philharmonic has played out at last. In the teeth of Shula's stupefying success and popularity, Rosenbloom's posture as an abused party was retrograding rapidly even before Super Bowl VII.

The pouty declarations—that Shula had acted "deviously" in leaving Owner Rosenbloom's tentative embrace in Baltimore three years ago (the truth is that Rosenbloom all but chased him away), that Shula "is a loser of the big ones," that Shula was a "pig"—served to enlarge rather than lower Shula's stature because they strained the elastic of credulity. Shula barely lifted a syllable in response. This won him an even larger respect. Like Swinburne, Shula had discovered the nobility of silence.

After that sublime 17-0 Dolphin season, Rosenbloom just quit trying. Last April in Scottsdale, Ariz., Rosenbloom, now the owner of the Rams, made a thing about "burying the hatchet" at a brief meeting between the two. Shula goes along with this version because he genuinely wants to put the whole thing to rest but, as his close friends say, the wounds were too deep for so skimpy a bandage. "We talked," is all Shula says.

So. Shula memorialists, now virtually unchecked, have multiplied like driver ants. They sing his praises as a professional. "A born leader," says George Halas. "A genius," says Colt Linebacker Ted Hendricks. "The outstanding coach of our time," says new Colt Coach Howard Schnellenberger. And they are able to recall facets of his life that may have escaped all but the most avid Shulaphiles.

Congressman Bill Stanton (R., Ohio), an old friend, recalls that Shula was "an outstanding car salesman" when the two were hawking Lincolns and Mercurys at Stanton's showroom in Painesville, Ohio in the off-seasons of Don's Colt playing days (1951-57). Weeb Ewbank remembers him then as "a coach on the field." Shula called signals as Weeb's right cornerback, a job usually entrusted to linebackers. *Baltimore News-American* Columnist John Steadman says Shula was "one of the surest tacklers you'd ever see, right out of the Spalding Guide."

More qualitatively, Dolphin Managing Partner Joe Robbie says that Shula has an aptitude and intelligence that would have made him a winner in any field. Robbie talks of Shula's "personal values" and "innate decency," Publicist Charlie Callahan (an old Notre Damer with a feel for such things) of his "righteousness." Edwin Pope, Steadman's counterpart on *The Miami Herald*, has determined from the slaw of a hundred encounters—he and Shula argue all the time; they enjoy it—that there is "no one in sport I admire more" and finds Shula to be "an almost unique human being." Pope thinks Shula would have made a "terrific minister." Not only that, says Steadman, "He's a damn good golfer."

Honesty, and a remarkably unleavened head, compel Shula to step in now and then to keep this flood from cresting. He said when he came to Miami three years ago that he was "no miracle worker," and the facts speak for themselves: he still cannot get his devil-may-care collie dog Colt to answer to the name Dolphin. He concedes, too, that coaching football was more a "logical extension of my playing days" than a tap on the shoulder from Providence, and that he isn't sure he could have answered other calls. His Hungarian-born father wanted him to be a fisherman on Lake Erie and Don responded by developing a chronic seasickness.

"Dad said, 'You'll get over it.' Every time we went out he said that, 'You'll get over it.' I never got over it." Furthermore, Don says, his days as a bull in the automobile market were numbered "as soon as I began running out of brothers and uncles and aunts to sell."

He does not protest that he was a coach on the field at Baltimore (honesty is one thing, modesty another), but he recalls that the Colts did not allow it to go to his head. After a season (1953) of having to badger his own teammates with the verities of defense—Shula was not afraid of his own voice even then—he reckoned he deserved a raise. He mailed back his 1954 contract unsigned.

"I'd heard that was the way the veterans did it," he says. After a while he got a letter from the front office. "We assume you have decided to retire," it said, and asked for his playbook. "I got on the phone right away. Paid for the call myself. 'Listen,' I said, 'you've made a terrible mistake. I'm not retiring.' "

Too, a reasonable pride in his image as a man's man makes any portrayal of rigid goodness faintly offensive to his nostrils, which flare around an exquisitely twisted septum. "I can appreciate having fun," he says defensively. He says that as a player he hung with a group that knew the inside of a lounge or two and the outer limits of bed checks and curfews. These alleged rogues included Gino Marchetti (the godfather of Shula's son Michael), Bill Pellington, Carl Taseff (now on Shula's staff), Artie Donovan and the late Joe Campanella.

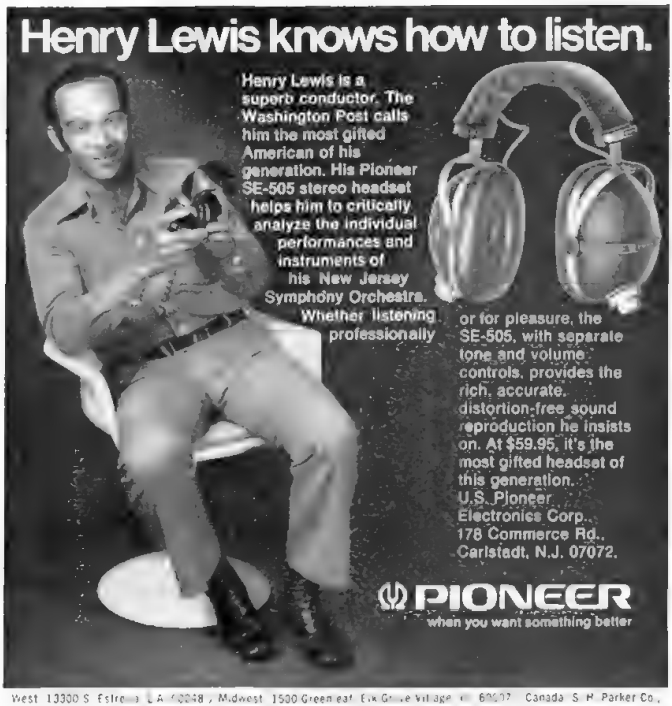
"There were some memorable occasions," a fellow roisterer says, relating a time when Shula had to forcefully put to rest a troublemaker who had gone on the offensive in the parking lot outside a favorite watering hole.

Nevertheless, once a man's goodness is known it is hard for him to live it down. The story is told of the time Shula, while still a player, ran into George Halas at early Mass the day of a game in Baltimore. Shula's genre of Catholicism is what he calls nonfanatic ("I enjoy going to Mass, thinking about Christ, giving thanks. I consider it part of my day"), and he does not engage in the luxury of judging others, but that afternoon things did not go well for the Bears and the thanks Halas gave blued the crisp fall air.

Shula's vocabulary does not lack color, either, but the lava flowing from the mouth of an esteemed owner-coach appalled him. Finding himself near the Bears' bench during one particular choleric outburst, Shula said to Halas, "George, do you think that's the way a good Catholic should talk on a Sunday afternoon?" Halas never said exactly what went through his mind at that rebuke, but a few years later, when Shula was the Baltimore coach and the Bears' owner Coach of the Year for the last time, Halas said an interesting thing. He said Shula deserved it more than he.

The super-serious Shula image (Rosenbloom saw "no frivolity" in him; Paul Brown once said he was "never a comedian") does not hold up anymore. Dorothy Shula says he has discovered that a

continued





Don Shula *continued*

smile in public will not break his face, and he has become an attractive stand-up speaker. He is also the star of his own top-rated Miami TV show.

As for his golf, it speaks quietly for itself. It is no small love affair he has for the game. The lawn of his five-bedroom, $150,000 home bleeds onto the 16th fairway of the Miami Lakes Country Club. Shula, in the off-season, applies to golf his customary intensity. At 43, he is still solidly built, with the blocky abdomen and thorax that serve a man well for long-ball hitting and/or dock work.

But he does not get his hips into his swing and therefore hits a lot of pop flies. He is undaunted. He admits he once sliced a shot into the men's room, and if he does not scream—he has a reputation as a screamer that *is* deserved—over a missed putt he is likely to squirm. Jim Kiick, the halfback, took him for $10 in a friendly Nassau this summer. Kiick said Shula was too proud to take the handicap he deserved.

On the unproved but widely held theory that a man betrays himself on the golf course, John Steadman tells this story:

"We were at the par-3 12th hole at Bonnie View, in the midst of a very serious match. I think a $1 Nassau. I had a putt of about two feet for a par. *Less* than two feet. I lined it up, but I was really expecting him to say, 'It's good.' I stood over it a long time. Finally I pulled up and said, 'It takes a real adjective noun to make a guy putt one this short.' Shula came right back at me. 'It takes a real adjective noun to ask for it.' You want to know what makes Shula tick? Try fierce competitor."

Try ruthless. It is a word Bill Braucher uses, but standing there all alone like that it has a mean look and needs definition. Braucher is another whose business it is to analyze the daily Shula. He does it for *The Miami Herald* and is the man who started the Miami-Baltimore war three years ago by alerting Shula that Robbie was in the market for a new coach. He and Shula were college classmates. Braucher's "ruthless" Shula would be this: "If he had charge of 60 people in a given place, doing a given job, and suddenly the walls collapsed on half of them, he would not wring his hands and dig in the rubble. He would round up the other 30 and go back to work."

The reason Shula's approach to football is so successful, these analysts be-

lieve, is that it is realistic in a milieu where illusions are slow to die. "He is no rah-rah guy," says Larry Csonka. "Even his pep talks make sense." Csonka hates "phony" incentives. He thinks, for example, that the Redskins use phony incentives. Shula says he cannot imagine himself leading Larry Csonka in a chorus of *Hail to the Dolphins.*

There are no inspirational slogans in a Shula camp; no inflammatory clippings on the bulletin board. There is, rather, an almost majestic continuity to Shula's practice and game conduct; he puts the tactical factor above the morale factor (*e.g.*, Csonka gets yelled at from 40 yards away if he is half a stride out of place in formation). He achieves, does Shula, what an awed Bill McPeak, newly added to the Dolphin coaching staff after six years with the Lions, calls "an air of professionalism."

Nevertheless, Shula's reputation for temper is richly deserved. For games and practices, he has what he calls his "dull sideline look" when he exhibits—jaw out, eyes slightly hooded—a bland cockiness, like a sleeping bulldog. When he comes out of it he comes out spectacularly. He reacts to errors and mental lapses (an offensive hold, a bungled handoff) the way fingers react to a lick of an open fire, and his mouth follows suit. Bubba Smith never got used to Shula's outrages in Baltimore. John Unitas once offered Shula the football after being screamed at ("Here," he said, "you wanta be the quarterback?"). But the system works, says Csonka, "even if it kills me to say it. Spirit is built on reality."

The key, says Csonka, is that Shula "treats everybody the same—if he chews you out, he's just as liable to chew out Bob Griese." Csonka doesn't think Duane Thomas would last long in Shulaland.

Shula admits that his temper has been a problem. "I knew if I chewed out Tom Matte one minute I could kid with him the next, but some guys I couldn't. I've had to learn that. I think I'm getting better"—better, says Edwin Pope, "at governing what amounts to an ungovernable temper." "I still slip occasionally," says Shula. "I do things I'm not proud of." Last year he grabbed an official after a deflected Dolphin pass was ruled a lateral and given to the other team.

"Didn't you see it?" he yelled at the official. No. "Then ask the referee." The official turned away; Shula grabbed his arm. "Did you ask the ref?" The official pulled away again, and Shula hurried him along with a shove. The official dropped a flag at Shula's feet. Fifteen yards. "*That* shut me up," said Shula.

One of Shula's redeeming qualities is that he does not close his ears to criticism. In fact, he ferrets it out for examination; he listens to it, reads it and tries it for size. He usually doesn't like it. Writers who are not afraid to argue with him find the sessions markedly purgative because, says Braucher, "he doesn't let things fester. He tells you what he thinks, listens to what you think and, bang, it's over. He does not hold grudges."

Braucher wrote of Mercury Morris' discontent when Morris clamored to play more after the 1972 Super Bowl loss to Dallas. Shula called Morris in and told him he did not object to Morris' statements to the press but "if you don't think you can come to me first we don't have a relationship." Morris said he got the message. So did Shula. Last year Morris gained 1,000 yards.

"Braucher is my conscience," says Shula. "When I get out of hand, I don't just 'say' anything. I 'snap' or I 'grimace' or I 'growl.' Just when I get too pleased with myself, he writes something to put me on my knees." Conscience Braucher once made a casual reference to Shula's "rippling waistline." "What rippling waistline?" snapped Shula—and dieted away 10 pounds.

Pope gets into it regularly with Shula because he always sides with labor in labor-management disputes (Csonka and Kiick vs. management in a 1971 holdout, Jake Scott and Dick Anderson vs. management in their holdout this summer). Shula tells Pope he looks for trouble and is preoccupied with finding out

continued



Shula exults as Paul Warfield snares a sideline pass against the Redskins in the Super Bowl.

salaries. He once closed a press conference by saying, "Well, we set a record today. Pope didn't start an argument."

A typical round: Shula will announce, "So-and-so hurt his leg today." Pope will ask, "Which leg?" "What the hell difference does it make?" Shula will say. "Well, take a stab at it," Pope will say. "You've got a 50-50 chance to be right."

Trying to peg Shula is the easiest and yet the most difficult of tasks, not because of him but because of us—we prefer our heroes to develop gradually, like fine cheese. We are not usually prepared for sudden flashes, such as, say, Jack Nicklaus at 21 and Muhammad Ali at 22. The speed of Shula's ascent was breathtaking, nobody, not even Brown, got to 100 pro victories quicker than Shula (he has 105 in only 10 years). The egg opened and out popped the best coach in the National Football League.

Perhaps Griese came closest to it when he called Shula "the coach of the future." But the future came so swiftly that the transfer of power was not orderly. Though a product of them both, Shula was really very little like his illustrious predecessors, the icy Paul Brown and the passionate Vince Lombardi.

He was, in fact, a more approachable figure, a more embraceable one. This was confusing because we would rather our gods ignore doorbells; we prefer them slightly inscrutable, faintly mysterious. Shula is as inscrutable as a stop sign, as mysterious as the origin of a sunburn.

For all his reputation as a disciplinarian and screamer, he comes across in strikingly human terms. The one trait he has in common with the other great coaches is what Robbie calls "the total unwillingness to be distracted"; he will not allow his time to be wasted. But he is an artful dodger. Dorothy Shula lays it to an "intense sensitivity." For all his bombast around the house, she says, fear grips none of the tenants because everybody is aware that he is, behind the scream, mostly peaches. "He gets that cruel look every now and then," his wife says, and home life is punctuated by earsplitting, air-clearing argument. "We enjoy a good fight. Our daughter Annie saunters in and listens for a while and says, 'You two fighting again?' "

Shula's pride is his ability to see the other side; he strives to treat a player "the way I wanted to be treated when I played." He remembers how he felt being benched without explanation by Paul Brown; he remembers how he felt being summarily traded and cut. Ex-Colt Center Bill Curry, who played for them both, said that, unlike Lombardi, Shula "does not intimidate. He *inspires* a player. He lives and dies with a player."

Joe Robbie believes that "it would offend Don Shula to be on the outs with anybody at any time." That Shula gets along with Robbie is proof enough of that—two massive egos, one a Spiro Agnew man (Shula), the other a McGovern Democrat. Shula is not crazy about Robbie's penchant for crowding the communications lanes with memos, but is delighted with Robbie's business sense. The Dolphins are already in the black and

continued

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MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.

have never had a player play out an option. Robbie did not bat an eye when Shula wanted quarterback insurance and asked him to cough up $75,000 for Earl Morrall. "He's spent money he didn't have to get us what we needed," says Shula. "I handle the business, Don handles the coaching," says Robbie. "Anybody who would interfere with Don Shula's coaching should be psychoanalyzed."

The word commonly used by players who have dealt with Shula is "fairness." His fairness is usually unquestioned. It is, therefore, difficult to keep a controversy going around him. Rosenbloom was able to, but unilaterally. Csonka and Kiick had the makings of one this month when their book *Always on the Run* revealed that both thought Shula had acted out of "spite" in making Kiick half a starter with Morris last fall. They said it was because Kiick and Csonka had failed to complete Shula's annual 12-minute run on the first day of practice.

Like playful heretics, they bandied Shula about in their book:

Kiick: "We could tell by looking at him, just the way his jaw was jutting, that this was not a day to kid around. . . . Shula's not the kind of coach you want to win for as much as you want to win for yourself. . . . Winning keeps him quiet. . . . Shula yells at me less . . . because he knows I don't like to be yelled at. . . . That's one reason Shula is a good coach. He knows the personalities of the 40 guys on the team."

Csonka: "[Shula] doesn't trust . . . us. He knows a hell-raiser when he sees one, because he was one himself." Csonka said he threw a rubber snake at Shula in the middle of a punting drill. "I thought he had a heart attack. . . . But he didn't really get mad. I don't know why."

Kiick: "You're his son, that's why. The old Hungarian father-and-son team."

Csonka, in a bantering locker-room exchange, told Shula he didn't like practice; Shula said there were a lot of guys who did. "You can't tell me that you liked practice," Csonka said. "I loved practice." "You weren't practicing for a coach like you. Who was your coach?" "Weeb Ewbank." "Right there you proved my point. I've seen TV of the Jets, running around in sweat suits, no equipment. . . . I'd love to run around like the Jets do. . . ." "You wouldn't win," said Shula.

Ironically, just before the book came out Shula had told a friend that he had "regretted" not starting Kiick in the opening game at Kansas City last year because it had been a blow to Kiick's pride. Shula at that time credited Csonka with making the substitution work. "He could have made it tough by taking sides, but he didn't. Kiick's his best friend but they both made Mercury feel at home. I can't say enough for Kiick and Csonka."

The peppershot did not bother Shula, but the "spite" charge did. It left him, momentarily, in a kind of artistic shock, as if he were Erroll Garner and had suddenly been attacked by a piano stool. He said the two "don't know me as well as

continued

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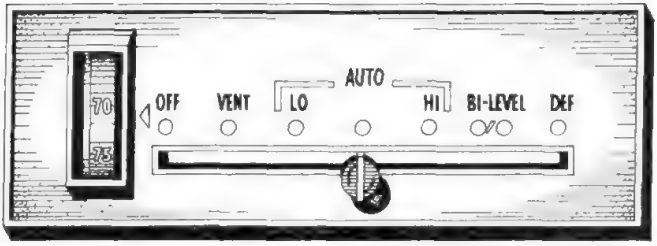
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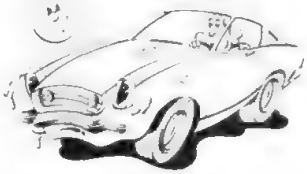
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they think they do if they say I'd do anything out of spite."

The controversy died aborning. Csonka said he had made a mistake "not qualifying" his remark, that he was "talking about *that day*, not the whole season. Listen, I *want* to be a winner. I *want* to be on a winning team, year after year. The only way we can do that is with a coach like Shula. As much as I bitch and argue, they're surface things—curfew, hair and so forth. Not the fundamental things, the structural things.

"We argue, but I like knowing we have that kind of relationship. I wouldn't throw it out the window to sell a silly book, and I don't want Shula or anybody else to think I'd stab him in the back."

When the air was cleared, Csonka said he thought the brief furor had "brought us closer together."

It boils down to a matter of caring, says Csonka. "Shula cares. I remember after the Oakland game that first year, when we got to the playoffs and lost. . . . I can't recall what he said, but you could sense how much it meant to him, how much it hurt him to lose. He told us he appreciated our effort. Just like that. For the first time I remember really thinking that even if I didn't always agree with him we were on the same wavelength."

Carl Taseff can talk about caring. After 10 years as teammates and roommates at John Carroll University and with the Colts, Shula and Taseff were split up in 1957 when Shula was released and went to Washington. Later that year Taseff was in the hospital having his dinner through a plastic tube. He had severely fractured his nose in a playing accident and had almost died. He had had 14 transfusions; he had lost 50 pounds. He was barely coming around when he became aware of a man on his knees by the bed. The man was Don Shula

"This is everything I ever dreamed of, everything I ever wanted," Don Shula said. "I have to shake myself to realize it happened. All the frustrations, the disappointments. I know I'm not subtle, I know I'm not a patient guy. But there were so many times . . . at Baltimore, no matter what I did I was overshadowed by Lombardi. I didn't resent that, but it was true, and it was frustrating. What happened after that?"

He made a short turn in the swivel chair behind the low-slung, vinyl-padded bar and swirled the ice in his Scotch and soda. Past the picture window behind him the rich summer-green Florida grass sloped to reach the trees bordering the 16th fairway. A long thin slash of brown split the slope top to bottom, a dead strip worn there by his daughter Annie's rainy-day dives down a yellow plastic slide. Dorothy had three of the other Shulas off on a guest ride on a Navy warship, and Michael, at eight the youngest, was busy keeping up his .805 batting average in the Pinto League.

It was just days before the beginning of practice, and Shula had the house to himself. Over the brick fireplace was the image of the man at the bar, done in oils by Tommy McDonald, the former football player; the Shula chin was not prominent here since he was pictured head-on. The trappings of his success were all around. Some were more heartfelt than others. A child's sign on the master bedroom door read: "Love is the Dolphins Undefeated."

"When I try to work out my life in stages," Shula said, "it's miraculous. If I'd stayed one more year in any one of three jobs I'd probably have been out of football now. But we never were conservative. Dorothy was great. Anytime I wanted to make a move she'd say, 'Do what you think best.' Baltimore was the toughest move. Seven years, a lot of friends, a great house. The house of her dreams.

"I was lucky to get *that* far. I was always one step ahead of the posse. My first coaching job was at Virginia. The team won one game. It was awful. I left to join Blanton Collier at Kentucky and that year the whole Virginia staff got fired. After a year at Kentucky I went with George Wilson at Detroit. Kentucky fired Blanton and his staff the next year. I was with the Lions three years when I got the Baltimore job. George got fired the following year."

The family name was Süle. His father worked in a nursery in Grand River, a village of 500 on Lake Erie's southeast shore, and young Donald got his first job planting cuttings. They all died, he recalls. Mr. Süle changed the name to Shula. It was to cause some discomfort to his son years later because a cocktail lounge in North Miami opened with the name "Shula's" and the proprietor, one Frank Shula, advertised that it was a good place to "score" after the Dolphin games.

One day Mrs. Shula went to the hos-

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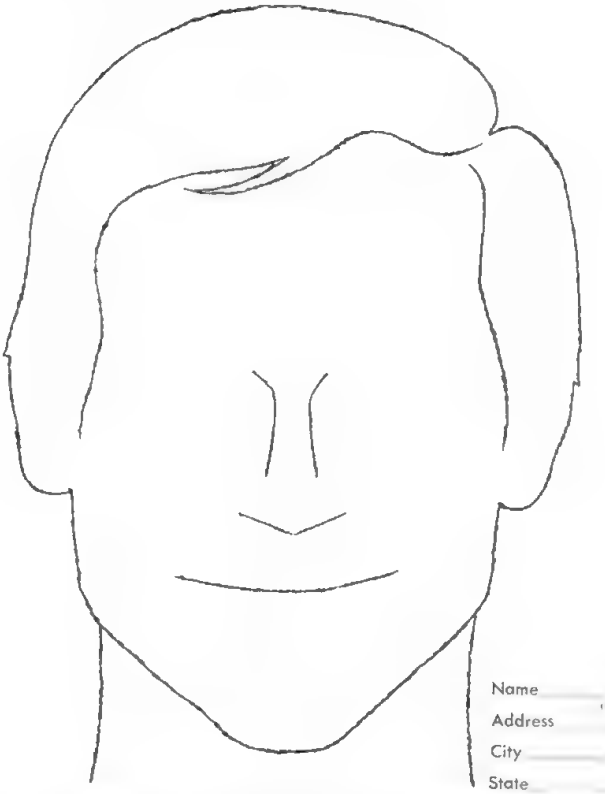


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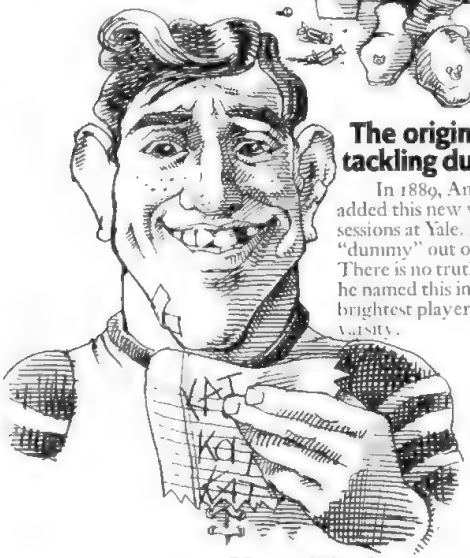
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Don Shula *continued*

pital and the family grew from three children to six overnight. Mr. Shula took a job trap-net fishing for more money. Don worked on the drift boats and in the factory, and the smell of dead fish and entrails made him sick on land as well as on the sea.

From early on, in any kind of contest, Don was nobody's favorite adversary. He could not stand to lose. His grandmother beat him at cards and he threw them in the air and hid under the stairs, crying. He was a natural athlete and leader and an organizer of teams and games, and a sorehead. When his team lost in baseball he stormed under the stands and refused to come out.

Painesville (pop. 18,000) was the "big town" the Shulas moved to after his father gave up the nursery job. At Painesville Harvey High School Don was all-league in four sports and played them all with passion. He was not satisfied sliding into second, he had to bowl the fielder over. Mrs. Shula said he took after her. "That's right," said Mr. Shula, "he's got your temper."

Don told all his teammates how to play their positions. It was a habit he would never break. "The coaches didn't always like it," he remembers. Once, when he got out of hand, the football coach slapped him. The coach thought he would quit. Instead, Shula came around later and apologized.

Shula went to John Carroll on a make-good football scholarship, because no one else asked him. If *no* one had asked him, he probably would have had no choice but to get over his seasickness. This was shortly after World War II and most college football teams were loading up with veterans. At John Carroll, Shula spread his wings. In the sainted words of box-fight manager Al Weill, "He come along good."

Shula and Carl Taseff were the stars, offensively and defensively, of the John Carroll team. Both were drafted by the Cleveland Browns, Shula in the ninth round. He then sat by the phone waiting for Paul Brown to call. Brown didn't call. "So I called the Browns. 'Aren't you going to sign me?' I asked. I drove to Cleveland and they gave me a contract—the minimum, $5,000. I was afraid they'd pull it back before I could get my signature on it."

In early scrimmages Paul Brown often mistook Shula for Taseff. Once, after tackling the great Marion Motley in the

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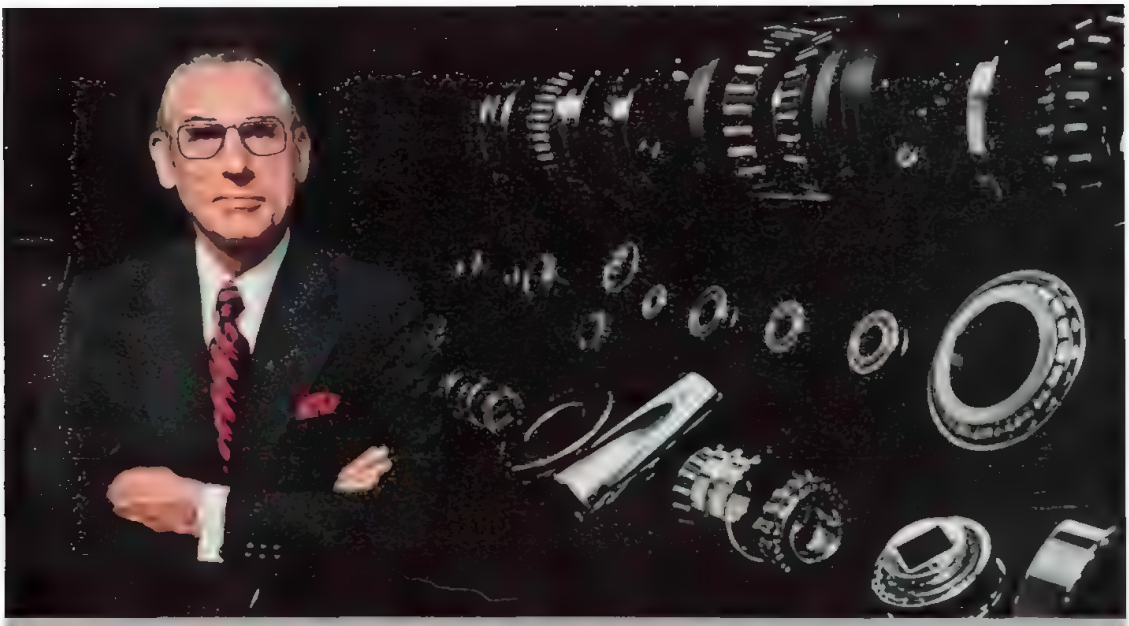
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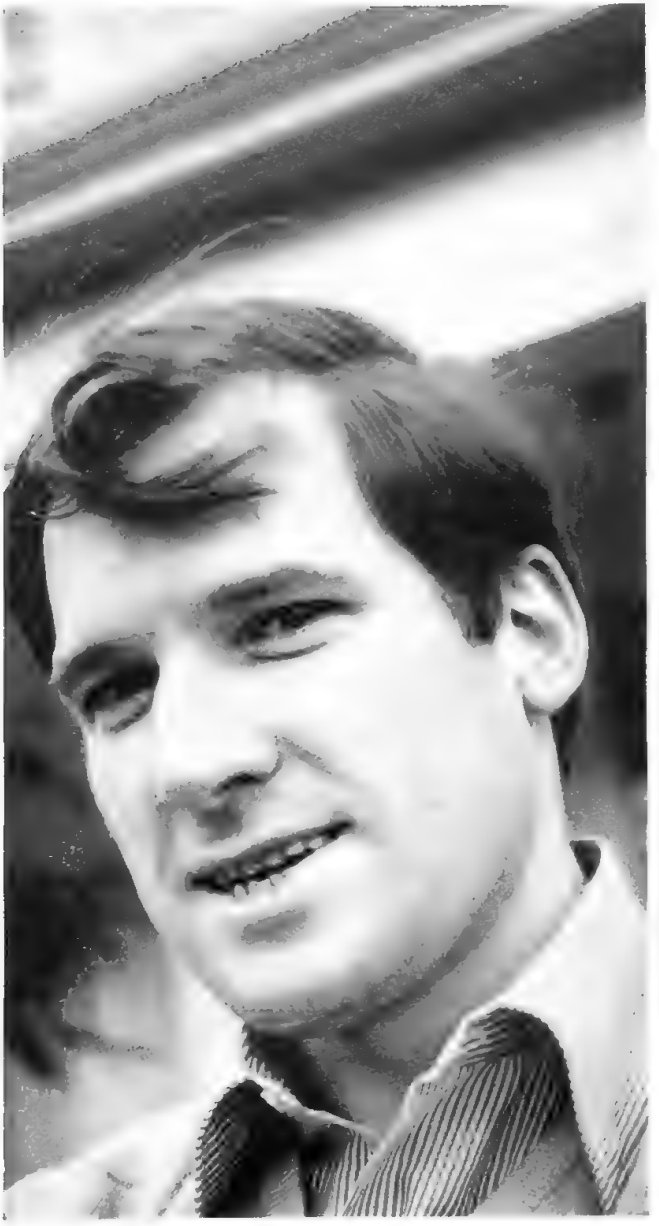
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Don Shula *continued*

open field ("It probably won me a job because I was having no luck covering Mac Speedie"), Shula looked up to hear Brown say, "Nice tackle, Taseff." Shula said, "*Shula*, not Taseff." Filling in for the injured Tommy James, Shula was a starter as a rookie, intercepting six passes during an 11-game Cleveland winning streak. In the 12th game, without a word, Brown reinserted James.

Taseff says that Shula had plenty to say about that, but he didn't say it to Brown, whom he still regards as "the greatest single influence on my life. Brown brought the classroom to pro football." Shula, in turn, impressed Brown as "a hitter, and smart. Some guys are great players, but you know they won't stay with it. Don gave you the feeling he was vitally interested."

That didn't stop Brown from trading Shula and Taseff to the Colts, where they were starters at cornerback for four seasons. Then Shula was cut. "I was so damned mad I didn't know what to do. I had sunglasses on and I was glad of that because the players were going out to practice and I had to pass by. I got in my car, and I went out on the Beltway and just drove. Somebody said I threatened to go back and poke Weeb in the nose but that's not true."

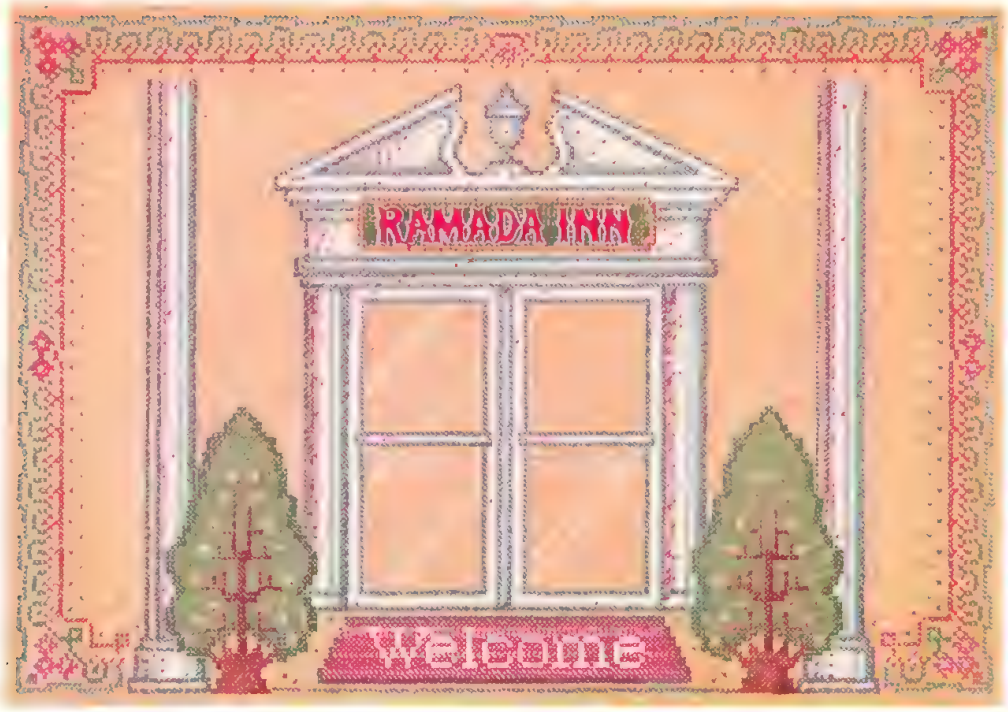
Shula married Dorothy Bartish in Painesville in 1958. They had met at a bowling alley while Dorothy was teaching second grade, and then, though smitten, she ran off to teach in Hawaii for a year. "You're making a terrible mistake," Don told her.

"I was playing it cool," says Dorothy. "I didn't think he was ready to give up all those girls I imagined he had." Don wrote her a letter. " 'It's the beginning of Lent,' he said. 'Let's pray we do the right thing.' I'd met a pilot and I was thinking about getting married. Don was coaching at Virginia. I got three letters talking marriage. The last one said, 'Will you?' " Don made all the wedding arrangements.

In 1963 Carroll Rosenbloom relieved Weeb Ewbank of the burden of coaching the Colts and began looking around for a savior. He asked Gino Marchetti what he thought. Marchetti said, "There's only one man for the job." "Who?" said Rosenbloom. "Shula."

Thus began a seven-year relationship that was more a fling than a romance, an interlude of breathtaking achievement and crushing unfulfillment. Shula was 33

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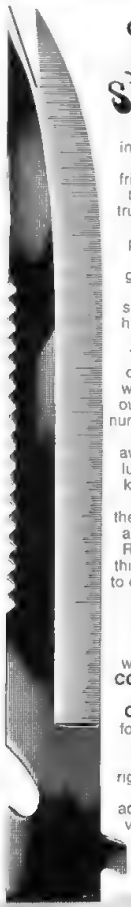
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years old when he took the job ("Imagine that," he told Dorothy, "a head coach at 33") but much much older when he left it.

By the time Joe Robbie (through Braucher) made his first tentative move in Shula's direction in January 1970, what was once a friendly union between the charming, sagacious Colt owner and his intense, highly principled young coach had already gone through its Indian summer and was freezing fast. They had known great success in wins and losses, and no championship. Worse, the most memorable setbacks had occurred at heaven's door: a 13-10 sudden-death playoff loss to Green Bay in 1965 (the Packers' tying field goal was vigorously disputed and led to a rule change called "The Baltimore Extension" that heightened the goalposts) and the 1969 Super Bowl loss to the Jets. Rosenbloom was embittered at being the first old-line NFLer to lose to an AFL team.

When Shula's 1969 Colts went 8-5-1, the haymakers began coming in combinations. Baltimore reporters wrote of "dissension" on the club. Headlines speculated on a coaching change. Don Klosterman was interposed between Rosenbloom and Shula as general manager. When asked what Shula's position as "vice-president" therefore meant, Steve Rosenbloom, the owner's son, said, "You know how we throw titles around." He said Shula was given one because "we needed somebody to sign checks."

But the unkindest cut of all, says Dorothy Shula, was made by the elder Rosenbloom, an offhand remark that he was "never big on coaches, anyway." Says Dorothy, "For Don it was like having his father reject him."

All things considered, that Rosenbloom was then able to strike a pose of righteous indignation over Shula's exodus to Miami was a triumph in histrionics. Shula went through proper channels, Steadman wrote, and got a 10-year, $70,000 contract and part ownership, and Steve Rosenbloom had been the "proper channel" he had gone through. (Carroll was on vacation in the Orient.) The negotiations lasted 22 days, plenty of time for all parties to be made aware. Dorothy Shula recalls that Steve Rosenbloom himself made the plane reservations for the Shulas' trip to Miami.

Nevertheless Commissioner Pete Rozelle subsequently extracted as "punishment" a first-round draft choice from the Dolphins. The charge was "tampering." Steadman called it a miscarriage and said the Colts should give it back. Rozelle admitted Shula had got permission to talk, but Miami had not. Robbie pointed out the absurdity of this conclusion: Shula could talk to Robbie, but Robbie couldn't talk to Shula. It was clear enough, however. Rozelle had opted for harmony in lieu of justice. Rosenbloom had made the most noise.

The rest, of course, is vindication of the purest kind. Shula, the non-miracle worker, turned the Dolphins inside out, from downstairs maid to belle of the ball in three dizzy years. Moreover, once Shula got to Miami, the Dolphins beat the Colts five out of seven times, and shut them out twice on their way to victory in Super Bowl VII.

When he won, Shula said it was like "a weight taken off." But he said he had "no worries about being complacent. My goals are the same. I have no desire to do anything else in life but this, and if I can set an example, of hard work and dedication as opposed to cutting corners and cheating, so much the better."

The thrill for Dorothy Shula was to see Don settle into his chair at night and "watch the peace on his face. He'd light up a big cigar, and sit there, and I'm thinking, 'Happy at last.' For so long he'd been so sensitive. Small, petty things would bother him. He'd have to take out his energy on something. Lately it had been the garage. When he had nothing else to do he'd raise a storm and clean out the garage.

"Don't get me wrong. He never said 'no' to anything. Our cup runneth over, I mean, this has been a woman happy. But to see *him* happy. At breakfast he always has coffee, black. Grapefruit, cut up. Eggs and sausage. *Early*. Ordinarily I get up and do it and it's just the two of us. I do it, but don't expect me to say 'good morning' when I do. Well, after the Super Bowl, I'd get up and he'd already have the coffee made. And sometimes he'd even be cutting his own grapefruit."

At John Carroll University in May, Shula was made a doctor of humanities, and delivered the commencement address. In a letter to *The Wall Street Journal*, the president of the university asked that readers "not get the impression Don Shula is getting a doctorate because he

continued



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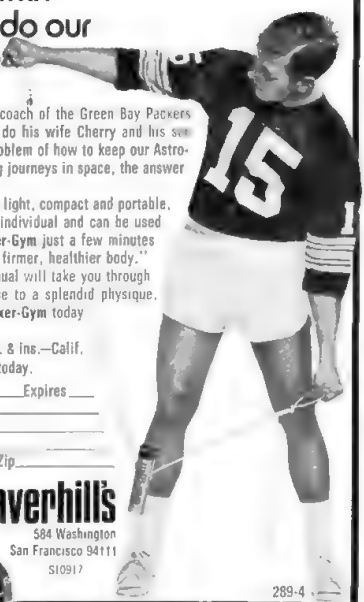
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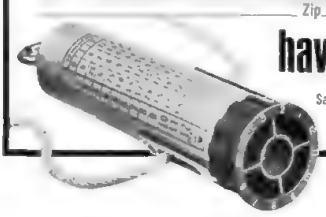
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Don Shula *continued*

gained 6.8 yards per carry while on our football team. We feature two things [here]—the development of values and preparation for leadership. Shula exemplifies both at the highest level. His personal life is a model we invite our students to emulate. . . . I doubt that many of this year's honorary degrees will be better deserved."

Larry Csonka ran into Shula later in the summer. Already, he told his coach, he could feel the vibrations of Shula's opening remarks to the 17-and-0 Dolphins—how good it would be to win two straight Super Bowls, how Green Bay was the only team that ever did it, how the others fell on their faces, etc. Csonka was not surprised by Shula's response.

"He's even more serious than he was last year," Csonka told Edwin Pope. "More determined to go back. I could just see his metabolism speeding up, his eyes getting buggy and his hairline jerking the way it does once in a while. All the signs are there. It takes a Hunky to catch one."

Then, the day before the start of practice, Shula played a round of golf with his old coaching friend and Dolphin predecessor, George Wilson, at Wilson's golf course on North Kendall Drive. It was a hot day; they hacked around the course keeping a small gallery sweating after them. A skinny redheaded boy, no more than 11, invited himself into Shula's conversation whenever possible. The redheaded boy wanted to know about "Bob Griese's criminal record."

Shula smiled as if to let the obvious absurdity pass, but the boy persisted. "Don't you know about Griese getting arrested?" he said.

Shula said, "O.K., I'll bite. Why?"

"Why?" shrieked the boy. "Why? For throwing all those bombs at Paul Warfield, that's why!" He doubled over with laughter, very pleased with the execution of his joke.

But that was not the end of it. The redheaded boy dogged Shula the entire round, making jokes and keeping him apprised of the world at large, and when Shula was finally going off the course he offered the boy his hand and patted him on the head.

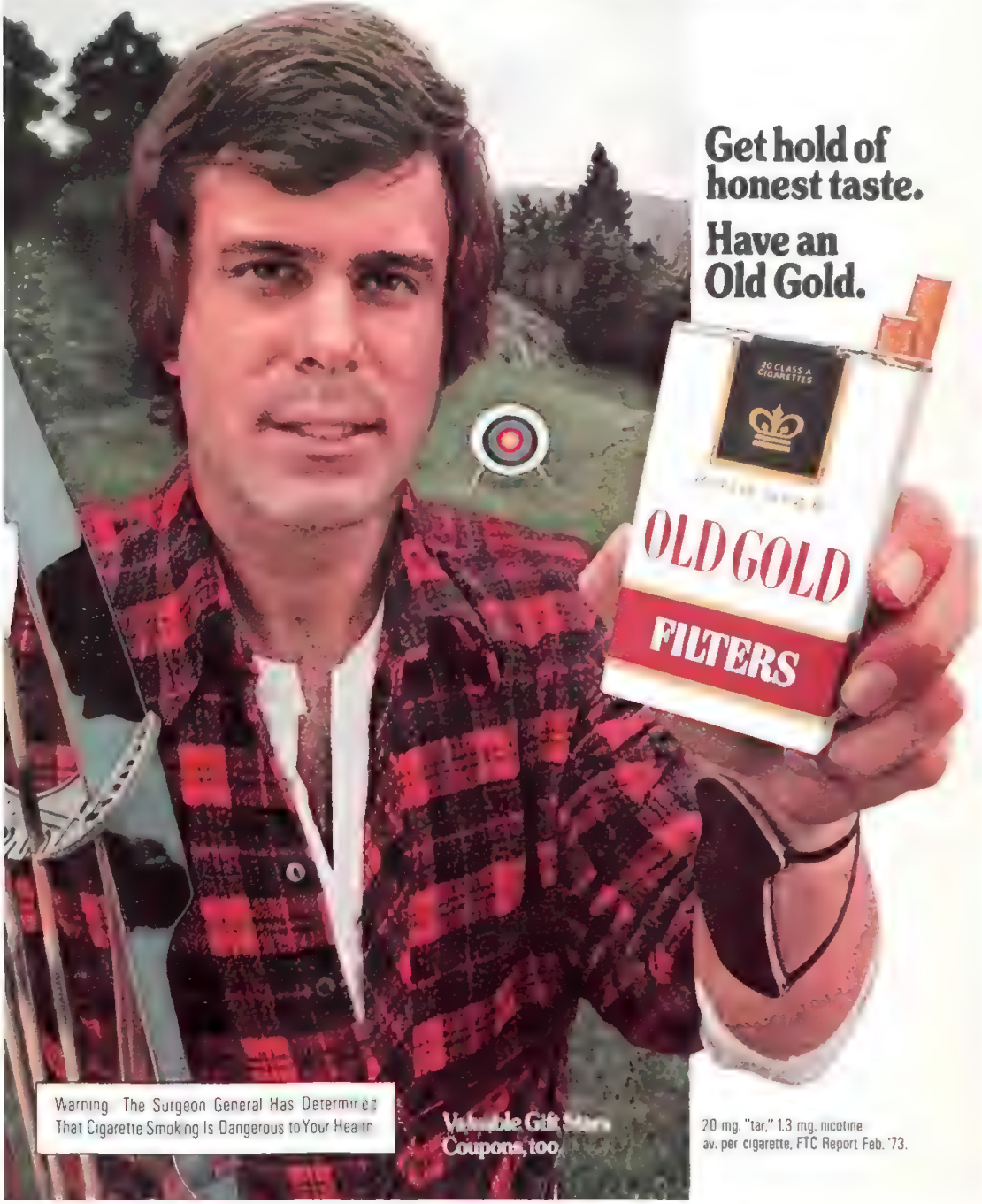
The boy said, "Wanta know something else?"

Shula said he could probably stand just one more piece of information.

"I wish you were my father," said the boy. END

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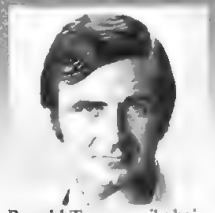
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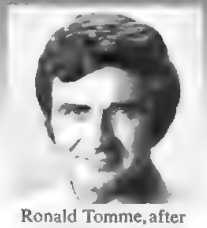
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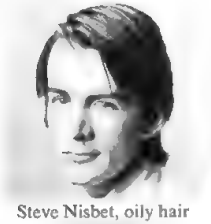
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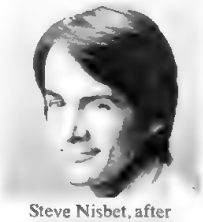
Ronald Tomme, oily hair
WETHEAD



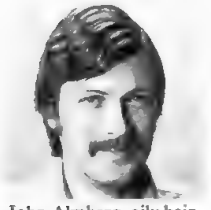
Ronald Tomme, after
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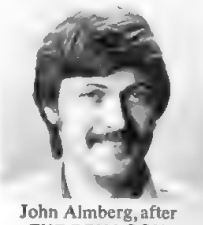
Steve Nisbet, oily hair
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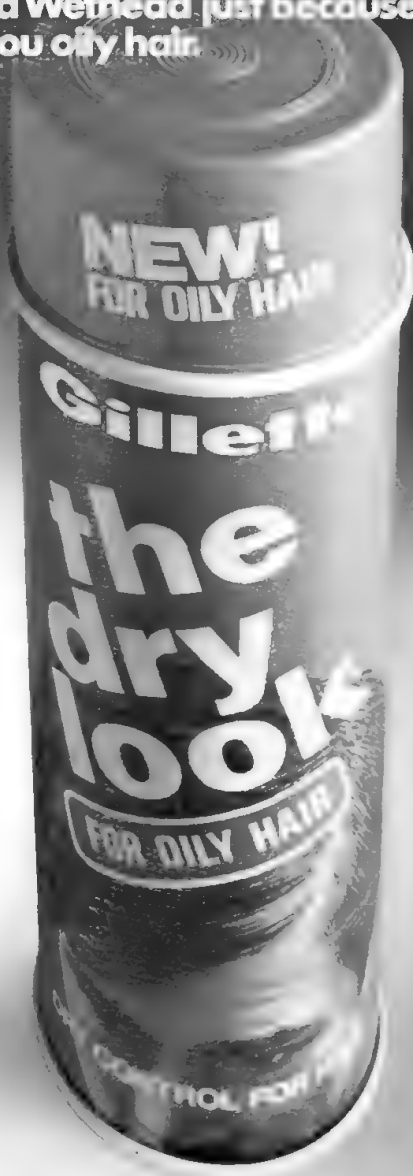
Steve Nisbet, after
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 3-9

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—UCLA could not pull off last year's upset again, and Nebraska rolled over the Bruins 40–13 as major college football began for 1973 (*page 38*).

PRO FOOTBALL—Miami's one-game losing streak grew to two. This time Dallas beat the Dolphins 26–23 as the exhibition season came to an end. Once again Miami frittered away a sizable first-half lead and finally succumbed to a field goal with just seconds remaining in the game. And again a second-half quarterback—this time Craig Morton, who took over from Roger Staubach—did them in. St. Louis signed the Secretary of Agriculture's nephew in the afternoon and Dave Butz was suited up for action against Kansas City that night, but the Cardinals could not manufacture points as quickly and lost to the Chiefs 16–7. Six Kansas City runners finished with an average of better than 4.2 yards per carry and a total of 185 yards on the ground. Greg Landry completed 15 of 20 passes for 275 yards and three touchdowns as Detroit rolled over New England 34–21. When Landry wasn't tossing 30-yard passes to Larry Walton, he found time to run in a TD himself in the fourth quarter. Three interceptions by Dave Elmendorf helped Los Angeles to a 38–10 rout of San Francisco. The strong side safety ran back one doomed John Brodie pass 72 yards for a score. Bobby Howfield was the hero as the Jets 16–13 win over Philadelphia, kicking a 24-yard field goal in the last four seconds to break the tie. Minnesota finished preseason play unscathed by downing San Diego 24–16. Fran Tarkenton completed 13 of 17 passes for 238 yards and two touchdowns—a 20-yarder to Jim Lash and a 40-yarder to John Gilliam. In that game John Unitas tossed a 27-yard scoring pass direct to Dave Williams and carromed in another. One of his passes, thrown from the Minnesota 31, was deflected by Viking Safety Jeff Wright into the hands of Wide Receiver Jerry LeVias for a Charger TD. Rookie Running Back Howard Stevens, smallest man in the NFL, ran his 5′ 5″ frame 22 yards for a winning touchdown to give New Orleans its first victory in nine games, 16–10 over Houston. A kicker did it again as Horst Muhlmann booted a 31-yard field goal for a 13–10 Cincinnati win over Green Bay. Almost predictably, the kick came with three seconds remaining on the clock. Buffalo and Oakland registered almost as many penalties (21) as points as the Raiders came out on top 17–7. Clarence Davis had scoring runs of 46 and 31 yards for Oakland, but Buffalo's rookie quarterback, Joe Ferguson, shared some of the limelight, guiding an 80-yard drive for the Bills' only TD in the fourth quarter. A 16-point second period helped Pittsburgh to a 19–0 triumph over Atlanta and the Giants dumped Cleveland 21–10. Ron Johnson, who gained 138 yards on 23 carries, caught two passes for another 38 yards and made two touchdowns, was the prime New York asset. The Giants also finished 6-0 in the warmup season. Baltimore beat Denver 17–10

GOLF—TOM WEISKOPF took the World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio by three strokes over John Miller and Jack Nicklaus, and 12 over Tommy Aaron (*page 104*).

GARY PLAYER won his first PGA tournament of the season with a one-stroke victory over Forrest Fezler in the $100,000 Southern Open in Columbus, Ga. Player finished with a 69 for 270 in spite of bogeys on the final two holes. Fezler birdied the last two holes.

HORSE RACING—Jorge Velasquez rode TENTAM ($7) to a two-length victory over Rule By Reason in the $115,600 Governor's Stakes at Belmont Park.

In quarter horse action, TIME TO THINKRICH won the $1 million All-American Futurity, the world's richest horse race, over Flaming Jet at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

MODERN PENTATHLON—The Soviet Union dominated the world championship in London, capturing the first three places. PAVEL LEDNEV won with 5,413 points and Vladimir Shmelev was second, 145 points behind. The U.S.S.R. also took the team title with 15,943 points to West Germany's 15,051.

MOTOR SPORTS—CALE YARBOROUGH, in a Chevrolet, crossed the finish line less than eight seconds ahead of David Pearson for first place in the 24th Southern 500 in Darlington, S.C. and his first major victory in three years. The $10,605 second-place money made Pearson auto racing's fifth $1 million career winner.

Sweden's RONNIE PETERSON averaged 132.06 mph in a Lotus to capture the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. Teammate Emerson Fittipaldi was .9 second behind in second place. JACKIE STEWART finished fourth, virtually clinching the world driving championship. The Scot has 69 points, well ahead of second-place Fittipaldi.

SWIMMING—The astonishing East German women broke seven world records and captured 10 of 14 first places in the world championship in Belgrade (*page 44*).

TENNIS—Australians JOHN NEWCOMBE and MARGARET COURT were the singles winners at the U.S. Open (*page 34*).

TRACK & FIELD—World records in the discus and javelin throw were shattered by their holders at the Women's Europa Cup meet in Edinburgh. FAINA MYELNIK of the Soviet Union bettered her own discus mark by more than six feet with a throw of 227′ 11″. East Germany's RUTH FUCHS increased her javelin record to 216′ 10″, more than three feet over her previous mark.

WRESTLING—Halfway through the world freestyle championship in Tehran, Iran, the Soviet Union led 41 participating countries with a total of 55 points. The host country was second with 28 and the U.S., in fifth place, had 16 points. To that point in the 12-day event Marine Lieut. LLOYD KEASER had won the only American gold medal, in the 150-pound class.

MILEPOSTS—BANNED: By the International Sports Commission, auto racing at four European tracks next season on the grounds that they are unsafe. They are Jarma, Spain; Spa, Belgium; Croix en Ternois and Montlhery, France. Spa was banned only for Formula 1 and II events.

HIRED: BILLY MARTIN, as manager of the Texas Rangers five days after being fired as manager of the Detroit Tigers. He replaces WHITEY HERZOG, 42, who got the ax the day before, as Owner Bob Short put it, "on the basis of the Rangers' 47-91 record"—the worst end-of-season mark in the major leagues.

NAMED: As Intercollegiate Tennis Coach of the Year, UCLA's GLENN BASSETT, who in seven years has taken the Bruins to two national championships and coached Arthur Ashe, Charlie Pasarell, Roy Barth and Jimmy Connors.

NAMED: As commissioner of the American Basketball Association, Kentucky Colonels General Manager MIKE STORFN, 37. He replaces the recently resigned Robert Carlson.

NAMED: As coach of the ABA Kentucky Colonels, JAMES (Babe) McCARTHY, 49, who resigned as a basketball coach at the University of Georgia after five months in the post, having never coached a game for the Bulldogs.

REPLACED: Pirates Manager BILL VIRDON, 42, by DANNY MURTAUGH, 55. Murtaugh thus became Pittsburgh's manager for the third time in the last seven years, having retired from the position twice before, partly because of a heart condition. Virdon's firing came after losing three of four games to the St. Louis Cardinals.

DIED: Oklahoma basketball Coach LESTER LANE, 41, of an apparent heart attack, in Norman, Okla. A Sooner All-Big Eight selection in 1955, he was a member of the U.S. Olympic basketball team that took first place at Rome in 1960.

• • CREDITS • •

34,35—Co Rentmeester, 36,37—Wil Blanche (2), Co Rentmeester, 38, 39—Sheedy & Long, Rich Clarkson, 41—[illegible], 95—[illegible], 96—Fred Kaplar-Black Star, 104—Tony Tomsic, 112—[illegible], 116—[illegible], 120, 121—[illegible], 122—[illegible], 125—[illegible], 147—[illegible].

FACES IN THE CROWD



COLIN RELPHORDE, a seventh-grade student at Saint Mark's School in Gary, Ind., won the high jump at the Jesse Owens track meet in Chicago with a leap of 5′. Earlier he had won the city high jump and last month had placed third in a national track meet in Boston.



GROVER CLEVELAND BARRON, a seventh-grader at Immaculate Conception School in Hialeah, Fla., won his state's AAU boxing championship in the 92-pound class. Earlier he won the freestyle wrestling title for his age group at the Florida Junior Olympics.



DARLA PRYOR, 15, pitched her Oklahoma Cobras to the National Girls' Slow Pitch Softball Championship in Satellite Beach, Fla. She pitched and won all five tournament games, including the final one in which the Cobras defeated a team from Beaumont, Mich. 10–6.



AMY PLESS, 10, of Asheville, N.C., set 18 state long- and short-course age-group swim records. Among her times were 2:00.3 for the 100-meter butterfly, 4:00.0 for the 200 freestyle, 2:05.5 for the 100 backstroke, 20.9 for the 50 freestyle and 30.3 for the 50 butterfly.



MIKE GUZEWICZ, a graduate of Weedsport Central High, was named a member of the High School All-America diving team after winning the New York prep championship by an unprecedented 50 points and amassing a composite dual meet score of 349 points.



MEL SCHETSELAAR, 40, has coached the Grossmont High varsity tennis team in La Mesa, Calif. to 11 straight league championships. In his 147-1 career, Schetselaar's squads have never lost a league match but had to forfeit one because of an ineligible player.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOCCERED TO 'EM

Sirs:

Four soccer articles in one year! Soccer on the cover and three color photos inside (*Big D Reduced to Atoms*, Sept. 3)! Keep up the good work and maybe the rest of the news media will get the hint. There is only one thing SI has failed to mention: the U.S. national team's recent, incredible 1-0 victory over Poland.

D. W. FLINT

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

Finally, a championship team in Philadelphia. It boggles the mind. We are very proud of our Atoms, a great bunch of guys dedicated to their sport and to each other.

EILEEN CRESSMAN

Norristown, Pa.

Sirs:

Sportsman of the Year? Why not Al Miller? Considering the success he brought to Hartwick College and the fact that his Philadelphia team, which in February of this year had no name, no colors and not all of its players, now has several NASL records, an NASL championship and its Coach of the Year, *I can think of no one else who has* done so much or come so far in such a short time.

JOAN E. YARTER

Oneonta, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am glad the Dallas Tornado did not win the NASL championship. If it had, Kyle Rote Jr. would have become some kind of god American soccer fans would have to pay homage to. Instead, Philadelphia showed the true building blocks: conditioning, consistency and teamwork. The Atoms have no outstanding individual, just the best pro soccer team in North America.

RICHARD CULLIN

Media, Pa.

Sirs:

Next time you publish an article on soccer to be read nationwide, I wish you would get your facts straight. You stated, "Philadelphia became the first expansion team to win a championship in its first year in any American professional sport." The Cincinnati Comets, in their first professional season in the oldest professional soccer league in the U.S. (the American Soccer League) captured the ASL title in 1972. As hard as I searched, I could not find a word about that game in your articles. Now I know how the AFL felt, and like its fans I will complain about unequal time. Only once have I seen anything about the ASL in SI, and that was when you included MVP Ringo Cantillo in FACES IN THE CROWD (Nov. 13).

The 1973 ASL championship game will be held Sept. 8 in either New York or Baltimore, depending upon which team wins their semifinal game. The Cincinnati Comets, in only their second year, have already earned a ticket to the final by defeating Cleveland. How about equal time, SI?

JOHN CAPURRO
Trainer
Cincinnati Comets

Cincinnati

● Alas, the Comets failed to make it two in a row. The New York Apollos, from whom they won their 1972 championship, beat them 1-0 in double overtime to regain the title.—ED.

OAKLAND'S BUBBA

Sirs:

Many thanks to Ron Reid for his Sept. 3 article on Bubba Smith (*Setting 'em Up for the Kill*). Being a devout Raider fan, I was cheered to read it and I can visualize myself yelling "Kill, Bubba, kill." But right now all I can see is Ray Chester, the best tight end in football, making that key third-down *catch in a Baltimore uniform. Nevertheless*, the Raiders will be right up there come playoff time, and maybe this year. . . .

BILL ST. ANGELO

Valley Stream, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bubba Smith certainly makes the trade worthwhile for Oakland, but on the Colts' end it is hard to understand it. *I question* Joe Thomas' ability to control a pro team. Ray Chester is a fine tight end, but with Tom Mitchell (73 receptions in two years) the Colts already had that position well filled. Without Bubba, Baltimore's line is a unit of no-names, and Thomas' trades brought in few linemen. As a matter of fact, a lot of his trades were for draft choices.

JAMES FORTI

Derby, N.Y.

GIFT FROM THE INDIANS

Sirs:

After reading your article *Murder Ball in a Box* (Sept. 3), we took time off from our studies at Syracuse University to journey to the Syracuse War Memorial Coliseum and see our first box lacrosse game. The action was so fast and exciting that one has to wonder why the game hasn't achieved a great deal more popularity. Thanks for introducing us to this stimulating sports experience

STUART B. LEVINE
CHARLES BROWNMAN

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thanks for the fine article on box lacrosse. I remember clearly when several of us on the Cornell squad went up to the armory in Rochester to play in what was supposed to be the first intercollegiate box lacrosse game between Cornell and Syracuse. We got a real lesson that night from the Onondaga Indians.

EDWARD SIEGEL, M.D.
Deputy Executive Vice-President
Medical Society of the State of New York
Lake Success, N.Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the exceptional article by Pritt J. Vesilind. Once again SI has displayed its in-depth concern for all sporting events, this time by highlighting a genuine American game

My three sons, ages 10, 12 and 16, have played on the Newton (N.Y.) Senecas' minor lacrosse teams, and for these boys it has been more than an opportunity to play an exciting game. It has been a chance to play a game that brings out respect both for one's own teammates and for the opposition.

BERNARD R. REHBAUM

Buffalo

TO THE DOGS

Sirs:

I wish to put in my two cents' worth regarding Ernest Havemann's comments about dog racing (*Run, Rabbit, Run*, Aug. 27). If he wishes to lose his money in 31 seconds, that is his prerogative, of course. Me, I prefer to lose it more slowly on the horses, particularly the pacers and trotters, who usually take more than two minutes to complete a mile race.

DICK BUSH

Schenectady

Sirs:

I'll purchase a "win" ticket on SI anytime for publishing such super articles as *Run, Rabbit, Run*. As a greyhound follower for several years I sincerely enjoyed reading about the history of the sport, and Sonny Alderson's tips are as excellent as his dogs.

LANA K. JOHNSON

Lakeland, Fla.

RETURN FIRE

Sirs:

It is sometimes hard to understand and hard to accept—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's attitude toward the shooting sports as evidenced by the item entitled "Sportsmen" (SCORECARD, Aug. 27). You may have a certain expertise in the spectator sports—but, while you purport to serve all sports, your ignorance and lack of objectivity rear

continued



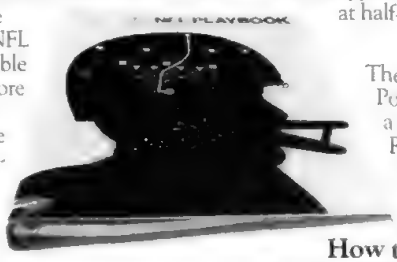
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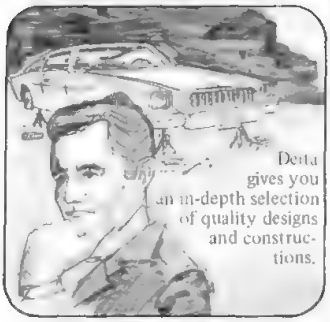


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their heads on such subjects as gun controls.

The women who run the YWCA have the right to take a stand. And we sportsmen have the right to object. Do you suggest that we continue to voluntarily contribute to an organization that has lined itself up against what we believe in?

By going out of its field the YW has left itself open to valid criticism and reduced financial contributions. It is sad that other organizations will suffer along with the YW. It is equally sad that sportsmen have long suffered at the hands of liberal legislative overreaction because coddled criminals have used guns in too many crimes.

Wake up SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, you missed the bull's-eye here.

L. R. WALLACK

Providence

Sirs:

You have reported the situation in reverse. It is those who advocate gun-control legislation whose action is "coercive and smacks of intimidation." Withholding contributions from community funds is not coercive in the slightest.

If I own something (*e.g.*, money) and am able to use it according to my own values (either giving it to the United Fund or not), then I am not being coerced or using coercion. But if I own something (*e.g.*, a gun) and somebody takes it away from me by force (gun-control legislation), I am being coerced.

By refusing to distinguish economic power from political power and ascribing to the former the vices of the latter while obliterating the virtues of each, SI and the YWCA (*in this instance*) are helping deliver the world to collectivism.

STEVEN STODDARD

Denver

TRAPSHOOTER

Sirs:

I've just finished reading your article *Hottest Guns in the South* (Aug. 13). It is probably the best coverage of a shooting event I have ever read. However, as a trapshooter, I take offense at your references to my sport. The statement that trapshooting was felt to be easier than skeet really was a low blow. Also, the statement on the "more gentlemanly" skeet shooters was rather upsetting.

STEVEN J. BOSSI

San Leandro, Calif.

UMPQUA TALES

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's story on the Umpqua (*Love Letter to a Restless River*, Aug. 20) is highly amusing but could be extremely misleading to those who do not know the river. He says, "Fish queue up to mug your hook" and "Umpqua tradition has been to take your limit and tell no tales." What nonsense

continued





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It is nothing like that and has not been during the 30-odd years I have fished there. As Rod Haig-Brown, Jack Hemingway or Loren Grey would tell you, an experienced steelhead fisherman would consider himself fortunate to hook one a day. I know of instances when anglers of international reputation have not landed one in a week of hard fishing.

The Umpqua is a great and beautiful river but a big producer of fish it definitely is not

GREGG MILLETT

Lake Oswego, Ore.

Sirs:

Unfortunately, Jack Olsen's article on the North Umpqua River was ill-timed. The river is at its lowest flow in history. Fishing this year has never been so poor. Because of the low flow it is estimated fishing has been ruined for at least the next five years. Please relay this information to your readers.

For those still bent on fishing the river, however, the least Olsen could do is give directions as to how to get there: drive straight north from Portland until you see the signs to Steamboat

PAUL NOLTE

Idleyld Park, Ore.

● Oregonians apparently will go to any lengths to protect their river. While most Oregon rivers, including the Umpqua, are low this year and fishing is down from recent high levels, state officials assure us that fishing on the Umpqua is far from "ruined." As for Mr. Nolte's directions, don't swallow the bait. The Umpqua lies some 180 miles south of Portland.—ED.

OUT TO PASTURE?

Sirs:

My comments concern Bob Ottum's article on the miniaturization, economization and dehorsepowering of Ford's great Mustang, now Mustang II (*The Horse That Turned Back into a Pony*, Aug. 27). I just hope Chevrolet keeps its Camaro a true sports car in every sense of the word—size, looks and performance.

Ford will quickly lose most of its reputation on the stock-car circuit, which the old Mustang has done so well on. Fuel shortage or not, high gasoline prices or not, a lot of people still like real sports cars as opposed to merely a sporty-looking car. After all, a four-cylinder or V-6 these days can only do so much.

JOEY MARSHALL

Oxford, Miss.

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